

Feb. 14, 1977

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AMERICAN BUFFALO—A play by David Mamet, with Robert Duvall, Kenneth McMillan, and John Savage. Ulu Grosbard is the director. Previews through Tuesday, Feb. 15. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 16. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ASHES—This British import by David Rudkin tells of the unsuccessful efforts of a most engaging young couple first to conceive a child and later to adopt one—a sad situation, indeed, but an exhilarating play, for Mr. Rudkin is a true dramatist, who writes with feeling, wit, and style. The performances of Brian Murray and Roberta Maxwell as the husband and wife, and of John Tillinger and Penelope Allen as an assortment of other characters, are as close to perfection as makes no matter. Lynne Meadow is the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

BETTY COMDEN AND ADOLPH GREEN—A retrospective of songs of their own concoction, in a six-week engagement. Previews Wednesday, Feb. 9. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 10, and will run through Saturday, March 19. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BOESMAN AND LENA—Athol Fugard's beautiful and tragic play about the plight of a "colored" husband and wife in South Africa, very well performed under Thomas Bullard's direction. Robert Christian gives a superior performance as the husband, and Frances Foster a fine one as the wife. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)

THE BROWNSVILLE RAID—Charles Fuller's strong, tragic drama (with considerable comedy and mystery as well) is based on an actual event—the dishonorable discharge, by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1906, of three companies of crack, experienced black troops for purportedly shooting up the town of Brownsville, Texas. This production celebrates the tenth birthday of the Negro Ensemble Company, and Douglas Turner Ward, its artistic director, appears in the leading role. With Bill Cobbs and Graham Brown, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 27.)

CALIFORNIA SUITE—Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Marge Redmond romp through four sketches whose setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. Neil Simon is the author and Gene Saks the director, and it is a very funny show. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CASTAWAYS—A musical with a book by Anthony Stimmac, Dennis Andersen, and Ron Whyte, music by Don Pippin, and lyrics by Steve Brown. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE CHERRY ORCHARD—Chekhov's play, in a new English version by Jean-Claude van Itallie, a presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Irene Worth, Marybeth Hurt, Raul Julia, Meryl Streep, and George Voskovec head a cast directed by Andrei Serban. Previews through Wednesday, Feb. 16. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 17. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St.

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787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinees Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 2.)

THE CLUB—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and exhilarating. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

COMEDIANS—A brilliant comedy by the English playwright Trevor Griffiths. With Milo O'Shea and an admirable supporting cast,

nimbly directed by Mike Nichols. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE CRAZY LOCOMOTIVE—A comedy by Polish playwright Stanislaw Ignacy Witzkiewicz, translated by Daniel C. Gerould and C.S. Durer. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 20.)

DIRTY LINEN—Tom Stoppard's playlet, which ought never to have left Mother England. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—William Inge's **COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA** will be the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 9. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 10, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 20. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF—A revival, with Zero Mostel, of what is evidently an indestructible mu-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sical. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE: WHEN THE RAINBOW IS ENUF—The marvelous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GUYS AND DOLLS—Frank Loesser's classical musical comedy. Having an all-black cast is a silly, old-fashioned stunt, but the show survives it. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

HOLD ME!—An entertainment by Jules Feiffer, taken from his material of the past twenty years. With Geraldine Brooks and Paul Dooley. (Subplot Cabaret, American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Thursday, Feb. 10, at 9; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 11-12, at 10; and Sunday, Feb. 13, at 8. Moves on Saturday, Feb. 19, to the Westside, 407 W. 43rd St., 541-8394, where performances will be given Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30, with matinees Sundays at 3.)

IPI-TOMBI—A song-and-dance show from South Africa which pretends to be authentically black and is really just a song-and-dance show. (Harkness, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

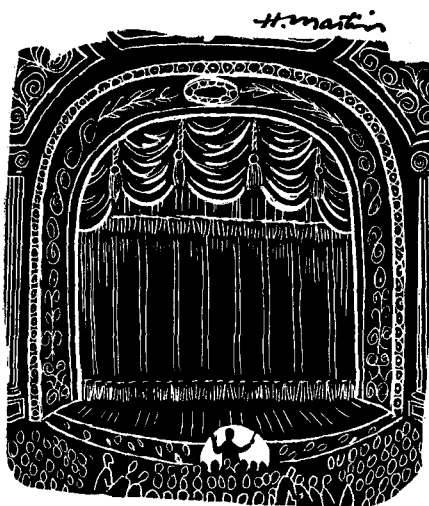
ISADORA DUNCAN SLEEPS WITH THE RUSSIAN NAVY—Jeff Wanshel has written a very funny and eccentric script about filming the biography of the great (and eccentric) dancer, but the production—far too elaborate—does it small service. With Marian Seldes in the title role. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 20.)

KING OEDIPUS—James Earl Jones and Jacqueline Brookes in an English version (by John Lewin) of Sophocles' play. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursdays and Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 19. For tickets, call 939-8787. Mondays through Fridays, from 3:30 to 6, and 6:48-6:00, Saturdays and Sundays, from 2 to 6.)

MARCO POLO SINGS A SOLO—A science-fiction spree, by John Guare, about a put-upon young movie director and those gathered around him on an island off Norway in 1999 and in outer space. The show brims over with funny ideas, routines, and jokes—verbal and visual. Joel Grey gives a marvelous performance in the leading role, and Madeline Kahn and Anne Jackson are fine, too. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MEMPHIS IS GONE—A mysterious and engaging little play with music—words and music by Richard Hobson—about an old hobo (John Kellogg) and a young one (Kevin O'Connor) who team up to work as itinerant peach pickers, and also about some of the people they encounter in their travels (Jean DeBaer and William Snikowski). The songs are well sung and played (guitars) by Thom Schuyler and Bill Swiggard. Robert Paparozzi is a non-singing harmonica player. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 246-7277. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

MY LIFE—This play about a young physicist in a jam, chiefly because his past keeps intruding on his present, becomes difficult at times, but it is rarely dull, and it is well performed, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. William Hurt does especially well in the tough leading role. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 27.)



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NIGHTCLUB CANTATA—The remarkable young composer Elizabeth Swados has set poems and passages of prose by a number of writers, among them herself, to her own arresting, dramatic music. Her selections are, for the most part, strong and theatrical; and they are variously sung, spoken, and enacted by a good company of four men and four women, among them herself. Miss Swados also directed. The accompaniment—Judith Fleisher (piano), William Milhizer (percussion), and Miss S. (guitar)—is first-rate. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 5:30 and Sundays at 3.)

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA—Tennessee Williams in a lyric and mostly tender mood. With Richard Chamberlain, Sylvia Miles, Dorothy McGuire, and William Roerick, and directed by Joseph Hardy. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 20.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3, and Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 2.)

OTHERWISE ENGAGED—Tom Courtenay is the star of Simon Gray's comedy about a London publisher who asks less of life than life is determined to give him. An able cast backs up Mr. Courtenay, under the direction of Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

PIAF... A REMEMBRANCE—A musical play based on the late singer's life, by David Cohen, with Finnish-born Juliette Koka in the title role. Directed by Lee Rachman. Previews through Sunday, Feb. 13. Opens officially on Monday, Feb. 14. (Playhouse, 350 W. 48th St. 541-0820. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM—High jinks in a Mississippi barnyard. Pleasant singing and dancing decorate a silly book. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 13.)

SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CHICAGO AND DUCK VARIATIONS—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded

by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Takazackas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

SLY FOX—A superb adaptation, by Larry Gelbart, of Ben Jonson's "Volpone." Uproarious shenanigans by, among others, George C. Scott, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, John Hefernan, and Trish Van Devere. The direction is by Arthur Penn. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A SORROW BEYOND DREAMS—A dramatic adaptation of Peter Handke's spare, beautiful memoir of his mother's life and eventual suicide, which has become a literary classic. The effect of the book is greatly enhanced by a beautiful performance by Len Cariou, script in hand. Adaptation and direction by Daniel Freudenberg. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 765-1281. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 20.)

STOP THE PARADE—The parade is a proposed march for women's rights in a small Southwestern town in 1900, and all the events in Marsha Sheiness's cryptic, absorbing play are tangential to it. The special atmosphere surrounding the action is well evoked in the performance under Harold Scott's direction. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. LO 4-1235. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 9-12, at 7:30.)

THE TRIP BACK DOWN—John Cullum in John Bishop's affecting, often comic melodrama about lower-middle-class life in Middle America, which is out there somewhere and not too happy about it. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

YOUR ARMS TOO SHORT TO BOX WITH GOD—A whirlwind of gospel-sing and (if there is such a thing) gospel-dance, taken by Vinnette Carroll from the Book of Matthew. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR: Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller... A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

CHICAGO: A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A CHORUS LINE: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

EQUUS: Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Ralph Seymour, and Beverly May. Starting Tuesday, Feb. 15, Alec McCowen will return for four weeks to the role currently played by Mr. Perkins. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS: 6,993 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

GODSPELL: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** A flawless revival of a flawless musical. How did the world get along without it for fifteen thousand years? (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 20.)... **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays, except Feb. 15, through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SHENANDOAH:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is William Chapman. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **STREAMERS:** This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable on-stage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8: "An Evening's Waltzes," "Square Dance," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." ... Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Fanfare," "Sonatine-Ravel," "Episodes," and "Symphony in C." ... Friday, Feb. 11, at 8: "Four Temperaments," "Other Dances," and "Union Jack." ... Saturday, Feb. 12, at 2: "Coppélia." ... Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Fanfare," "Four Temperaments," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "In G Major." ... Sunday, Feb. 13, at 1: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C." ... Sunday, Feb. 13, at 7: "Bournonville Divertissements" and "Union Jack." ... Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Jewels." ... Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Chaconne," "La Sonnambula," and "Symphony in C." ... Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8: "Serenade," "Dances at a Gathering," and "La Sonnambula." ... Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:

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"Symphony in Three Movements," "Other Dances," and "Union Jack." ... Saturday, Feb. 19, at 2: "Serenade," "Bournonville Divertissements," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." ... Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "Sonatine-Ravel," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY AND NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATRE—A four-week joint engagement—**NIKOLAIS:** Wednesday evening, Feb. 9, and Saturday matinee, Feb. 19: Group dance from "Sanctum," "Guignol," and "Triad." ... Friday and Saturday evenings, Feb. 11-12: "Temple," "Arporisms," and "Foreplay." ... Sunday evening, Feb. 13, and Tuesday evening, Feb. 15: "Styx" and "Tower." ... **MURRAY LOUIS:** Thursday evening, Feb. 10, and Sunday matinee, Feb. 13: "Porcelain Dialogues," "Continuum," and "Glances." ... Saturday matinee, Feb. 12, and Saturday evening, Feb. 19: "Revue" and "Ceremony." ... Wednesday evening, Feb. 16: "Geometrics," "Déjà Vu," and "Index." ... Friday evening, Feb. 18: "Scheherazade." ... **NIKOLAIS AND LOUIS:** Thursday evening, Feb. 17: The two companies will perform together in an unannounced program. (Beacon, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Evenings at 8. Matinees at 3. Closes Sunday, March 6.)

DANCE UMBRELLA—Opening performances of a four-and-a-half-week season by six contemporary dance companies which will end Sunday, March 20. **DAN WAGONER AND DANCERS** will perform from Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 16-20. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—During the next several weeks, Gil Wiest, the proprietor here, is offering a feast of singers, who will salute Alec Wilder's "American Popular Song" by performing a great many of the good songs discussed in its pages. **DAVID ALLYN** and **BARBARA LEA** are starting off. On opening night, Allyn sang Harold Arlen's "Let's Fall in Love" and "Down with Love" and Jerome Kern's "She Didn't Say 'Yes'" and "The Folks Who Lived on the Hill," while Barbara Lea did Irving Berlin's "The Best Thing for You," Willard Robison's "Deep Summer Music," and Kern's "Nobody Else But Me," his last song. Allyn, who came up in the forties with Jack Teagarden and Boyd Raeburn, has not worked much for a decade or so, but he is in fine voice. A singer's singer (Tony Bennett has high regard for him), he has a big biplane of a baritone, reliable enough pitch, and easy legato phrasing. He tends, though, to beef up his entrance into the bridge or the last eight with Anita O'Day melismatics, which obfuscate rather than enlighten. Barbara Lea, who arrived in New York in the early fifties, has only recently begun to appear again in these parts—having been waylaid by an acting career—but she has already surpassed the singer she used to be twenty years ago. Her assurance gleams, and so does her voice, which has grown steadily in depth and resonance. She uses no tricks, she swings, and, unlike so many singers, she reveres her materials. Her version of Robison's "Deep Summer Music" was classic. The superb accompaniment is by **NORMAN SIMMONS** (who has Ellis Larkins' antennae), **MILT HINTON**, **MOUSEY ALEXANDER**, and a young Providence guitarist, **CHRIS FLORY**, who is supposed to play like Charlie Christian but never got the chance to prove it. ... Starting Tuesday, Feb. 15, **MARLENE VER PLANCK** and **MARK MURPHY**, accompanied by

pianist **LOONIS MCGLOHON**, will be providing the Wilder readings. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This gentle and beautiful and stately room, dreaming of glass and steel and stone, has become, willy-nilly, the last of its kind in the city—a room where one can eat well and dance to the sort of music the human body was designed for: the waltz, the fox trot, the tango, the cha-cha, the merengue, the rumba. **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** has the band, and it is faultless. The quiet, sleek arrangements have texture and bottom, the tempos are *juste*, and along the way plenty of solos are squeezed in. These are played by **JERRY DODGION** (alto saxophone), **MORT LEWIS** (tenor), **KENNY DAVERN** (soprano), **GEORGE MASSO** (trombone), **MARTY NAPOLEON** (piano), and **NEAL ROSENGARDEN** (trumpet)—the leader's son and a fine surprise. He is twenty-four, has a soft, bell-like tone and plenty of agility, and sounds like the late lamented Don Fagerquist. Carrie Smith, who wears a lot of hats, among them Sarah Vaughan's and Bessie Smith's, handles the vocals. Some of the dancing matches the room and the music. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight.

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The proprietor of this ground-floor loft is Rashied Ali, a respected, all-out musician who was John Coltrane's drummer during Coltrane's final, most exploratory period. Ali has been booking his friends and colleagues from the new-music and contemporary-jazz and loft-jazz scenes. Drummer **ANDREW CYRILLE** is here with his band, Maono, through Saturday, Feb. 12; on Tuesday, Feb. 15, **AIR**, a trio comprising Henry Threadgill on reeds, drummer Steve McCall, and bassist Fred Hopkins, one of the more diverting new-jazz groups, will come in. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist, composer, and arranger **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the **LOUD MINORITY**, a spirited, head-turning big noise (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Many of the numerous soloists are impressive; Foster has stated that he hires only players who are able to solo—"I don't want people who can read, I want people who can play." They play. Music from about ten. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A long, narrow, very white room—white walls, white tables, and white chairs—that may be too small for giving a ball but is just the right size for an intimate cabaret, which is what the Ballroom happens to be. The current attraction is Chad Mitchell, who, in the sixties, led an energetic folk trio that charmed middle-of-the-road college students. Mr. Mitchell has become a ballad singer, and, in doing so, he seems to have won a whole new batch of admirers. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Saxophonist Houston Person and a classic, if lethargic, rhythm-and-blues trio back up singer Etta Jones through Saturday, Feb. 12; pianist Hugh Lawson will head up a trio on Sunday, Feb. 13; on Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 14-15, trumpeter Tex Allen will front a quintet; and on Wednesday, Feb. 16, tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS**, who is lately playing almost as much hard bop as he is mystical enlightenment music, will bring in his quartet. Music from nine-thirty.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (248-6300)—Here's the lineup: alto saxophonist Hank Crawford, a veteran of the Ray Charles orchestra and a basic-blues soloist, heads up his group opposite guitarist Grant Green and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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his combo Thursday and Friday, Feb. 10-11; folk-rock humorist and guitarist David Bromberg will drop in on Saturday, Feb. 12; on Sunday, Feb. 13, **GIL SCOTT-HERON**, who likes to mix politics with poetry and rhythm-and-blues, will perform with his talented composer colleague **BRIAN JACKSON** (who plays piano and flute) and their percussion-rooted ten-piece band; Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 14-16, singer **Andrew Gold** will trade sets with the **Nitty Gritty Dirt Band**; on Thursday, Feb. 17, singer **Deniece Williams** will be on-stage; and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-19, trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON** and his band will churn out funky, gospel-tinged, heavy-amplified jazz. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians—mostly pianists and their bassists—and patrons who like to talk. **JIMMY ROWLES** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** play through Saturday, Feb. 12. **BARRY HARRIS**, the Sunday man, will be on all week beginning Sunday, Feb. 13. He'll be aided by drummer **Leroy Williams** and bassist **Hal Dodson**. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**TEDDY KING**, who is replacing **Bobby Short** in the Café Carlyle, has been a good singer for twenty-five years, with a rich, controlled vibrato, an exact and daring sense of dynamics, and an excellent rhythmic placement. Her first-rate accompaniment is by **IRV J. JOSEPH** on piano, **ERNE FURTADO** on bass, and **JOSH GERBER** on drums. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dinner and supper. . . **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** is back, thank goodness, in the **Bemelmans Bar**. She performs from nine to one, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A row of neon beer signs hangs overhead; lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hang around. Two, three, or more local loud and/or crude rock bands, with names like the **Heartbreakers**, the **Shirts**, the **Planets**, **Talking Heads**, **Custer's Last Band**, **Suicide Commandos**, and **Susan**, perform nightly. Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 10-13, **John Cale**, a founding member of the **Velvet Underground**, performs with his new band. Music most nights from nine-thirty.

CHUNG KUO YUAN, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON** has settled in the **Aquarium Lounge** here, singing in his special straight-ahead **Billie Holiday** way, pulling song after song out of his private thin air. He works Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

CLEO, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**Joyce Bryant** is singing, a bit too theatrically, accompanied by **Don Sturrock**, on piano, and **Don Raphael**, on Fender bass. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and eleven-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**MAXINE SULLIVAN** is singing here now, and she's supported by pianist **DICK KATZ** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**. Weeknights from eight to one. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** plays on Sundays. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a traditional (what else?) sextet, usually headed by **Red Balaban** (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, Feb. 15, cornettist **RUBY BRAFF** will sit in with the regulars. Sunday, Feb. 13, will be turned over to pianist **Ray Bryant** and a trio from eight. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Good things do come in small packages: five nights a week—Wednesday through Sunday, from ten to three—genuine swing music prevails inside this tiny bar. **BROOKS KERR**, the twenty-five-year-old stride stylist and instigator of the swing revival; drummer **SONNY GREER**, an eighty-one-year-old former **Ellington** associate (they started hanging out together in 1919); and clarinetist and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, sixty-eight and an ex-**Ellington** section man, are the

players. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a delight. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist **AL HAIG**, **CHUCK WAYNE**, and bassist **Jamil Nasser** get together at ten. On Sunday, Feb. 13, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASON** will join up with pianist **DILL JONES** and bassist **Earl May** from five-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays through Saturdays, from six to nine-thirty, trumpeter **Gene Roland**, pianist **Loumell Morgan**, and bassist **Morris Edwards** collaborate.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—The very fine **JOE PASS** plays solo guitar Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed five nights a week by the resident blowers—pianist **Johnny Morris**, drummer **Eddie Locke**, clarinetist **Joe Muranyi**, bassist **Ted Sturgis**, and trombonist **Bobby Pratt**. Cornettist **JIMMY MCPARTLAND** will stand in for **Eldridge** for five nights beginning Tuesday, Feb. 15. On Mondays, **Max Kaminsky** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, **Kaminsky** directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

LARSON'S, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**ELLIS LARKINS**, now with a bassist (**BILLY POPP**) and a drummer (**JACK MCALLISTER**), is rising to new heights—his arpeggios sparkle, his chords are buoyant, his touch is as a butterfly. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten to two. Dinner.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, and disco-funk bands. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 140 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The **Star Spangled Washboard Band** plays bluegrass and ragtime opposite country singer **Alex Harvey** through Thursday, Feb. 10; Friday through Sunday, Feb. 11-13, **David Allan Coe** will sing about prison life; and on Wednesday, Feb. 16, saxophonist **Joe Farrell** and his jazz-rock quintet will take over. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret on the scene. Sunday through Wednesday, Feb. 13-16, singer **Karon Bihari** will go on at nine and midnight. Dining. Thursdays through Saturdays from five-thirty to seven, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents concert-style sets, in which she plays piano and sings in a small, delicate, uncomplicated voice.



STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A very big, square, but nonetheless warm downstairs room, Saxophonist **Robin Kenyatta**, whose playing is sometimes eclipsed by his stalwart sidemen, is here through Saturday, Feb. 12; on Monday, Feb. 14, **SAM RIVERS**, a saxophonist and local new-jazz activist (he runs a highly thought-of music loft, **Studio Rivbea**, in NoHo), will lead a big band; and on Tuesday, Feb. 15, **SONNY FORTUNE**, a driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist who makes you forget all about **Cannonball Adderley** and **Paul Desmond**, will arrive with his quintet. Music from ten to two-thirty.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small, clean-cut upper West Side jazz outpost. On Mondays, large ensembles tend to gather in the music nook; on Tuesdays, **David Friedman** and **David Samuels**, on vibraharp and marimba, respectively, co-pilot a quartet; on Wednesdays and Thursdays, **LEE KONITZ** directs a nonet; and Fridays and Saturdays are reserved for **CHET BAKER** and his neo-cool-jazz apprentices. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Trumpeter **TED CURSON** and his wonderful septet are here through Saturday, Feb. 12; on Tuesday, Feb. 15, keyboard player **Mike Nock**, saxophonist **Bob Mover**, and their quintet will take over. Mondays are turned over to **Mike Nock** and a quartet. Music from nine Mondays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A weekend music place that draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. Blues singer **Bobby Blue Bland** will be on hand with his backup musicians on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 11-12. On Friday, Feb. 18, flutist **HERBIE MANN** will come in with his group. Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty; and Sundays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—An institution. The **HEATH brothers**—saxophonist **JIMMY** and bassist **PERCY**—work with their quintet through Sunday, Feb. 13; on Tuesday, Feb. 15, drummer **TONY WILLIAMS** will temporarily forsake his jazz-rock bent and begin performing with pianist **HANK JONES** and bassist **RON CARTER**. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** organization lets off steam. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

WEST END CAFE, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Lots of young, enthusiastic patrons but positively no synthesizers, equalizers, talking bags, envelope-dependent devices, digital delay lines, phase shifters, ring modulators, reverb units, fuzzboxes, octave splitters, octave multipliers, compressors, or wah-wah pedals. Nearly all the music here is pre-fifties jazz: Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter **Franc Williams** is responsible for a quartet; on Wednesdays, **JO JONES** is seated behind his drums and is very much in command of a quartet; Thursdays and Fridays, **George Kelly**, who played with the **Savoy Sultans** in the forties, leads a group called the **Jazz Sultans**; Saturdays and Sundays are usually session days for swing musicians like **EARLE WARREN**, **BUDDY TATE**, and **Paul Quinichette**. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 5:45: **HAZEL SCOTT**. . . Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 5:45: **GEORGE ROSE**.

AL STEWART and **WENDY WALDMAN**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, Feb. 11, at 8.

CHICO FREEMAN QUINTET—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, Feb. 11, at 8.

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA and **STEVE HILLAGE**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. be-

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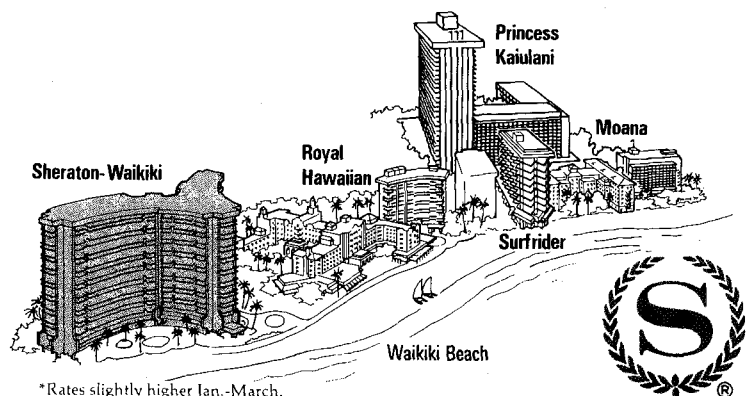
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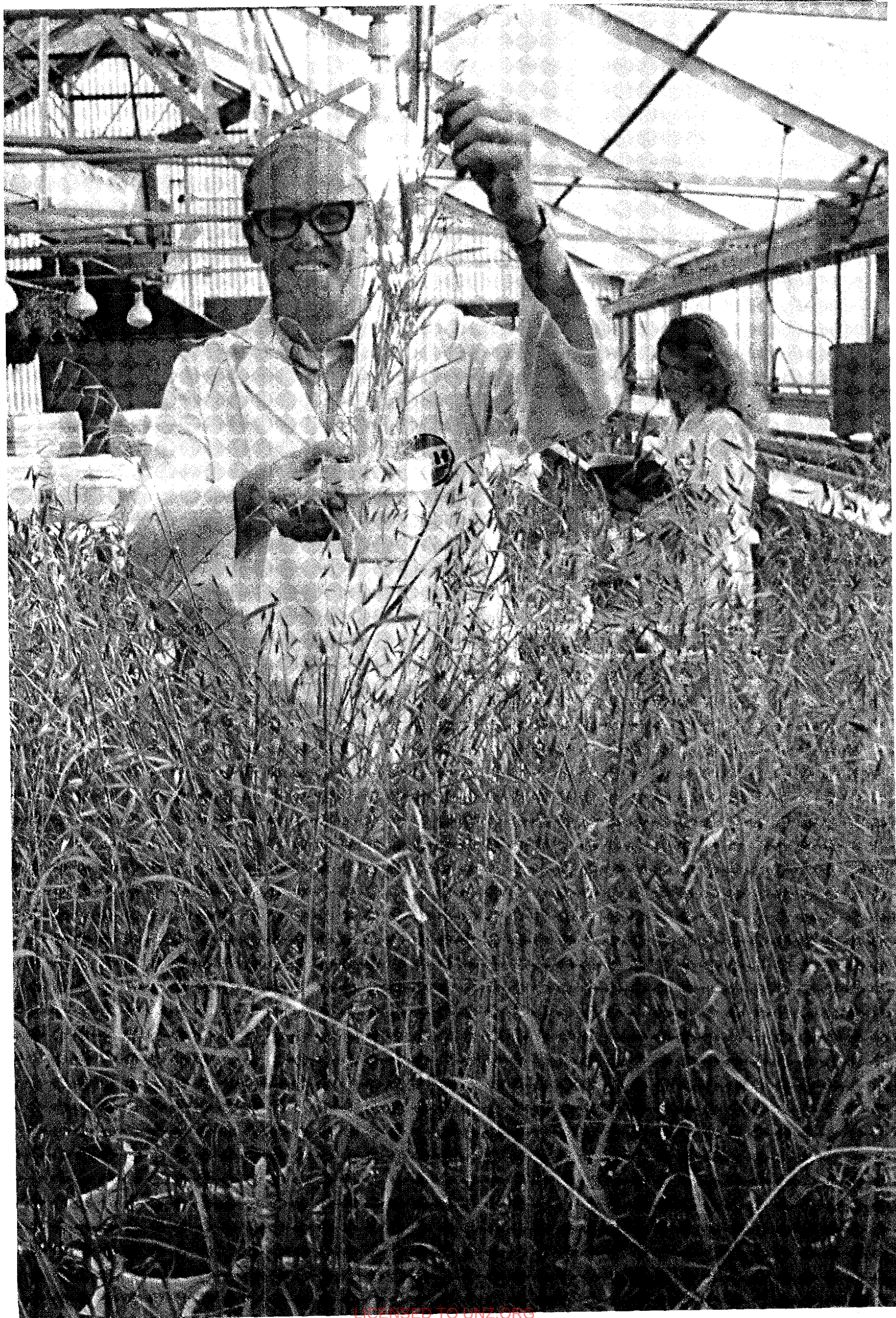
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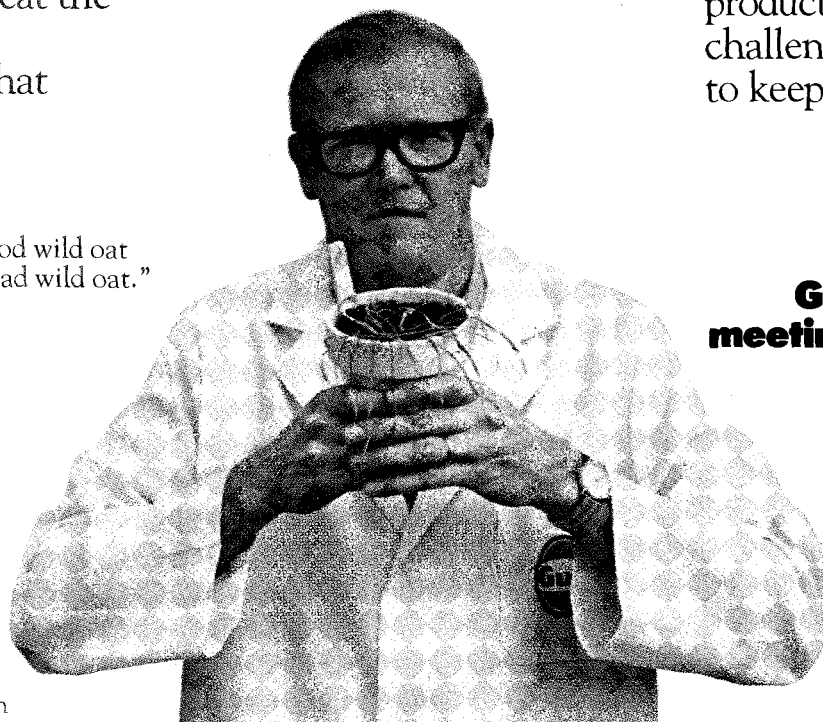
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tween 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Feb. 11, at 8.

JEAN-LUC PONTY, THE LENNY WHITE GROUP, and LARRY CORRELL AND ALPHONSE MOUZON—With John Lee. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.)

JACKIE CAIN AND ROY KRAT—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Sunday, Feb. 13, at 2, 3, and 4.

RAPHAEL—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Feb. 13, at 2 and 6.

HEAVENLY JAZZ CONCERT SERIES—The last in a series of concerts, this one performed by Barry Harris's trio and sextet. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Feb. 13, at 5. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The second in a series of five programs, this one called "An Evening of the Lyrics of Ira Gershwin... A Critique." Participants will include Alan Jay Lerner, Burton Lane, Arthur Schwartz, Frances Gershwin Godowsky, and Edward Jablonski. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday and Monday, Feb. 13-14, at 8.)

JAZZ STARS OF THE SEVENTIES—Gary Burton, Steve Swallow, Barry Miles, Eric Kloss, and Caryl Payne. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

BARRY WHITE, LOVE UNLIMITED, AND THE LOVE UNLIMITED ORCHESTRA—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-19, at 7 and 10.

KISS—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8.

RENAISSANCE and SEA LEVEL—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-19, at 8.

ANTHONY BRAXTON, THE REVOLUTIONARY ENSEMBLE, and BILLY HARPER'S SEXTET—Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8.

CENTRAL PARK SHEIKS—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.

NATIONAL JAZZ ENSEMBLE—Chuck Israels conducting, with Gerry Mulligan. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8. For tickets, call 741-5690.)

MARSHALL TUCKER BAND—Palladium. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 19-20, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

LÉON BAKST (1886-1924)—Set and costume designs done for the Ballet Russe, plus other work. Through Feb. 26. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

ED BAYNARD—This artist uses a medium called "pochoirs" (stencil forms on paper and vinyl) to pursue his theme of bowls in various manifestations. Also monoprints. Through Feb. 26. (Multiples, 55 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

FRANCIS BRENNAN—Editorial drawings done for magazines and newspapers here and abroad. Through March 5. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

BENIGNA CHILLA—Geometric constructions in mixed mediums and mounted in Lucite boxes. Through Feb. 26. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Opens at 1.)

JOHN DUFF—Free-standing steel-rod sculptures. Through March 3. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

NORRIS EMBRY—Raw colors and a carnival atmosphere characterize these paintings in mixed mediums by a Baltimore artist who carries on where the German Expressionists left off. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors. Through Feb. 26. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

WILLIAM GLACKENS (1870-1938)—Illustrations, figure sketches, and landscapes in a variety of mediums. Through Feb. 26. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Recent abstract paintings. Through Feb. 24. (Kniedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

NIGEL HALL—Wall sculptures made of painted-

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aluminum rods. Through March 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ROBERT HARVEY—Scenes of rural life done on one-foot-square canvases. Through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

DAVID HENDRICKS / NANCY GOLDRING—Large-scale landscape drawings. / Works combining photography and drawing. Through Feb. 26. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY—A two-gallery exhibit of new paintings. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St. Through March 5. ... Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Through Feb. 26.)

KIEFF—Gleaming bronze abstract sculptures. Through Feb. 26. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JULES KIRSCHENBAUM—Mystical paintings, skillfully done in low-key colors with an occasional touch of collage. Through Friday, Feb. 11. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

BASCHA MON—Abstract oil paintings and crayon drawings, most of them organized around a grid pattern. First solo show in New York. Through Feb. 26. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

KUNITO NAGAOKA—Abstract watercolors; first one-man show in New York. Through March 5. (Staemphi, 47 E. 77th St.)

B. J. O. NORDFELDT (1878-1955)—Oil paintings of birds, fishes, and the sea. Through Feb. 26. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

TOM PERKINSON—Surrealist drawings of fantasy creatures that segue from human to animal to insect to vegetable form. Through Feb. 26. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

WALLACE PUTNAM—Semi-abstract paintings whose subjects are derived from nature. Through March 3. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

HAROLD SCLAR—Abstract metal sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ANTONIO SEGUI—Landscapes of the pampas, in which receding rows of fence posts without fencing convey a sense of endless space. The sombre colors—almost grisaille—and an occasional solitary figure add to the mystery. Through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St.)

JOSEPH STELLA (1877-1946)—A scattering of works from various stages of his career, including a quick watercolor study of the Brooklyn Bridge cables, preparatory to his most famous painting, plus figure drawings and scenes of Barbados. Through Feb. 26. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

EDWARD JOHN STEVENS—Gouaches based on a trip to Russia and other foreign parts. Through Feb. 26. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

NORMAN TURNER—Representational paintings and drawings of nudes and landscapes. Through Feb. 26. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

KIM WHANKI (1913-74)—Abstract oils and works on paper. Through March 5. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: For the past five seasons this gallery has devoted a show to Milton Avery (1893-1965) and his European peers. This year's exhibit has nudes by Avery, and by Degas, Pascin, Schiele, and others. Through March 3. ... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Dali, Picasso, Chagall, Maillo, and others. Through Feb. 26.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ALICE BAKER—Large abstract oils. Through Feb. 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

JIM DINE—Fifteen large paintings of uninhabited bathrobes, varying in materials but so much alike in folds and creases and general expression as to have been drawn with a template. Also, skilled figure drawings on rough, handmade paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

JAMES ENSOR (1860-1949)—Twenty-two etchings, including some comic and bawdy ones involving animals, in a show that is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through March 4. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD FRANCISCO—Bright-colored wall constructions, many of them made up of strips of balsam put together with a jack-in-the-box air of surprise. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

RUBE GOLDBERG (1883-1970)—Thirty original strips, along with memorabilia in the form of photographs, citations (one of them a Pulitzer Prize), and oddments associated with the man. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

ADOLPH GOTTLIEB (1903-74)—A comprehensive retrospective of paintings, along with a group of small works on paper. Through Feb. 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

GERSHON ISKOWITZ—Abstract oils by an artist who is interested in the Canadian landscape seen from an airplane; first one-man show in New York. Through March 5. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

W. LOUIS JONES / RANDY STEVENS—Highly realistic still-life paintings of shells, vegetables, and animals. / Cartoonlike pastels of gatherings at bowling alleys, cocktail parties, and beauty pageants. Through March 3. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

JAMES JUSZCZYK—In these new works, using acrylics on large canvases and on paper, the artist subdivides the working surface into lesser squares or rectangles, following a logical progression of his own, and glazes and reglazes the paint until it reaches the finish he is seeking. Through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT KIPNESS—Lithographs made during the past ten years. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

REX LAU—Heavily painted wooden representations of hobo signs. Through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD LYTLE—Paintings. Through Feb. 26. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

BRITA MOLIN / JAN MCCARTIN—Tapestried wall hangings, deep intaglio etchings, and lithographs, all done in lush colors inspired by a recent trip to the west coast of Africa. Through Friday, Feb. 18. / Still-lives, and figures in landscapes. Through March 3. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

ADRIAN MURPHY—Acrylic paintings of circles within squares, and similar compositions. Through Feb. 26. (Rehn, 635 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

GEORGE NICK—New England houses and landscapes by a Massachusetts artist who uses a camper wagon for a studio, driving around the countryside and painting likely subjects on the spot. Through Thursday, Feb. 17. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

PHILIP PEARLSTEIN—Huge watercolors of the male and female nudes that this artist has been depicting in oils for the past twenty or so years, and a series of Western canyon landscapes reminiscent of his Italian mountain scenes of the fifties, plus a cityscape of downtown Manhattan done with the same pore-by-pore exactitude that he devotes to his human figures. Through Feb. 28. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

ANNE RAYMO—The central work in this show of quilts is called "The Ancestors" and consists of thirteen quilts, twelve smaller ones surrounding a larger panel. Also prints. Through March 4. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

GARRY RICH—New abstract paintings. Through Feb. 26. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

GEORGE SEGAL—Some of the spectral quality of this sculptor's plaster figures—cast directly from living people, and shown in workaday settings—vanishes when they are painted in bright, solid colors, as many of them are here—red, blue, green, black. Thirty-one recent works are in the exhibit, including a group of pedestrians waiting for a real, working "Walk-Don't Walk" sign to change. Through Feb. 26. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER (1834-1903)—Etch-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ings and lithographs. Through Feb. 26. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM ZORACH (1889-1966)—Relatively small sculptures of female nudes, mostly couchant, done in bronze, granite, terra-cotta, rosewood, and Algerian and white Scavella marble. A number of the artist's drawings are also shown. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOW—A summery Manhattan street scene by Isabel Bishop; a wintry Maine seascape by William Thon; a family group by Waldo Peirce; and a Mexican plaza by the late Doris Rosenthal are among the works selected for the gallery's forty-fifth-anniversary show. Through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

HELMUT AMANN/BILL WILSON—Large acrylic abstracts, some of them on shaped canvas, in which a pearly cosmetic powder is mixed with the pigment. / Realist paintings and drawings that incorporate trompe-l'oeil touches. Through Wednesday, Feb. 16. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

NATVAR BHAYSAR—Large, fairly narrow panels covered with veils of color, sometimes dark and brooding and sometimes light and misty. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

ELEN CIRULA/CHARLES S. DUBACK—Checkerboard patterns done mostly in bright, primary acrylic colors, sometimes of an intensity that characterizes Op Art, although these do not appear aimed in that direction. / Paintings of pipes—cornucopias, briars, and so on—by an artist who started drawing them in charcoal and has now graduated to oil. Through Thursday, Feb. 17. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

JOHN CLEM CLARKE/KAZUKO INOUE—Realist paintings of the wooden fences at construction sites. / Large abstract paintings. Through Feb. 26. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

SUSAN DAYKIN—A series of large reportorial canvases depicting a political assassination in Mexico during the twenties. Through Wednesday, Feb. 16. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Opens at 1.)

RAFAEL FERRER—Roomlike four-sided painted-canvas constructions, and other works. Through March 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

DAN FLAVIN—Two fluorescent arrangements, done in a varicolored grid pattern and set in opposite corners of a large, white-walled room, cast a pleasant luminescence throughout this sizable gallery, helped by two horizontal wall arrangements in an adjoining area. Through Feb. 26. (Friedrich, 141 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

NANCY GENN/TONY VANDERPERK—Handmade papers, some chalk-white, some oatmeal-colored, and some in earth colors, torn in strips and arranged under Plexiglas in constructions of several layers and much style. / Horizontal wall sculptures done in intaglio—they cut into the wall rather than protrude from it. The main work is nearly twenty feet long. Through Feb. 26. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.)

CRISTOS GIANAKOS/GLORIA GREENBERG—A single big black wooden piece that rises, like a ramp, from the gallery floor twenty-four feet to the ceiling, and extends from wall to wall—twenty-three feet. / Abstract oil paintings in which the canvas is divided from top to bottom into three amorphous color areas, which are stitched together by strands of a complementary hue. Through Wednesday, Feb. 16. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

JEREMY GILBERT-ROLFE/ELEN PHELAN—Arrangements of squares painted in black and bright solid colors. / Upright and rough-finished sculptured floor pieces, made of painted wood and plaster, that might well have been sawed out of some carpentered structure. Through Feb. 22. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

NANCY GRAVES—Random markings in oil and pastel on an all-white ground. Through March 2. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

RALPH HUMPHREY—Abstract paintings on shaped canvases, plus drawings. Through Feb. 26. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Open Wednesday evenings until 9:30.)

LOUISE KRAMER—Lacquered-metal and clay sculptures, plus monoprints. Through March 2. (A.I.R. 97 Wooster St.)

DIANA KURZ—Large figure paintings in oil, many of them depicting single nudes or nude couples, plus pastel drawings done in the mountains around Boulder, Colorado. Through Thursday, Feb. 17. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

TOM MARTIN—An exhibit of oils, one of them a painting (somewhat distorted) of a movie still for "The Maltese Falcon," showing Humphrey Bogart and Mary Astor. Through Feb. 26. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

TOSHIO ODATE—Nine large oak sculptures, most of which seem to be melting at the base, like saltwater taffy, and several of which appear to be suspended on hooks. Through Wednesday, Feb. 16. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

THE DRAWING CENTER—The first exhibition of this new facility for drawings, at 137 Greene Street, demonstrates intentionally how elastic the term "drawing" has become. The show offers geometric cutouts in solid colors, by Robert Mangold; applications of crude oil and cup grease to paper, by Dorothea Rockburne; paper covered with oil paint in which rectangular forms have been incised with a nail, by Douglas Sanderson; and similar works by three other artists. Through Feb. 26. (Mondays and Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 9.)

GROUP SHOW—Works on paper by gallery regulars, including a calorific layout of desserts, by Audrey Flack; a glass building reflecting a glass building, by C. J. Yao; a gleaming display of table silver, drawn by Don Eddy; a couple of brooding gorillas, by Tom Palmore; and an incredibly busy beehive of humanoid activity, by Ernest Ruckle. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

VITO ACCONCI AND JOAN JONAS—A videotape program by each artist. Through Feb. 25. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

JACKIE FERRARA—This artist's pyramidal structures, made of heavy timbers, which loom so effectively within the confines of a gallery, unfortunately seem to be overwhelmed in Hammarckjöld Plaza by the high-rise architecture surrounding them. Through Feb. 20. (Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

AL HIRSCHFELD—Recent drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Saturdays at noon.)

TEN AMERICAN COLLAGISTS—A loan show of works by artists (Romare Bearden, William Dole, Nancy Grossman, for instance) who are identified with collage. Through Feb. 26. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

DIANE ARBUS (1923-71)—A retrospective that consists of nearly seventy works, a number of them printed by the photographer herself. Through April 2. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

BERND AND HILLA BECHER—Photographs of ore-screening plants, by a team that has pursued its subject matter from the coal mines of West Virginia to the limestone quarries of England. Through Feb. 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

MARK COHEN—Recent pictures, many of which

were taken in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, last year. Through Feb. 26. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

ROY DECARAVA/KAY BELL REYNAL—Pictures of Harlem and other city views. / Fashion photographs from the forties, along with portraits of people in the arts from the same years. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

TED HOROWITZ AND ELIZABETH M. HEYERT—Candid and formal color and black-and-white portraits. Through Feb. 28. (Nikon House, 437 Madison Ave., at 50th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

PETER HUJAR—Recent photographs. Through Tuesday, Feb. 15. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

WILLIAM LARSON/CHARLES TRAUB—Experimental works that include photographs transmitted by a teleprinter, multiple negatives transferred to metal sheets, and holograms. / Photographs of people taken on beaches and in other public places. Through March 5. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

TINA MODOTTI (1896-1942) and **EDWARD WESTON** (1886-1958)—A collection of vintage prints made in Mexico and California during their six-year association. Also related works. Through Friday, Feb. 11. (Ex Libris, fifth floor, 25 E. 69th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) ... The Museum of Modern Art is showing a selection of Modotti's works taken in Mexico, about half of which are vintage prints; the remainder were printed from old negatives by Richard Benson. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

NADAR (1820-1910)—A show of more than fifty portraits of artists, writers, and composers is on view at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

BEN ROSE—A selection of fifty manipulated color prints. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

DENNIS STOCK/MIKE DISFARMER (1884-1959)—Dye-transfer and black-and-white prints whose themes are taken from nature. / Photographs of townspeople and cotton farmers in Heber Springs, Arkansas, made during the Second World War. Through March 13. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

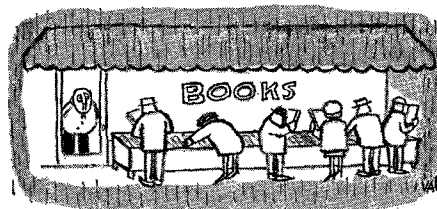
GROUP SHOWS—At the **KIMMEL-COHN**, 41 Central Park W., at 64th St.: Vintage prints and gravures by, among others, Atget, Brassai, and Genthe. Through Saturday, Feb. 12. ... **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: P. H. Emerson, Berenice Abbott, James Van DerZee, and Paul Strand are among those included in a showing of vintage photographs that covers the last hundred years. Through Saturday, Feb. 12.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. ... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Nadar. Through March 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of early-twentieth-century European paintings from Swiss collections features such major artists as Braque, Bonnard, Matisse, Léger, van Gogh, Modigliani, and Klee. Through March 1. ... A hundred prints and a few illustrated books chosen from among acquisitions made during the last three years. Through Feb. 22. ... A show of posters made by Henri Matisse, Saul Steinberg, Robert Indiana, Larry Rivers, and others to announce their exhibits or other events. Through March 22. ... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Tina Modotti. Through April 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, drawings, and prints of the Belgian fantasist James Ensor. Through April 10. A complementary show is at Martin Sumers Graphics,



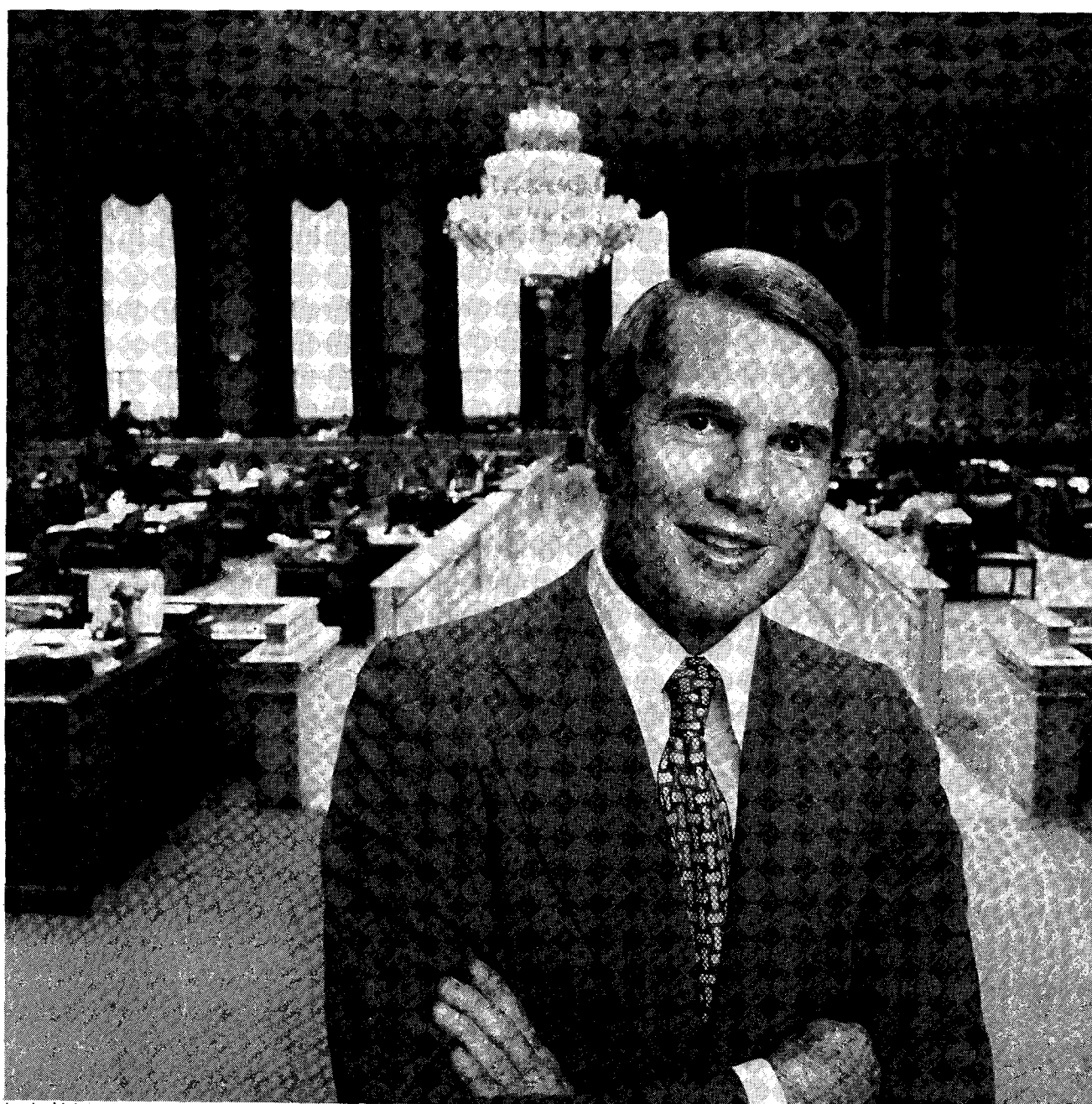
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

50 W. 57th St. . . . Recently acquired paintings and other works, the majority by contemporary artists (Stanley Boxer, Horia Damian, and Audrey Flack, for instance) and a few by artists from earlier periods (Seurat, Dufy, Klee). Through Feb. 27. . . .

¶ A small exhibit of oils and works on paper (all done before 1930) by Piet Mondrian. Through April 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—An exhibit of a hundred works from the permanent collection is the main show just now, while the Whitney Biennial, scheduled to open on Tuesday, Feb. 15, is being installed. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show devoted to the nude figure in contemporary painting, sculpture, and photography. Alice Neel, Lucas Samaras, and George Segal are among the participants. Through March 3. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective exhibition of the paintings and drawings of French Impressionist Gustave Caillebotte. Starts Saturday, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ "Anamorphoses: Games of Perception and Illusion in Art" has more than a hundred examples of art works intentionally distorted by the artist but that appear in full form when viewed from a particular angle or when reflected in a prism, cone, or cylinder. Through Sunday, Feb. 13. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5. The Caillebotte show opens at 1:30 on Wednesdays and Thursdays.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W., at 79th St.—A new, permanent Hall of the Sun has opened in the Planetarium. Divided into three sections, the exhibit includes an eight-foot globe of the sun and films made of the sun both from earth and from outer space. (The museum is open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 5. The Planetarium exhibit is open Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5, and Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A survey of wood sculptures and decorative art objects from China and Japan dating from the fifth century B.C. to the nineteenth. Buddhist statues, carved lacquerware, burial figures, and folk carvings are among the pieces on exhibit. Through March 27. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The opening show of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design consists of a host of separate exhibits whose theme is the efficacy of design. Through March 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and twenty-five drawings from Cambridge University's Fitzwilliam Museum, dating from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, and offering unfamiliar works by such familiar hands as Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, Tiepolo, Watteau, and Rubens in the main exhibition room, and Rembrandt, Ingres, Goya, and Cézanne in the Cloister—the long hallway to the rear. . . . ¶ Among the ancient Near Eastern treasures in the East Room are a number of small royal seals, which might be considered the forerunners of printing as we know it; photographic enlargements bring out their beauty in a way that would have entranced their original owners. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Both shows through Sunday, Feb. 13.

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An immense showing—more than nine hundred items in all—entitled "Two Hundred Years of American Illustration"

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and incorporating original works from every celebrated illustrator you've ever heard of—Pyle, Wyeth, Christy, Flagg, Gibson, Dunn, plus a few specials like Audubon, John Held, Jr., and James Thurber. Through April 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"American Sampler" brings together such items from the library's holdings as "Brooklyn in Winter" by Francis Guy, drawings of the American West by George Catlin, original comic-strip art for "Dick Tracy," and a model for "Orpheus" by Noguchi. Through March 30. (Open every day except Thursdays, Sundays, and Lincoln's Birthday. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings on shaped canvases by Leslie Price. . . . ¶ Prints by Lee Paté. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Feb. 20.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8: "Le Prophète," with Marilyn Horne, Renata Scotti, James McCracken, Jerome Hines, Frank Little, Morley Meredith, and Raimund Herincx; conducted by Henry Lewis. . . .

¶ Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Tosca," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Barry Morell, Sherrill Milnes, and Renato Capecchi; Richard Woltach. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 11, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Rita Hunter, Janis Martin, Mignon Dunn, James King, Norman Bailey, and Manfred Schenk; Erich Leinsdorf. . . .

¶ Saturday, Feb. 12, at 2:30: "Salome," with Leonie Rysanek, Astrid Varnay, Ragnar Ulfung, Ingvar Wixell, Kenneth Riegel, and James Morris; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in English), with Maria Ewing, Shirley Verrett, Mignon Dunn, Régine Crespin, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and William Dooley; Michel Plasson. . . .

¶ Monday, Feb. 14, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Rita Hunter, Janis Martin, Mignon Dunn, James King, Norman Bailey, and Manfred Schenk; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in English), with Maria Ewing, Shirley Verrett, Mignon Dunn, Régine Crespin, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and William Dooley; Michel Plasson. . . .

¶ Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Hildegard Behrens, Jean Kraft, Harry Theyard, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Teresa Zylis-Gara and Fedora Barbieri; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Josella Ligi, Fedora Barbieri, Cornell MacNeil, Neil Shicoff, and Italo Tajo; James Levine. . . .

¶ Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8: "Le Prophète," with Marilyn Horne, Rita Shane, James McCracken, Jerome Hines, Frank Little, Morley Meredith, and Raimund Herincx; Henry Lewis. . . .

¶ Friday, Feb. 18, at 8: "Salome," with Leonie Rysanek, Astrid Varnay, Ragnar Ulfung, Ingvar Wixell, Kenneth Riegel, and James Morris; Erich Leinsdorf. . . .

¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 1: "Die Walküre," with Rita Hunter, Janis Martin, Mignon Dunn, James King, Norman Bailey, and Manfred Schenk; Erich Leinsdorf. . . .

¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8: "Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in English), with Maria Ewing, Shirley Verrett, Mignon Dunn, Régine Crespin, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and William Dooley; Michel Plasson.

NEW OPERA THEATRE—The initial program of this new company is a triple bill staged by Ian Strasfogel: Monteverdi's "Guerramoro" (with Paul Sperry, tenor, and Judith Norell, harpsichord); Janáček's "Diary of One Who Vanished" (with Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano, and Ursula Oppens, piano); and Ligeti's "Aventures and Nouvelles Aventures" (with the Speculum Musicae, conducted by David Gilbert). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-19, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 20, at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 11, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 7:30 (all with Itzhak Perlman, violin); and Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 18, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 7:30 (all with Garrick Ohlsson, piano).

CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA—Lorin Maazel conducting the cycle of Beethoven symphonies and concertos. **CARNEGIE HALL**: Friday through Sunday, Feb. 11-13; Wednesday, Feb. 16; and Friday, Feb. 18, all at 8: With Emil Gilels, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8: With Faye Robinson, soprano; Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Marius Rintzler, baritone; and the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL**: Monday, Feb. 14, at 8: No soloists.

ZURICH TONHALLE ORCHESTRA—Gerd Albrecht conducting, with Christoph Eschenbach and Justus Frantz, pianos. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

BUFFALO PHILHARMONIC—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Judith Blegen and Peggy Pruett, sopranos; Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano; Leo Goeke, tenor; and Raymond Murrell, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 13, at 5:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—John Nelson conducting, with Ani Kavafian, violin, and Walter Trampler, viola. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 13, at 3.)

MANHATTAN ORCHESTRA—Anton Coppola conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

MANHATTAN WIND SYMPHONY—David Simon and George Manahan conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Peter Eros directing the final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

SINE NOMINE SINGERS—Harry Saltzman directing a program of Italian music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

MUSICA SACRA—Richard Westenburg directing the first in a series of three concerts of Bach cantatas, with Susan Davenport Wyner, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 17 at 8.)

RECITALS

STEVEN LUBIN—Piano and fortepiano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

GEORGE MALCOLM—Harpsichord, in the last two in a series of recitals. (Vélez Blanco Patio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8, a program of Scarlatti sonatas; and Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8, an all-Bach program.)

CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE Y—An all-Dvorák program, performed by Jaime Laredo and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Sharon Robinson, cello; and the Guarneri Quartet. (Kaufmann Con-

cert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave., at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

BEETHOVEN AT THE Y—The Beethoven quartet cycle, performed in a series of six concerts by the Quartetto Italiano and the Juilliard String Quartet. Second and third programs by the Quartetto on Thursday, Feb. 10, and Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

LEAGUE-ISCAM—The third in this season's series of six programs of contemporary music, this one performed by Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Robert Helps, piano; and the Battell Chapel Choir of Yale University, directed by C. William Harwood. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

NEW YORK VOCAL ARTS ENSEMBLE—A vocal quartet in a program entitled "The Inner Circle." The last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall, Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

RICERCARE—A program of German Renaissance instrumental music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 11, at 8. . . . Alice Tully Hall, Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 16-17, at 8, with Walter Trampler, viola, and Bernard Greenhouse, cello.)

LOUIS BAGGER—Harpsichord. (Town Hall, JU 2-4536. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 2:30.)

PAULA ROBISON AND WILLIAM TIM READ—Flute and harpsichord, in the last in a series of recitals. (Alice Tully Hall, Saturday, Feb. 12, at 3.)

ANNE PERRET AND RODRIGO DE ZAYAS—Mezzo-soprano and lute and early instruments. (Alice Tully Hall, Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

CLAUDE FRANK AND LILIAN KALLIR—A program of music for two pianos and for one piano, four hands. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 13, at 2.)

FREDERICA VON STADE—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall, Sunday, Feb. 13, at 3.)

FRIEDMAN, VARDI, SILBERSTEIN STRING TRIO—Erick Friedman, violin; Emanuel Vardi, viola; and Jascha Silberstein, cello, presenting the cycle of Beethoven string trios. (Town Hall, JU 2-4536. Sunday, Feb. 13, at 3.)

DAVID SACKSON—Violin, in a program of American music. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Sunday, Feb. 13, at 5:30.)

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL—Flute. (Avery Fisher Hall, Sunday, Feb. 13, at 8, with Aurèle Nicolet, also flute, and Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord. . . . Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8, with Mr. Veyron-Lacroix.)

ELMAR OLIVEIRA—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall, Monday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

GROUP FOR CONTEMPORARY MUSIC—A program of music from California, by, among others, John Chowning and Arnold Schoenberg. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, Feb. 14, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

MADISON QUARTET—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Y NEW MUSIC—Contemporary music performed by Alan Marks and Ursula Oppens, pianos, with percussion by Richard Fitz, Gordon Gottlieb, and the New Jersey Percussion Ensemble. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC OF THE AMERICAS—Hilde Somer, piano, with the Dorian Woodwind Quintet and the Mohawk Trail String Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

PETER WOLF—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall, Friday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

KUYKEN QUARTET—A program of baroque music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

JAN DEGAETANI—Mezzo-soprano, in the last in a series of concerts of vocal chamber music, with instrumentalists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth

Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

QUARTETTO ITALIANO—The annual Joseph Mann Memorial Concert. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

MISCELLANY

DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH—CONCERT OF LATE WORKS—A program performed by Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Betty Allen, contralto; John Graham, viola; Joel Sachs and Cheryl Seltzer, piano; and members of the Princeton Ensemble, with Ira Weller, violin. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 7:30. . . . Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. New Orleans, Wednesday, Feb. 9. . . . Nets vs. Buffalo, Friday, Feb. 11. . . . Nets vs. Seattle, Friday, Feb. 18.

DARTMOUTH WINTER CARNIVAL—The annual four-event ski meet. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 11-12.)

DOG SHOW—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden, Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 14-15.)

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 7:35. . . . Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Sunday, Feb. 13, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Feb. 12, at 8:05. . . . Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:05.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, May 21. The Lucky Draw, Saturday, Feb. 12, and the Ruthless, Saturday, Feb. 19. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:45; through Tuesday, May 31. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 19.

TRACK MEET—United States Olympic Invitational. (Madison Square Garden, Saturday, Feb. 12, at 6:30.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8, and Sundays at 1; through Sunday, Feb. 27. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

POETRY READINGS—Maxine Kumin and Ruth Whitman reading from their own works. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Sunday, Feb. 13, at 8.) . . . Stanley Kunitz, Carolyn Kizer, James Wright, and others reading a selection of love poems in a salute to Valentine's Day. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Feb. 14, at 8.) . . . Daniel Halpern and Grace Schulman reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Feb. 15, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

LECTURE—"Keeping in Step with the Future," by Margaret Mead. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Sunday, Feb. 13, at 3. For information about tickets, call 581-1810.)

AUCTIONS—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Feb. 9, at 10:30 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs, including an album of Yellowstone scenes by William Henry Jackson and Civil War photographs by Alexander Gardner; from several collectors. . . . Thursday, Feb. 10, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from a number of sources. . . . Friday, Feb. 11, at 2: African, Oceanic, and pre-Columbian art; from various owners. . . . Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, Feb. 17, at 2: English and Continental silver, watches, and *objets de vertu*; from many owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, Feb. 10.



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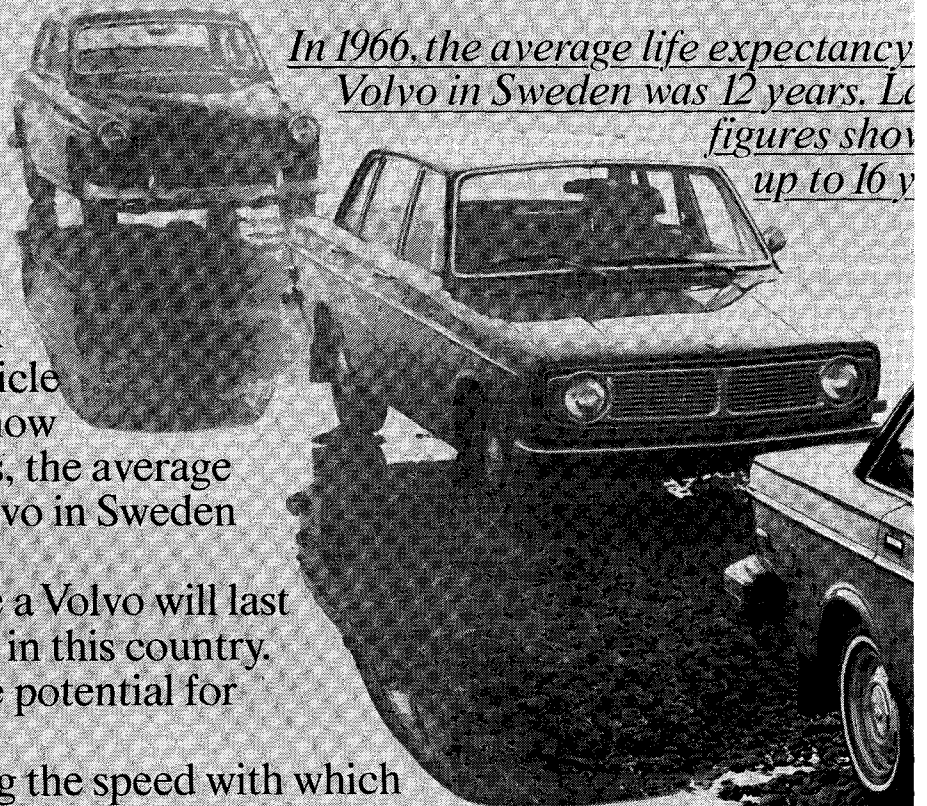
We've improved our entire suspension system. So you get a smooth ride... even over unimproved roads.

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In high-speed passing, the Volvo 264—with its overhead cam V-6—surpasses a BMW 320i. The Volvo 240—with its fuel-injected, overhead cam 4-cylinder engine—out-accelerates a Cutlass with a V-8.

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In 1966, the average life expectancy of a Volvo in Sweden was 12 years. Latest figures show it has increased up to 16 years.



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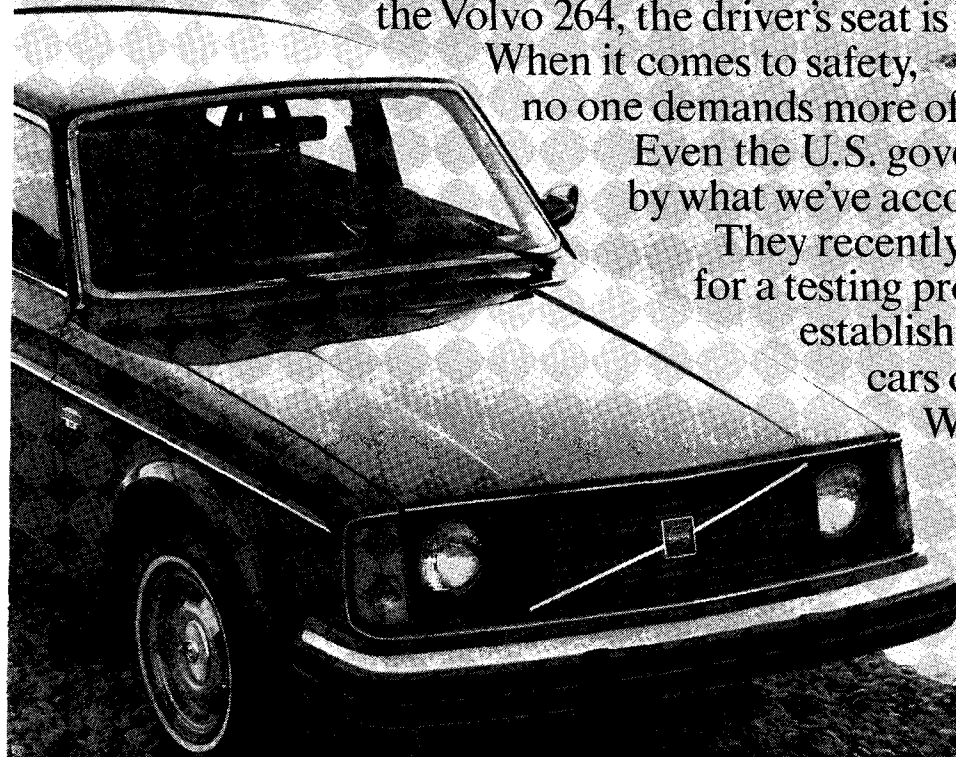
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 15: "The Pink Panther Strikes Again" and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."
From Feb. 16: To be announced.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Feb. 15: "Car Wash" and "The Longest Yard."
From Feb. 16: "The Pink Panther Strikes Again" and another feature, to be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 15: "Face to Face."
From Feb. 16: To be announced.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Network."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Cassandra Crossing."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Twilight's Last Gleaming."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Feb. 9: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 10: "The Late Show."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Silver Streak."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"King of Hearts."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Pumping Iron."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"A Star Is Born."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Feb. 10: "Bound for Glory."
From Feb. 11: "Thieves."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Network."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Marquise of O..."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Feb. 10: "The Last Tycoon."
From Feb. 11: "Fellini's Casanova."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Harlan County, U.S.A."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Rocky."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Feb. 10: "The Pink Panther Strikes Again."
From Feb. 11: "The Sentinel."

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Cookies."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Fun with Dick and Jane."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 15: "Car Wash."
From Feb. 16: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Network."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 15: "Nickelodeon."
From Feb. 16: "A Star Is Born."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Twilight's Last Gleaming."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Cassandra Crossing."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 10: "Rocky."
From Feb. 11: "The Sentinel."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Silver Streak."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Feb. 10: "Stay Hungry" and "Gator."
From Feb. 11: "Rocky."

WEST SIDE

WAYERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Feb. 15: "Small Change" and "The Story of Adèle H."
From Feb. 16: "A Star Is Born."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Feb. 10: "Carrie" and "Burnt Offerings."
From Feb. 11: "The Last Tycoon."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Rocky."

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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13	14	15	16	17		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."
Theatre 2: "The Marquise of O..."
Theatre 3: "Guernica" and "Viva la Muerte!"
Theatre 4: "Through the Looking Glass" (X-rated).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Freaky Friday."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"A Star Is Born."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Feb. 15: "Car Wash" and "The Black Bird."
From Feb. 16: To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Feb. 10: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."
From Feb. 11: "Bound for Glory."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Providence."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Feb. 10: "The Marquise of O..."
From Feb. 11 (tentative): "The Last Tycoon."

LOEWS 83RD TRIPLEX, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Rocky."
Theatre 2: "Freaky Friday."
Theatre 3: "The Cassandra Crossing."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Small Change" and "The Story of Adèle H."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 15: "Car Wash" and "Hard Times."
From Feb. 16: "The Pink Panther Strikes Again" and "Logan's Run."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Feb. 9: "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich, Lionel Atwill, and Cesar Romero; and "Shanghai Gesture" (1941), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Gene

Tierney, Victor Mature, Ona Munson, and Walter Huston.

Feb. 10: "The Scarlet Empress" (1934), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich, Sam Jaffe, and John Lodge; and "The Devil Is a Woman."

Feb. 11: "Queen Christina" (1934), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert; and "The Scarlet Empress."

Feb. 12: "Camille" (1937), directed by George Cukor, with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor; and "Queen Christina."

Feb. 13: "Grand Hotel" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery; and "Camille."

Feb. 14: "Bonaparte." (†)
Feb. 15: A program of avant-garde films, including films by Maya Deren and Jean Cocteau.

Feb. 16: "Burn!" (†) and "Antonio das Mortes." (†)

Feb. 17: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "Burn!" (†)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Feb. 9: "Babes in Arms" (1939), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney; and "Ziegfeld Girl" (1941), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Judy Garland, Lana Turner, and James Stewart.

Feb. 10: "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Who's That Knocking at My Door?" (1969), the first film directed by Martin Scorsese, with Zina Bethune and Harvey Keitel.

Feb. 11: "And Now My Love" (1975), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Marthe Keller and André Dussollier; and "Happy New Year" (1973), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian.

Feb. 12: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell; and "Wild in the Streets." (†)

Feb. 13: "Le Plaisir" (†) and "The Shop Around the Corner." (†)

Feb. 14: "Contempt" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli; and "Two Weeks in Another Town." (†)

Feb. 15: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (†) and "That Man from Rio." (†)

Feb. 16: "The Strong Man" (†) and "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum." (†)

Feb. 17: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Feb. 9: "The Sword of Doom" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto, with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "Kill!" (1968), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto.

Feb. 10-12: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Frenzy" (1972), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Jon Finch, Barry Foster, Vivien Merchant, and Alec McCowen.

Feb. 13-15: "Face to Face" (†); "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan; and "Hour of the Wolf" (1968), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann.

Feb. 16: "Samurai Assassin" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Illusion of Blood" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Shiro Toyoda.

From Feb. 17: "200 Motels" (1971), with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention; "Phantom of the Paradise" (†); and "The Magic Christian." (†)

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Feb. 9: "In a Lonely Place" (1950), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame; and "Knock on Any



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Door" (1949), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Humphrey Bogart and John Derek.
 Feb. 10-12: "Lost Horizon" (1937), directed by Frank Capra, with Ronald Colman, Margo, Sam Jaffe, and Edward Everett Horton; and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (1933), directed by Frank Capra, with Barbara Stanwyck, Nils Asther, Gavin Gordon, and Walter Connolly.
 Feb. 13-15: "The Solid Gold Cadillac" (†) and "The Marrying Kind" (†)
 From Feb. 16: "It Happened One Night" (†) and "Twentieth Century." (†)
R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
 Feb. 9: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger; and "A Brief Vacation" (1975), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Florinda Bolkan, Renato Salvatori, and Daniel Quenard.
 Feb. 10-12: "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina; and "The Clowns" (1971), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.
 From Feb. 13: "Strange Shadows in an Empty Room" (1977), directed by Martin Herbert, with Martin Landau, Stuart Whitman, John Saxon, and Gayle Hunnicutt; and "Rape Squad" (1977), directed by Robert Kelljchian, with Jo Ann Harris, Peter Brown, and Jennifer Lee.
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
 Through Feb. 15: "All About Eve" (1950), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Laura" (1944), directed by Otto Preminger, with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson.
 From Feb. 16: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.
THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
 Feb. 9: "Detective Story" (1951), directed

by William Wyler, with Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker, and William Bendix; and "Carrie" (1952), directed by William Wyler, with Jennifer Jones, Laurence Olivier, Miriam Hopkins, and Eddie Albert.
 Feb. 10: "An American Tragedy" (1931), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Phillips Holmes, Sylvia Sydney, and Frances Dee; and "Jennie Gerhardt" (1933), directed by Marion Gering, with Sylvia Sydney, Donald Cook, and Edward Arnold.
 Feb. 11-12: "Sorry, Wrong Number" (†) and "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" (†)
 Feb. 13-14: "The Human Comedy" (†) and "Our Town." (†)
 Feb. 15-16: "The Ghost Ship" (1944), directed by Mark Robson, with Richard Dix; and "The Day the Earth Stood Still." (†)
 Feb. 17: "Bitter Sweet" (†) and "The Firefly." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 10 at 2:30: "An Affair of the Skin" (1963), directed by Ben Maddow, with Herbert Berghof, Viveca Lindfors, Kevin McCarthy, and Diana Sands... ♣ Feb. 10 at 6: "Thomas Graal's Best Film" (1917), a Swedish silent film, directed by Mauritz Stiller; English inter-titles... ♣ Feb. 10 at 8:30 and Feb. 11 at 2:30: "The Outlaw and His Wife" (1917), a Swedish silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström; simultaneous translation... ♣ Feb. 11 at 6: "An Affair of the Skin"... ♣ Feb. 12 at noon: "Happy Landing" (1938), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Sonja Henie, Don Ameche, Cesar Romero, and Ethel Merman... ♣ Feb. 12 at 2:30: "Thomas Graal's Best Film"... ♣ Feb. 12 at 5: "Alexander the Great" (1917), a Swedish silent film, directed by Mauritz Stiller; simultaneous translation... ♣ Feb. 13 at noon: "Happy Landing"... ♣ Feb. 13 at 2:30: "Thomas Graal's Best Child" (1918),

a Swedish silent film, directed by Mauritz Stiller; English inter-titles... ♣ Feb. 13 at 5: "Kino Pravda" (1922), a Russian silent film, directed by Dziga Vertov, Russian inter-titles; and "By the Law" (1926), a Russian silent film, directed by Lev Kuleshov, English inter-titles... ♣ Feb. 14 at noon: A program of short Swedish films... ♣ Feb. 14 at 2:30: "Alexander the Great"... ♣ Feb. 14 at 6: A program of three short films... ♣ Feb. 15 at noon: A program of short Swedish films... ♣ Feb. 15 at 2:30: "Thomas Graal's Best Child"... ♣ Feb. 17 at 2:30: "L'Age d'Or" (1930), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel; no English subtitles... ♣ Feb. 17 at 6: "Song of the Scarlet Flower" (1918), a Swedish silent film, directed by Mauritz Stiller; English inter-titles... ♣ Feb. 17 at 8:30: "His Lordship's Last Will" (1919), a Swedish silent film, directed by Victor Sjöström; English inter-titles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Feb. 13: "Rameau's Nephew by Diderot (Thanks to Dennis Young) by Wilma Schoen" (1974), directed by Michael Snow. Showings at noon... ♣ Starting Feb. 15: A program of video films by Acconci, Baldessari, Benglis, and Campus. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Vigo, Vertov, Ozu, Rice, Wyborny, Viola, Sharits, Framton, and others. Showings Feb. 9-11 at 7 and 9; Feb. 12 at 2:30, 7, and 9:30; Feb. 13 at 8; Feb. 15 at 7 and 9; and Feb. 16-17 at 7 and 9:30.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of eighteen short films by Oskar Fischinger. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ANTONIO DAS MORTES (1970)—Glauber Rocha, a leader of Brazil's *cinema-novo* movement, made this explosive, mystical fantasy-melodrama about a killer hired by a tyrant to crush a peasant revolt. In Portuguese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 16.)

BITTER SWEET (1940)—The songs are by Noël Coward, and they include "I'll See You Again," but not everyone has the stomach to see the overgrown kitten Jeanette MacDonald and the dim, stalwart Nelson Eddy again. By no means the worst of their love-duet films, but not one of the rare ones redeemed by high spirits, either. W. S. Van Dyke directed; the cast includes George Sanders. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 17.)

THE BLACK BIRD (1975)—George Segal is engagingly peppy as Sam Spade, Jr., in this attempted takeoff on "The Maltese Falcon," and there are scattered good jokes, but it's a dumb comedy, with an insecure tone. David Giler wrote and directed; with Stéphane Audran. (1/19/76) (Playboy; through Feb. 15.)

BONAPARTE (1927, 1971)—The work of Abel Gance, one of the great pioneers of film and a master of fast editing, has not had the recognition it deserves because he was technically so far ahead of his time that theatres weren't designed or equipped to handle his films. His 1927 "Napoleon" was made in Polyvision, and those lucky enough to have seen it projected that way (or, as it sometimes was, on three ordinary screens) will recall that his conception was far more complex than what directors later did with Cinerama, since Gance frequently used the images at the left and right of the central image for contrapuntal effects. The imagery poured from the three sources, history literally seemed to be an avalanche of armies, battles, and crowds. His epic was, however, so rarely shown that in 1934 he edited another version of it, and then in 1971 prepared this version. Even though much of the visual complexity is gone, what's left is still worth seeing—sweepingly romantic, both naïve and sophisticated. Antonin Artaud appears as Marat, Gance himself as Saint-Just. (Four and a half hours.) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 14.)

BOUND FOR GLORY—As Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives the film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). There's real love in the director Hal Ashby's staging of the incidents, and the entire film shows taste and good will. Though it doesn't build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar—it's by no means a negligible piece of work. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/13/76.) (Coronet; through Feb. 10... ♣ Little Carnegie; starting Feb. 11.)

BURN! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's passionate, controversial epic about a slave uprising on a Caribbean island, told from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view. Marlon Brando plays a British *agent provocateur* who personifies colonial manipulative policies as well as, by implication, the American involvement in Vietnam. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 16-17.)

BURNT OFFERINGS—With Karen Black, Oliver Reed, and Burgess Meredith; directed by Dan Curtis. (8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 10.)

CARRIE—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, gravel-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (11/22/76) (8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 10.)

CAR WASH—A junk-food mixture of poetry, black anger, bathroom humor, routines that have come through the sit-com mill, and worn-to-the-stump faggot jokes. The action is centered on one workday in an L.A. car wash that is white-owned but staffed mostly by blacks. Michael Schultz directed, from a script by Joel Schumacher. (10/25/76) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; through Feb. 15.)

THE CASSANDRA CROSSING—With Sophia Loren, Richard Harris, Martin Sheen, O. J. Simpson, Lionel Stander, Ingrid Thulin, Lee Strasberg, Burt Lancaster, and Ava Gardner; directed by George P. Cosmatos. (34th St. East, Loews Cine, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

THE COOKIES—With Jean-Pierre Marielle, directed by Joel Seria. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

COUSIN, COUSINE—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Paris.)

THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL (1951)—Robert Wise, who edited "The Magnificent Ambersons" and "Citizen Kane," directed this hasty sci-fi about a peace-giving flying saucer, manned by Michael Rennie, that alights on the Washington Ellipse. Quite wry and alarmingly smooth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 15-16.)

FACE TO FACE—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Gramercy; through Feb. 15... ♣ Elgin; Feb. 13-15.)

FELLINI'S CASANOVA—With Donald Sutherland as Casanova, directed by Federico Fellini. (Cinema I; starting Feb. 11.)

THE FIREFLY (1937)—Jeanette MacDonald, and Allan Jones in a lavish musical monstrosity from M-G-M. Strictly for those who are prepared to listen to such songs as "Love Is Like a Firefly" and "He Who Loves and Runs Away" and "When a Maid Comes Knocking at Your Heart"—and, of course, Allan Jones going at "The Donkey Serenade." Rudolf Friml dominates the music department; Robert Z. Leonard directed fairly energetically. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 17.)

FREAKY FRIDAY—From the Disney studios, with Barbara Harris and Jodie Foster, directed by Gary Nelson. (Guild, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

FUN WITH DICK AND JANE—With George Segal

and Jane Fonda, directed by Ted Kotcheff. (Loews Tower East.)

GATOR—With Burt Reynolds, Jack Weston, Lauren Hutton, and Jerry Reed; directed by Mr. Reynolds. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Feb. 10.)

GUERNICA—Arrabal's film about the bombing of Guernica and the siege of a buttressed little village in the Spanish Civil War. His heroine, played by Mariangela Melato, is a woman of feral magnificence and gifts of leadership. Arrabal uses shock as a device; perhaps shock today is as impelling a force as heretical doubts were in Galileo's time. In Italian. (6/7/76) (Quad Cinema.)

HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM (1933)—Al Jolson (without blackface, for the first time) and Harry Langdon in a fantasy of hobo life in Central Park. Pretty funny and charming, with songs by Rodgers and Hart. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 16.)

HARD TIMES (1975)—This first feature directed by the young screenwriter Walter Hill is unusually effective pulp—perhaps even great pulp. Looking like an authentic Depression worker, Charles Bronson plays an aging itinerant who hooks up with a gambler (James Coburn) and fights—bare-fisted, no-holds-barred—for gambling stakes. Hill gets our hearts pounding in fear that this loner-hero will be hurt or vanquished; the big fight sequence, with Bronson pitted against a boulder of flesh (Robert Tessier), makes you feel the way you did as a kid at the movies. You don't resent the film's grip on you, because Hill respects the loner-underdog myth. Shot on locations in and around New Orleans; with Strother Martin as a hophead medic, and Jill Ireland. (10/6/75) (Olympia; through Feb. 15.)

HARLAN COUNTY, U.S.A.—A documentary with a great subject, and with the taste and sensitivity not to betray it. The director, Barbara Kopple, went to live among the coal miners of Harlan County, Kentucky, when they went out on strike in 1973. This film is about an underdog group with its own folk culture, based on the unending struggle with "the owners." (1/24/77) (Cinema II.)

THE HUMAN COMEDY (1943)—William Saroyan wrote the script for this deliberately unsensational wartime family story set in a small town, and his love and woozy high spirits come pouring through. You can fight it, but part of the time you lose—especially when freckled five-year-old Jackie (Butch) Jenkins waves hopefully at passing trains. Mickey Rooney plays Jackie's older brother, and Van Johnson is his oldest brother, who's in the Army. Fay Bainter is the impossibly lofty mother of this brood. Saroyan and the director, Clarence Brown, were trying for something—and the film is worth seeing—but there's also a cloying M-G-M shininess to it. With Donna Reed, Barry Nelson, Marsha Hunt, James Craig, Alan Baxter, Ray Collins, and Darryl Hickman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 13-14.)

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (1934)—Runaway heiress Claudette Colbert meets reporter Clark Gable, and they transformed the romantic style of America, as well as the style of American comedy. Frank Capra directed this charming film, which is now a nostalgic incarnation of thirties humor and sentiment. (Regency; starting Feb. 16.)

KING OF HEARTS (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a jarring and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Fine Arts.)

THE LAST TYCOON—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which was produced by Sam Spiegel and stars Robert De Niro as Monroe Stahr. With Jack Nicholson, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. (11/20/76) (Cinema I; through Feb. 10.) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 11, tentative.)

THE LATE SHOW—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. None of this prevents the heroine (Lily Tomlin), who hires him, from perceiving that he's different from the other men she knows. This one-of-a-kind murder mystery pays off in atmosphere,

spooking us by the flip, greedy ordinariness of the evil. Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective who dies muttering about the money he's going to make; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (2/7/77) (Sutton; starting Feb. 10.)

LOGAN'S RUN—A sci-fi fable, directed by Michael Anderson, which says that three centuries from now we shall be dwelling under opaque, hermetically sealed domes set down in the midst of devastation. Peter Ustinov plays the only visible outside citizen, an old man living in the Capitol, surrounded by the refuse of the past. (7/5/76) (Olympia; starting Feb. 16.)

THE LONGEST YARD (1974)—Burt Reynolds, as a sellout quarterback turned superstar gigolo, lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 15.)

THE MAGIC CHRISTIAN (1970)—The Terry Southern novel, in a slovenly version, directed by Joseph McGrath, that never quite seems on target. There are funny moments, but they don't add up to enough. With Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr, Laurence Harvey, Spike Milligan, Raquel Welch, Leonard Frey, and Christopher Lee. (Elgin; starting Feb. 17.)

THE MARQUISE OF O...—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work re-created for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. In German. (10/25/76) (D.W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema.... Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 10.)

THE MARRYING KIND (1952)—In the early fifties, Hollywood wasn't making very many movies about the troubled lives of average couples, and so some people took this uneven, serious sit-com, directed by George Cukor from a script by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, to be highly commendable. As the couple whose marriage is breaking up, Judy Holliday (of the friendly brass lungs) and Aldo Ray (with his lightweight cracked-gravel croak) have a surprising salt-and-pepper rapport. But there's nothing to this movie except the expertly contrived misunderstandings of simple "little people." It's warm; at times it's likable. But does anybody believe a minute of it? With Madge Kennedy as a judge, and Peggy Cass and Phyllis Povah. (Regency; Feb. 13-15.)

NETWORK—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. The cast of this messianic farce includes Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (Murray Hill, R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

NICKELODEON—Peter Bogdanovich intended a slapstick homage to early fly-by-night movie-making. The result is sustained clutter: "Once in a Lifetime" played at the wrong speed—a movie with a large cast (Burt Reynolds, Ryan and Tatum O'Neal, Brian Keith, and Stella Stevens) and everyone on his own. (1/17/77) (U. A. East; through Feb. 15.)

OUR TOWN (1940)—Despite all one's conscious objections—the sentiment, the stogy techniques that don't really work on film—the movie version of the Thornton Wilder play stays with one. Partly that's because of the beauty of many of the lines, and partly, too, because of the acting. In conception, the play is similar to Dylan Thomas's later "Under Milk Wood," but in Wilder's New England setting the dialogue is laconic, the wit dryly humane. The young William Holden is warm and skillful as the adolescent hero. Martha Scott, who plays opposite him, repeats her stage performance; she never took the camera well, and her readings here are a little too arch and finished, but she gets her laughs.

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Frank Craven, also from the original cast, is the omniscient spokesman of the piece; if Wilder had to be omniscient, nobody could come as close to getting away with it as Craven. With Fay Bainter, Beulah Bondi, Thomas Mitchell, and Guy Kibbee, Sam Wood, who did another view of small-town life in "Kings Row," directed; he can't be blamed for the Hollywoodization of the ending. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 13-14.)

PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE (1974)—This satire of horror movies is also a rock musical comedy, and it has a kinetic, breakneck wit. The writer-director, Brian De Palma, is a genuinely funny man, with a gassy, original comic temperament; he creates a new Guignol, in a modern idiom, out of the movie Guignol of the past. Creepy Paul Williams plays Swan, of Death Records; William Finley is the idealistic young composer who becomes the Phantom; and talented Jessica Harper is his ladylove. The singer, Beef, is played by Gerrit Graham, who gives the single funniest performance. (Elgin; starting Feb. 17.)

THE PINK PANTHER STRIKES AGAIN—Inspector Clouseau's clenched-jaws politesse is a joke that has run its course. Playing the role for the fourth time, Peter Sellers is required to imitate himself, and after the first half hour or so, the film loses momentum. Directed by Blake Edwards. (1/17/77) (Columbia II; through Feb. 10. . . . ♪ Art; through Feb. 15. . . . ♪ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting Feb. 16.)

LE PLAISIR (1952)—This Max Ophüls omnibus film, based on three de Maupassant stories, sounds better than it is; the stories allow him to display his virtuoso technique, but two of the three turn out too thin and hokey. The first, "The Mask," famous for the Palais de Danse sequence, is about a man trying to retain the illusion of youth; Gaby Morlay and Claude Dauphin are in it. "The Model" is about an artist (Daniel Gélin) who quarrels with his mistress-model (Simone Simon). The most satisfying, "The House of Madame Tellier," is about the temporary closing of a brothel. The madame (Madeleine Renaud) and her girls go to the country to attend the first communion of the madame's niece; the cast includes Jean Gabin, Danielle Darrieux, Pierre Brasseur, Ginette Leclerc, Mila Parély, and Louis Seigner. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 13.)

PROVIDENCE—Alain Resnais's intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, he drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The movie is peculiarly fastidious and static; you feel as if it were going to dry

up and blow away. With a longer death scene than Camille's, Gielgud is the only one who looks alive. David Mercer wrote the script. (1/31/77) (Cinema 3.)

PUMPING IRON—About the art and sport of body-building, with Arnold Schwarzenegger. Directed by George Butler and Robert Fiore. (Plaza.)

ROCKY—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naive, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Columbia I, Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ♪ 86th St. East; through Feb. 10. . . . ♪ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Feb. 11.)

THE SENTINEL—With Chris Sarandon and Cristina Raines, directed by Michael Winner. (Columbia II, and 86th St. East; starting Feb. 11.)

THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the performers, who seem to be having an actors' holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Beekman, and Quad Cinema. . . . ♪ Little Carnegie; through Feb. 10.)

THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER (1940)—Close to perfection—one of the most beautifully acted and paced romantic comedies ever made in this country. It is set in the enclosed world of the people who work together in a small department store; Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart are the employees who bicker with each other, and in no other movie has this kind of love-hate been made so convincing. Their performances are full of grace notes; when you watch later James Stewart films, you may wonder what became of this other deft, sensitive pre-drawing Stewart.

Samson Raphaelson adapted the play by Nikolaus Laszlo, and though it's all set in a Hollywood Budapest, the director, Ernst Lubitsch, sustains a faintly European tone. With Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut, William Tracy, and Inez Courtney. (A later, lesser version starred Judy Garland and Van Johnson.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 13.)

SILVER STREAK—Jill Clayburgh, Gene Wilder, and Richard Pryor are nineteen-seventies performers trapped in this fake thirties mystery-comedy, which is so inept you can't even get angry; it's like the imitations of sophisticated entertainment that high-school kids put on. Arthur Hiller directed, lamely; Colin Higgins wrote the script, which features pathetic double entendres. (1/17/77) (Trans-Lux East, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

SMALL CHANGE—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (10/4/76) (New Yorker. . . . ♪ Waverly; through Feb. 15.)

THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC (1956)—Abe Burrows adapted and Richard Quine directed the George S. Kaufman-Howard Teichmann Broadway play about the little-old-lady stockholder in a giant corporation; though her holdings are minuscule, her questions about corporate salaries cause an uproar at the annual meeting, and pretty soon she has enough proxies to take over the business. In the movie, this eccentric stockholder becomes a woman of marriageable age, and Judy Holliday brings to the role her familiar cartoon mixture of wide-eyed primordial simplicity and complacent urban abrasiveness. She's a funny woman, yet lacking in variety; she's wonderful in a sketch but a little monotonous in a starring role like this one. However, the fault here isn't primarily hers; it's in the formula Broadway comedy, with its predictable situations and sledgehammer laugh lines. With Paul Douglas, Fred Clark, Hiram Sherman, and John Williams. (Regency; Feb. 13-15.)

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER (1948)—Lucille Fletcher wrote this overextended treatment of her radio play about a bedridden hypochondriac who calls her husband at his office, overhears a couple of men arranging a murder, and slowly comes to realize that she is to be the victim. Barbara Stanwyck is the terrified and, finally, whimpering woman; Burt Lancaster is her morose husband. The director, Anatole Litvak, seems to be defeated by the extravagantly jumbled, shallow script. With Ann Richards. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 11-12.)

A STAR IS BORN—The Streisand-Kristofferson musical version—sentimental, without being convincing for an instant. Those in the mood for an emotional extravaganza can swoon, weep, and giggle, too. Directed by Frank Pierson. (1/10/77) (Baronet, and Ziegfeld. . . . ♪ U.A. East, and Waverly; starting Feb. 16.)

STAY HUNGRY—With Jeff Bridges and Sally Field, directed by Bob Rafelson. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Feb. 10.)

THE STORY OF ADELE H. (1975)—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. In French. (10/27/75) (New Yorker. . . . ♪ Waverly; through Feb. 15.)

THE STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS (1946)—Enjoyable glossy melodrama that reaches a boil. At the outset, the moody, adolescent Martha prevents her rich, sadistic aunt from killing her pet cat with a cane by using it to kill Auntie. Regrettably for Martha, a couple of her playmates, both boys, are around the house when the old lady is done in. Boy One (whom Martha loves) leaves town and becomes Van Heflin, a gambler. Boy Two, a sheepish sort in glasses, stays on, marries Martha (Barbara Stanwyck) and becomes



Kirk Douglas, the district attorney, Robert Rossen, who wrote the script from a story by John Patrick, knew how to grab the audience, and the director, Lewis Milestone, knew how to hold it. With Elizabeth Scott, Judith Anderson, Darryl Hickman, Roman Bohnen. A Hal B. Wallis production, for Paramount. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 11-12.)

THE STRONG MAN (1926)—At the time this picture (his best) came out, Harry Langdon—innocent, moronic, infantile, saintly, cunning—was widely held to be in the class of Chaplin, Keaton, and Lloyd. It was his second long comedy and his last box-office success. Langdon plays a Belgian soldier in the First World War who has become a pen pal of an American girl and comes to find her after the war; he eventually has to clean out the corrupt town she lives in. At one point he falls into the grip of a tough broad who is trying to steal some money from the lining of his coat; he misinterprets her action and gives a glorious rendition of outraged virtue. Written and directed by Frank Capra. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 16.)

THE TALL BLOND MAN WITH ONE BLACK SHOE (1973)—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (Art; through Feb. 15.... Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 15.)

THAT MAN FROM RIO (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure films. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 15.)

THIEVES—With Marlo Thomas and Charles Grodin, directed by John Berry. (Coronet; starting Feb. 11.)

TWENTIETH CENTURY (1934)—John Barrymore in one of his best comedy roles—as an egomaniac theatrical producer—and Carole Lombard in the giddy, glamorous role that established her as a comedienne. Howard Hawks directed this great hardboiled farce, from Hecht and MacArthur's adaptation of the Bruce Millholland play. (Regency; starting Feb. 16.)

TWILIGHT'S LAST GLEAMING—With Burt Lancaster, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Eastside Cinema, and Loews Orpheum.)

TWO WEEKS IN ANOTHER TOWN (1962)—Cynical, overheated view of American moviemaking abroad. The producer, John Houseman; the director, Vincente Minnelli; the screenwriter, Charles Schnee; the composer, David Raksin; and the star, Kirk Douglas, had all worked together years before on "The Bad and the Beautiful," a novelettish movie punctuated with some flashy hysterical scenes. Here, sequences of Lana Turner's hysteria in that movie are shown as examples of great screen acting, and in "Two Weeks," this sort of flamboyance is the predominant note, with the characters seen at a time of extreme strain and extravagant disorder, taking part in orgies designed to outdo "La Dolce Vita." Minnelli's pictorial imagination is just too pretty, and the sumptuous gorgeousness turns to slop, but Douglas and Edward G. Robinson give good performances. With Cyd Charisse done up like the heroine of "Marienbad," Daliah Lavi, George Hamilton, Claire Trevor, James Gregory, and Rosanna Schiaffino. Adapted from the novel by Irwin Shaw. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 14.)

VIVA LA MUERTE! (1971)—Directed by Fernando Arrabal. In French. (Quad Cinema.)

WILD IN THE STREETS (1968)—This blatant, insensitive, crummy-looking American International Pictures movie is entertaining in a lot of ways that more tasteful movies aren't; it has wit without any grace at all, and is enjoyable at a pop, comic-strip level. The story (by Robert Thom) is a satirical fantasy about the freaked-out young as a new breed of Fascist; it's treated with lunatic relish and enough mockery to make it funny. Barry Shear's direction isn't up to the playful paranoia of the script, but the cast is good—Christopher Jones, Shelley Winters, Millie Perkins, Diane Varsi rattling a tambourine, Hal Holbrook as a congressman who has a faint twitch when he smells trouble, and a very young Richard Pryor in his first screen appearance. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 12.)

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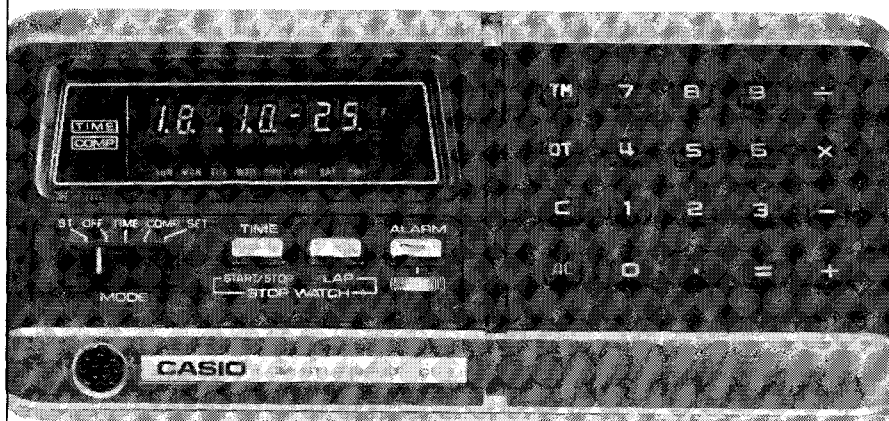


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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

During the worst of the recent freeze, I stayed indoors most of the time. The building I live in is an old, large one on Riverside Drive. At the beginning of the freeze, a couple of pipes burst and we were without water for nearly three days. However, after that the water, cool and hot, was there, and, as the apartment walls are old and thick, they kept us warm, though there was less heat than usual. One morning, when I woke up it was zero degrees and the bedroom window was completely coated with frost on the inside—a fine white powder that I had to scratch with my fingernail to see through. The street outside seemed coated with powder, too: sand and rock salt that had been spread during the night and had not been covered up with snow. From my bedroom window I can usually see a red brick building with wrought-iron balconies across the side street, and also a piece of the Hudson River. It is the only window in the apartment with that particular view. This time, through the scratch, I could see only a little bit of the bricks and none of the Hudson at all. The next day, when I woke up it was ten above. The scratch I had made the first morning had widened slightly and had become covered with a thin glaze of transparent ice. The ice on the inside of the unscratched part of the window had become coarser, and it was harder to scratch, but I willingly lived with the equivalent of frosted glass. I suddenly realized that for most of my life I had felt stuffy and overheated indoors, and I liked the new cool and airy feeling, even though it meant wearing a sweater. In the afternoon, the temperature rose to about eighteen degrees, and the frost on the inside of the window started to melt, producing on the bottom of each pane several receding layers shaped like overlapping hills, with a sky of transparent glass at

the top. Some parts became covered with small icicles carved in bas-relief. The melting process really got under way at about four o'clock that afternoon. Then I could look out of my bedroom window and see the sun set over the Hudson. Its glare was icy white and cold, and the Hudson had turned a frigid green—that is, the still liquid part of the river, a small channel in the center between the ice floes. There was a vivid, strong light, seeming to scour and bleach the bricks of the building across the street, making them look as clean as pebbles on a dry beach. Though the ice floes, the color of the river, and the temperature seemed to indicate a long winter ahead, I rejoiced at the small, premonitory thaw, and, in spite of the suffering I knew that the freeze had caused, I could not help being grateful for the fleeting moment of clarity it had just brought.

Spectacolor

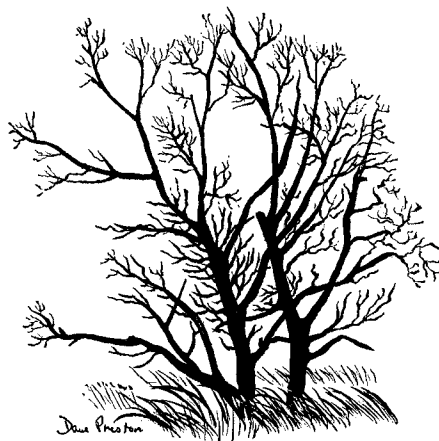
CHANGING times in Times Square: the towering Canadian Club sign, which had been a Forty-seventh Street landmark since 1953, has come down; a three-block-long pedestrian mall, which had been on the drawing board for Broadway since 1974, is going up (or, at least, has received assurances of federal funds and the clearances necessary to go up); and

at the south end of the square New Yorkers now have Spectacolor.

We were waiting to cross Broadway at Forty-third Street in the early twilight of a recent afternoon when we first noticed Spectacolor—or, more precisely, noticed that we and scores of other rushing pedestrians, and the armed-forces recruiting booth on the island between Broadway and Seventh Avenue, had all been struck magenta by light beams emanating from a large panel about a third of the way up the north façade of the building called One Times Square, the former Times Tower. "Visit the American Numismatic Society," red and blue lights directed us, and then, in rapid changes of color and configuration, animated lights urged us to see a Broadway show, to buy the magazine *Essence*, to view an exhibition of Aztec stone sculpture at the Center for Inter-American Relations, to try Duro-Lite bulbs, to attend a chamber-music recital at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, to buy L'Eggs panty hose, to buy tickets for a performance of the Negro Ensemble Company, and to dine at the Act I Restaurant.

Animated-light billboards are not new to Times Square, of course—the most prominent example heretofore has been the display over the sign now promoting Carlton cigarettes at Forty-sixth and Seventh—but these new lights, marching across a panel labelled "Spectacolor," were of a much greater order of magnitude and design, and were in changing colors, too. In company with a score of other passersby, we watched the show for about twenty-five minutes, until the displays began to repeat themselves, and during that interval we made a mental note to look into what appeared to be a revolutionary advance in the technology of American advertising.

When we got a chance to check on it, in the office of Spectacolor, Inc., on the fourth floor of One Times Square, we discovered the advance to be, rather, a revolutionary American im-

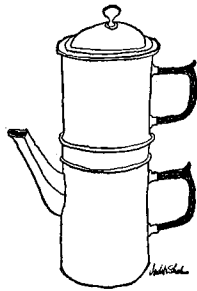


provement on some colored signs manufactured in Hungary, which have been operating for some time in Al-Kuwait, in Tijuana, and, without advertising, in Leningrad and on Mayakovsky Square in Moscow. (We also discovered that the name of the corporation and the device is pronounced as if it were two words—"specta color.") In 1974, the sign in Al-Kuwait dazzled George Stobely, the president of a New York advertising agency, and on his return to America he opened negotiations with some American manufacturers about constructing a sign on similar principles for the potential audience of forty-six million people who cross Times Square each month. The panel was installed—outside the fifth, sixth, and seventh floors of the building—during Thanksgiving week and went into operation December 1st.

"We've put a little less than a million dollars into the operation so far," said Lawrence Brandon, who is Mr. Stobely's father-in-law and a vice-president of the Spectacolor corporation, of which Mr. Stobely is president. "Of course, our sign is a couple of light-years ahead of the Hungarian ones. Not only are we much brighter—we can run in daylight, and they can't—but we're animated, where they only flash messages, and we're also computer-operated, where their signs run on wide tapes that have to be meticulously color-coded by hand."

Mr. Brandon showed us the specifications for the panel overlooking Times Square, and we garnered the following facts: The panel measures twenty by forty feet, has eight thousand one hundred and ninety-two bulbs in it, and draws three hundred and sixty-eight kilowatts. It can be operated at a speed comparable to film at eight frames per second, using twenty-four distinguishable colors, among them cyan, which is a blue-green, and super-white, which is the optical effect when all eight thousand one hundred and ninety-two bulbs flash simultaneously. However, this does not happen very often. The panel is divided into two thousand and forty-eight "pixels," or picture elements of red, green, blue, and white bulbs, and ordinarily only one or two of the bulbs on a pixel are flashed at any given time. The animation orders come over more than ninety-two miles of wiring, from a computer that is also on the fourth floor of One Times Square. Mr. Brandon took us to its console to meet Rick Schmitz, a young,

mustached graphic artist, who does most of the programming, having been recruited from the General Electric Corporation for the purpose. "In many respects," Schmitz said, "we're creating our animations the way Disney created his—only we have the computer, which makes it easier." We asked whether Mr. Schmitz considered himself a designer or a computer expert. "A designer," he said firmly. "It's been found a lot easier to teach computer operation to designers than to teach design to computer people."



In the two months since the board was erected, the Spectacolor corporation has almost reached the breakeven point, Mr. Brandon said. "Right now, we're running about half-and-half public-service announcements and paid spots," he went on.

"Even when we get up to full commercial operation, though, we're going to reserve twenty-five per cent of our time for public-service messages. To keep abreast, we change at least forty of them each day, and we're trying to give priority to museums, free concerts, and art-gallery announcements, because we feel they offer some of the best free entertainment available. We think we have a responsibility to tell the people of this city about some of the great free attractions in town. This is a new medium we're operating here—it isn't electronic and it isn't print, but it has elements of both—and we take our public-service responsibilities seriously."

On the way out of One Times Square, we encountered Alex Parker, the real-estate investor who has become the square's biggest booster since he took over the building—first leasing it and then buying it—three years ago. "When these guys originally approached me about the sign, last April, my reaction was negative, because it kills the symmetry of my building," Parker told us. "The aesthetics of the thing really jarred me. But then I thought, What the hell, flashing bright lights, excitement, attractions—isn't that what Times Square is supposed to be all about?"

Art Talker

A FIERY redhead with the speed of light, a cloud of blue chiffon, and a hearty "This lecture is about a very good-looking man with rather thin legs who was born just under five hundred years ago and had ideas about hospitality which most of us would

find it hard to put into practice"—who but Rosamond Bernier, talking about François I of France, on a recent Wednesday evening at the Metropolitan Museum of Art? We are not alone in thinking Mme. Bernier the most stylish art talker around. A recent lecture series in the Met's Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium was sold out two months in advance. Her invigoratingly literate television interviews with Philip Johnson, the architect, on CBS-TV's "Camera Three" made the three Sunday mornings when they were shown astonishingly bearable for a much larger audience. Could we catch up with this scintillating creature (who has been married since 1975 to John Russell, the *Times's* equally scintillating art critic) and importune her with a few questions? We could and we did.

"Imagine being paid to talk!" Mme. Bernier said to us over lunch in a midtown French restaurant the other day. "I've been a listener all my professional life, and here I am talking everybody's head off." Mme. Bernier's lecturing self, it seems, rose quite recently from the ashes of her former, publishing-and-writing self. After twenty-odd very busy years in Paris, where she and her ex-husband, Georges Bernier, founded the magazine *L'Œil* in 1955 and made it into one of the century's best art journals, she was, as she put it, left "absolutely flat" when, in 1969, she lost both Bernier and *L'Œil* through divorce. "All at once, I had nothing to do," she said. "I just cried all day." Friends did what they could to cheer her up, but nothing really helped until Michael Mahoney, an art historian, persuaded her to give fourteen lectures on modern art to his students at Trinity College in Hartford in the fall of 1970. "I was terrified at the start, but it worked," she said. "I'm probably the only person you know who hasn't been psychoanalyzed. Those lectures literally saved my life."

Mme. Bernier, who was born in Philadelphia but grew up mostly in London, approached her subject from the point of view of an active participant. Having arrived in Paris in 1946 as European feature editor for the American *Vogue*, she followed her natural bent toward art by becoming a close friend of virtually all the important European artists of the period. Picasso took to her because she spoke fluent Spanish as well as French, and she was the first to see and report on his postwar paintings. Matisse saw to it that she wrote the first article on the chapel he was designing in Vence. Miró, Braque, Max Ernst, and many

other artists gave her exclusive interviews and became lifelong Bernier-philies, and from 1955 on they all took a personal interest in the development of *L'Œil*. In her lectures at Trinity, she was careful to avoid the "famous-men-who-have-breathed-on-me" sort of gossip, but her close connection with the Paris art scene, her memory for the telling detail, and her own infectious delight in recapturing the atmosphere of the period made for a wonderfully vivid presentation.

The Hartford success led to an invitation from Rice University, in Houston, where she spent a month in 1971 as a guest of John and Dominique de Menil. "Roberto Rossellini was staying with them, too, and we became great friends," she told us. "What a talker! He would sit down at the breakfast table and say, '*Pascal n'avait pas raison*,' or something similar, and we'd be off on that for an hour." The Metropolitan Museum heard about her Rice lectures and signed her up for the fall of 1971, and she has been in demand ever since, from places as far apart as Paris (where she has lectured at the Grand Palais on the painters of the School of Paris) and Yakima, Washington (where she spoke last spring on contemporary French painting).

As one could gather from her Metropolitan lectures on "Four Royal Collectors" (François I, Charles I, Queen Christina of Sweden, and Catherine the Great), Mme. Bernier does not limit herself to modern art. *L'Œil's* slogan was "*Tous les arts, tous les pays, tous les temps*," and Mme. Bernier, who draws upon her years with the magazine for most of her lecture ideas and much of her material, now has more than thirty lectures in her quiver. But whether she is discussing the French Renaissance under François I, the Paris of Paul Poiret, or the effect on art of writers such as Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Apollinaire, and Proust, she manages to bring to her subject what sounds like firsthand knowledge. "I'm not a scholar or an art historian," she told us. "As a matter of fact, I've never gone to lectures—once, I went to hear Erwin Panofsky, but that's about it. I've always loved books and mag-

azines, and playing around with images, and to me making a lecture is just like making a book. I started projecting two slides simultaneously, side by side, because that's like having an open book with facing pages. And I love making the juxtapositions between images, tying things together, without a lot of big blocks of talk. That keeps things moving, and it keeps people amused. I think it's important to be amused, don't you? I must say, after one of my early lectures at the Met I overheard one woman in the audience say to another, 'Well, she's obviously slept with Léger. I wonder what she'll have to say next week about Braque.' Actually, I never slept with any of them, worse luck. But I'm enjoying it all very much. In fact, I've recently had two of the biggest thrills of my life. The first was dancing the Charleston and the Black Bottom with Merce Cunningham, at the Whitney Museum dinner for Sandy Calder. Merce Cunningham! And later John Cage told me that Merce had said he enjoyed it. The second was flying across the country for a lecture, getting off the plane, and seeing a huge sign in red lights that

read 'Welcome to Yakima Rosamond Bernier.'"

Bigelow II

AT Elwood Shipman's superior and friendly lunch counter at Bigelow I, as it now has to be called, on Sixth Avenue between Eighth and Ninth Streets, the second-oldest pharmacy in the city—the store has been in business on the same block since 1838, and the lunch counter, which was installed in the twenties, is remarkable for roasting a fresh turkey every day and squeezing an estimated fifty thousand oranges every year for always available fresh o.j.—the talk at breakfast a couple of weeks ago turned on whether the Islanders would pull out of their new slump, whether whites who said they'd watched "Roots" without guilt were kidding themselves, and whether Bigelow II, the about-to-open first drug-store on Roosevelt Island, and the only extant branch store of the Village landmark, would last as long as its famous parent. According to Elwood Shipman, who has managed the Bigelow I lunch counter for eight years, and his affable



"I think Ray's done remarkably well, considering he's only been a teller at the bank less than a year."

co-workers, short-order cooks Clifford Brown and Tony Vallejo and counter-man (and orange-squeezer) Jimmy Mealing—they have over seventy-five years of Bigelow experience among them—the new place may be able to, provided it adds a lunch counter to its operations within the next eighty years. This department paid its last official visit to the Village store in 1930, when we fell into conversation with a seventy-nine-year-old Mr. Bigelow, who had vivid memories of his nineteenth-century carriage-trade customers: Commodore Vanderbilt was “tall and crabby looking,” he said, and Mark Twain “never opened his gills; spoke only to say what he wanted to buy.”

On a recent Friday, we aerial-trammed and mini-bused to 527 Main Street on Roosevelt Island, which has taken to calling itself the Little Apple, for the grand opening of Bigelow II, and found ourself talking with Jerry Ginsberg, one of the current owners of Bigelow's (his father bought the store in 1939)—a happy man in his forties who was taping a note that said “This old pharmacy case was built at the turn of the century. It comes from our original store” to a beautiful old glass-fronted display cabinet. The cabinet has three Ionic columns, and the one in the middle turns out to be the handle of the glass door; when you pull the column, it slides neatly to one side from under its architrave. There are other touches in the new store to re-

mind customers of the Bigelow lineage—dark, satin-finished curved wood moldings around the ceiling, conical green metal shades for the hanging lamps, and three slowly turning four-bladed wooden ceiling fans, which the architect and the designer—a couple of young fellows named Michael Lawn and Stephen Klein—found at A. & G. Machinery, a Long Island firm that still manufactures four-bladed wooden ceiling fans. Otherwise, the new store, which occupies L-shaped quarters in a towering new apartment house, is bright and up-to-date. The walls and ceiling are spotless white; the merchandise is easy to see and reach. One wall has a sixteen-foot-long modular, gravity-fed self-service Revlon cosmetic counter—the first such unit that Revlon has installed in a retail pharmacy, Jerry Ginsberg said proudly. The pharmacists work in one corner, within view of the customers. Opening-day specials laid on by Jerry Ginsberg included free beauty treatments for women from two non-gravity-fed Revlon cosmetic consultants, and a box of free Russell Stover candies with every purchase. Spontaneous specials included a bottle of Amaretto, which Jerry Ginsberg dispensed sips of in snap-cap clear-plastic five-gram pill vials, and an enormous pound cake, furnished by John J. Guerra's mother-in-law. Guerra is a partner of Ginsberg's and the manager of the new store.

By noon, the store was full of Roose-

veltians making purchases, and we cornered Jerry Ginsberg and his other partner, Joel Eichel—a bearded young pharmacist, who was wearing a druggist's blue smock—to ask them why, after a hundred and thirty-nine years, Bigelow's had felt like branching out. Ginsberg said, “Well, it's not our first branch store. We set up the drugstore in the Americana Hotel and ran that for a couple of years. I guess the real reason is that Bigelow's took a chance on the Village when it was getting started, and we thought it was time to do something like that again, with another New York community getting on its feet. Independently owned pharmacies are closing down in New York State at the rate of two or three a week, according to the Pharmaceutical Society of New York, so we decided to take a stand.”

“Only about three thousand people have moved in out here so far, and it has the same small-town atmosphere the Village has,” said Eichel. “Everyone knows everyone else. We're one of the first stores here. There's a stationery store, a deli, a supermarket, a pizza parlor, a liquor store, a post office, and a dry cleaner. This morning, Don and Lorraine Parrino, who run the pizza parlor, brought us a dollar bill that said ‘Good luck. Don & Lorraine’ across its face, so we'd have a first dollar we could post. We plan to offer the same customized service we offer downtown. We'll be keeping a patient profile on every customer, we'll deliver orders, and we'll be opening charge accounts.”

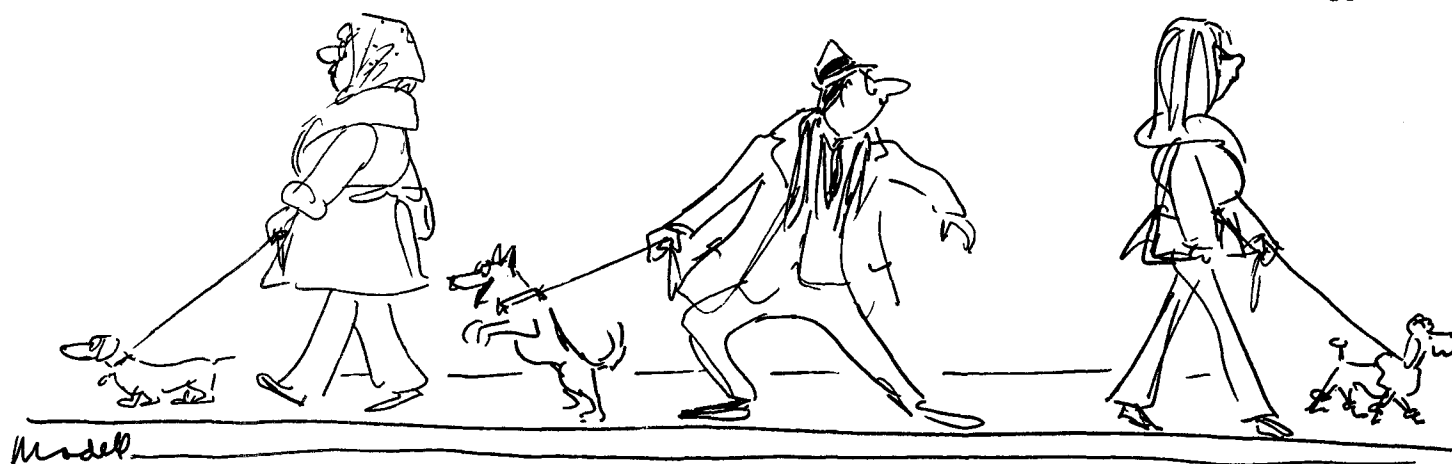
“Even though it costs us two dollars for the paperwork involved in processing the charge of a thirty-nine-cent item,” said Ginsberg. “The only thing different about this store is there's no place for Marcia, the cat downtown, because Roosevelt Island has a no-pet policy.”

“Let's double-check that,” Eichel said. “The first prescription I filled this morning was for an antibiotic to put in the tank of an octopus.”

Ginsberg turned to shake hands with Ed Herschenfeld, his contractor. Ginsberg and Herschenfeld both live in Roslyn, and they



“Damn it, Fletcher! Take off those earmuffs when I’m talking to you.”



both started out in life as professional saxophone players, then took up their fathers' respective professions. "This is our first drugstore," said Herschenfeld, whose company has built mostly banks and restaurants, including the Magic Pan, in Manhattan. "But how could we resist? What a location! Go outside and look at the view. Know what you're looking at? Sutton Place. Know what Sutton Place is looking at? Long Island City! This is the spot they take the picture postcards from."

At the Parsonage

THE last time I saw Estelle Parsons [our friend the old curmudgeon, who was looking jauntier than usual, was telling us] was in Shubert Alley in 1968. I was on my way to the Shubert Theatre to pick up a friend of mine, a Princeton classmate who worked in the box office, when she locked horns with me. "Don't you dare cross this picket line!" she yelled, waving an Equity leaflet at me.

"Come on, Parsons," I said. "I'm not breaking your damn picket line, I'm picking up a friend to take him to dinner at Frankie & Johnnie's."

"You're no respecter of women's rights!" she shrieked.

"The devil I'm not," I said. "And I've suffered for it."

"How?" she said.

"My mother and some of her friends padlocked themselves to the White House fence when they were demanding votes for women," I said. "A very good photograph of them being loaded into the paddy wagon appeared in the papers the next morning. And that night, when I got home from school, my father, looking bleak, said, 'Children, there will be no dinner tonight. Your mother's in jail.'"

Parsons is a big, rangy woman, the way all Massachusetts women should be—she's a Marblehead girl, you know.

And if you've ever heard her sing on the stage, you also know she has a *voice*. At that time, she was fresh—and I mean fresh—from the Academy Award ceremonies, because of her appearance in "Bonnie and Clyde." And she looked like a cross between Bonnie and Medea herself.

I used to see a lot of Parsons in the days before Hollywood, when she was working in a Jerry Herman revue at the Showplace, a night club in the Village, and in Julius Monk's Upstairs at the Downstairs, in the Fifties. I don't go to the Village much anymore, because it doesn't have anything like the Showplace anymore—an occasional visit to Max Gordon at the Village Vanguard, or to a little restaurant just south of Bleecker Street which has some of the best Northern Italian cooking in town, or to Barney Josephson's Cookery. For a while, I'd been hearing about a place called the Ballroom, which came into being long after I moved uptown from the Village. It's down on West Broadway, just below Houston Street, in SoHo. I started dropping in there toward the end of the evening, and liked it, because it was the quiet, comfortable sort of place that Lee Chumley's was in the twenties. It had the same sort of personable customers. The building it's in must date back to the nineties—it's got those Village double wooden doors at the entrance, which is flanked by fluted columns. Inside, it's long and narrow, which seems to be the way all old buildings are arranged in this city of long, narrow lots. The inside is nearly all white, which makes it look livelier than Chumley's. There's a little platform and a piano against one side wall, and on that wall is an enormous mural that depicts the interior and its inhabitants with such verisimilitude that it could just as well be a mirror—a funny conceit.

Why am I telling you all this? Because I began to find that on that

stage and at that piano quite a few of the people I knew and worked with in my old theatre days were showing up and performing. Some of them weren't really performers at all, to be sure. Take Galt MacDermot, who did the scores for "Hair" and "Two Gentlemen of Verona," playing and singing his own songs in a faintly apprehensive manner. Well, O.K. Then I heard that Parsons, reverting to form as a night-club belter, was in for a two-week stand, spelled by Marshall Barer, the lyricist who worked on "Once Upon a Mattress," in which Carol Burnett climbed twenty mattresses to national fame after she'd broken the town wide open at the old Blue Angel by singing "I Made a Fool of Myself Over John Foster Dulles." Doing a one-night stand at the Ballroom, Barer had Anita Ellis singing and Ellis Larkins at the piano. I plunged downtown to the Ballroom, where, fortified by a large chocolate cake and several glasses of white wine, I awaited my opponent. But when she came onstage, in a long black dress, she was a sombre Medea, not a wicked one, and the audience, which was making the room bulge a bit, appreciatively accepted the new mood. She was deep into show tunes, not all of them familiar, which is always a nice idea, but at last, naturally, the belter in her came through, and she walked off to zounds of applause.

Afterward, we broke chocolate cake together, and, pleased to see one another, agreed that any locking of horns was absolutely unnecessary. Next, I guess, I'll be seeing willowy little Jo Sullivan at the Ballroom. That'll be a good throwback to her night life and her Broadway musical-comedy days, and she'll be singing, naturally, a bunch of Frank Loesser songs. And why not? Soon there will be a three-week repertory of what I guess you'd have to call "The Best of the New Faces Revues." It could be that I've found a new home away from home.

MISTER NABOKOV

TOWARD the end of the Second World War and after it for three or four years, Vladimir Nabokov taught at Wellesley College, where I was a student. He taught courses in the Russian language beginning with beginning grammar (he was himself the entire Russian Department), and he taught a survey of Russian Literature in translation—Russian 201. It was in this course that I enrolled my junior year. I forget now what lucky chance led me to decide on it—perhaps I knew that if I took it I would really read “War and Peace” (I had taken a copy with me on a long canoe trip the summer before and it had been soaked through by rain, but I had not been able to progress beyond the first fifty pages) or perhaps the reason was that a friend named Truax who studied Russian our freshman year claimed that after three months all she could say in Russian was “My Red Grandmother”—the kind of thing I found wildly hilarious at the age of seventeen. At any rate, I went through college on the adage “Choose your courses for the professors,” and Mister Nabokov had a special reputation as a teacher: there were more than fifty girls attending Russian 201.

He was about forty-five then, and he was almost unknown as a writer in this country. I had the blue paper-covered book, little-magazine size, put out by New Directions, called “Nine Stories.” It had a big “N” on the cover—for “Nine” or for “Nabokov”—and I carried it around with me and occasionally dipped into its mystifying pages. I loved the feel of it; I considered it exotic. I did not know about “Despair” or “The Real Life of Sebastian Knight;” I did not even come across his book on Gogol until four or five years later and read it then, as I did “Conclusive Evidence,” in a state of rapture.

One evening during that winter we took Russian 201, Mister Nabokov gave a reading of his poems. I recall the atmosphere of excitement—the warmth, the darkness of the hall, and Mister Nabokov far down there (I had come too late to sit up close), his face lit by the lamp of the lectern. There was an air of occasion about it all. His wife was there, sitting in the center of the front row. I could see the back of the head of her to whom his love poems were addressed—and from time to time between poems I could hear the shuffle of papers and the sounds of their two voices

as he bent forward to discuss something briefly.

But, still, at the time we studied Russian Literature with him we didn’t think of him as a writer or as a poet, though we knew, of course, that he was both and that he was distinguished; to us he was Mister Nabokov, he was our teacher, and we found him dashing and extraordinary. He dazzled our minds and instilled in us feelings of the most exalted romance—not with him, but with Russian literature, and with the history and the land (the geography) in which it was, he showed us, inextricably involved.

Sarah Johns, my favorite friend, and I used to dash from Beebe Hall ahead of everyone else after lunch, and dance, doing

Follow the yellow brick road,
Follow the yellow brick road,
Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow the yellow brick road

all the way down the hill until we arrived at the back path that led up the hill to Sage, the building with the big lecture hall in which Mister Nabokov gave his course. We liked to go up the log-and-earth steps of that narrow path and past the big old oak and then around the building in order to arrive at the front door at just the same time as Mister Nabokov, so we could greet him coming in.

He was tall and thickly, loosely built, with brown hair and somewhat dry, ruddy, weathered skin, and he had a large, well-formed face. His high forehead had a series of lines. His aura was one of casual, relaxed manliness. He had the pleasing smell of a man who smokes, and an air of a certain diffidence, of a natural aristocratic dignity; and he was, I realize now, the first teacher I ever had who was at home in literature, for he was himself a part of it.

I see him still, standing in the sunlight outside Sage on an ice-cold winter day in his handsome brown tweed jacket, a wool scarf around his neck, for even on the coldest day of winter he never wore an overcoat. That was the most intimate fact we knew about him—that and the fact that sometimes he had headaches and then his wife came to class in his stead and read his lecture for the day.

She was beautiful, with long, thick, glossy white hair falling almost to her shoulders and very smooth, radiant pink-white skin. She read his lectures carefully, slowly, with an accent; and she wrote the words with which she

thought we might have difficulty in huge, foot-high letters on the blackboard. In two days he would be back again, talking (it seemed), not reading, telling us everything as if it had only at that moment marvellously occurred to him to say it that way.

His words, his wonderful words! I heard every word he said, and I wrote down as much as I could. I had a terrible time in those years because, usually, though I fiercely willed it not to happen, no sooner would a lecture or a classroom discussion begin than my mind would fly out the window and remain beyond earshot up in the trees, dreaming whatever it wished; try as I would by holding my head up, shifting positions, pinching myself, propping up my eyelids with my fingers, I could not concentrate on what I so longed to learn. Not so with Mister Nabokov. My mind was there the whole time and enthralled. Even now I remember some of the things he said. He spoke of Turgenev’s sentences as being “long and low and curved up on the ends like lizards’ tails.” He said that Turgenev was the first to write about slaves who were superior to their masters (and he went to jail and was then exiled to his estate for that), the first to write well about babies and about dogs—dogs that smiled, the way dogs lie down.

He said, “Read and dream through Chekhov’s bleak landscapes, which convey a dim loveliness and are like gray clothes on a gray clothesline flapping against a gray sky.” He said, “Chekhov’s world is dove-gray.”

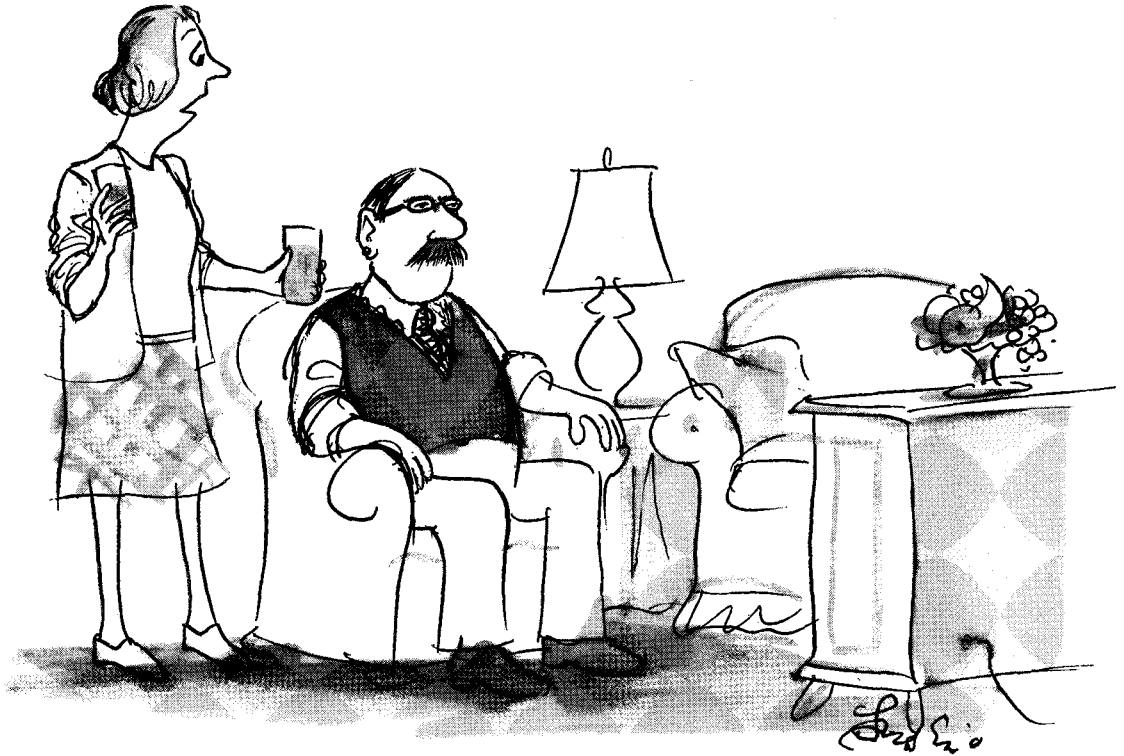
He described the “liquid-blue world of”—was it Lomonosov? There was too much for me to hold it all, and though my ardent mind took in everything he said, I seem to remember first the gayer things he said for fun. At one moment he would speak with the most profound and elegant seriousness, and at the next he would recall that we were college girls and had to have the “world” of each writer defined for the sake of memorizing. Everything he told us was lit by the flashes of his own peculiar genius, and he shared with us the light of his own knowledge—the details and facts that he loved.

He told us he pronounced “Eugene Onegin” “Eugene One-Gin” in English. He went painstakingly through the translation of “Eugene One-Gin” in the anthology we had, and he corrected certain lines for us. We rewrote those lines in our books in pencil. He told us to. He said that of all the Russian writers Pushkin loses the most in translation. He spoke of the “zoom-



ing music" of his poetry, of the wonderful rhythm, of how "the oldest epithets are rejuvenated in Pushkin's verse," which "bubbles and gleams in the darkness." He spoke of the wonderful development of plot in "Eugene Onegin," which Pushkin took ten years to write, of the retrospective and introspective rambling of the plot. And he read aloud for us the duel in "Eugene Onegin," in which Onegin mortally wounds the poet Lenski. In this scene, Mister Nabokov said, Pushkin foretold his own death.

He drew a diagram to scale on the blackboard so that we would be able to see exactly the shape and size of the duelling ground on which Pushkin was shot by the Frenchman d'Anthès. He explained the form of the duel. He set the scene—an ice-cold January afternoon (January 27, 1837) on a hill in the suburbs of St. Petersburg. Dusk was already in the air. The banks of the frozen Neva were covered with snow, and Pushkin's wife, whose whims were indirectly the cause of the duel, had gone sledding. She was a dazzling beauty, a slant-eyed madonna, frivolous, insignificant, a flirt, cold, bored by Pushkin's poems, and a great success at court, to which Pushkin had been condemned, for Czar Nicholas I had decided to make himself Pushkin's censor. (Though Pushkin never left Russia, he drank his fill of banishment, Mister Nabokov said, and Pushkin thought and said that government curbs made exiles of writers. Pushkin hated the despotism of the Czar and of public opinion.) Mister Nabokov told us who the seconds were and described their function. He drew the lines of the *barrière*, defined by cloaks on the snow, and described Pushkin and d'Anthès, who had been flirting with Pushkin's wife and had less than a month before married her sister, approaching each other from a distance of twenty paces, their pistols loaded. It was exactly four-thirty. D'Anthès fired first, and Pushkin fell, mortally wounded in the stomach. He managed, however, to raise himself up, call d'Anthès to the *barrière*, and shoot. The blow from his bullet, which hit d'Anthès's arm, caused him to fall, and Pushkin, thinking he had killed him,



"For heaven's sake! When did you have your ear pierced?"

shouted, "Bravo!" Two days later, Pushkin, the greatest of the Russian poets, died. He was thirty-six. In the night, his body was taken in a coffin to a monastery.

(Reading Mister Nabokov's commentary on "Eugene Onegin" recently, I concluded that he must have omitted certain of the details which brought about the duel because he considered them unfit for our college-girl ears.)

Early the second semester, Mister Nabokov told us he had graded the Russian writers, and we must write down their grades in our notebooks and learn them by heart: Tolstoy was A-plus. Pushkin and Chekhov were A. Turgenev A-minus. Gogol was B-minus. And Dostoevski was C-minus. (Or was he D-plus?) As the year went on, he made us understand the reasons for his judgments. "He who prefers Dostoevski to Chekhov," he said, "will never understand the essentials of Russian life."

He didn't talk about conflict or symbols or character development. He didn't talk about the things that were usually talked about in literature courses. He didn't try to make us state the underlying meaning of something. He didn't make us talk about *themes*. He never took the joy out of reading. He spoke of the way certain characters in Gogol nod vividly into his pages and disappear never to appear again. "How charming that is," he said,

and he read aloud to us a passage about a certain blue-eyed, red-faced policeman who appeared on a certain page of our edition of "Dead Souls," and disappeared never to reappear.

He said of Chekhov, "No other author has created such pathetic creatures." He said, "Learn by heart 'The Ravine,' 'The Duel,' 'The Lady with the Little Dog.'" He spent several days going through "The Lady with the Little Dog," pointing out things of which we ought to take note, for they were characteristic of Chekhov's art. Summing up, he said: 1) Note how the story is told in the most natural way possible, slowly, without break, in a subdued voice. 2) Note how characterization is achieved by the selection and distribution of refined details. 3) Note that there is neither moral nor message. 4) Note how the story's movement is based on a system of waves, on shades of this or that mood. Note the contrast of poetry and prose. For Chekhov, the lofty and the base are points of the beauty and the pity of the world. 5) Note how the storyteller goes out of his way to allude to trifles that are meaningless to the action and have no symbolic meaning but are important for the atmosphere. And 6) Note that the story does not end. The final scene is full of pathos. The two lovers are the closest of couples, the best of friends. There is no solution in a typical Chekhovian story—the story fades out like life; there is no

end, for as long as there is life there is no possible conclusion to troubles.

He told us what a lovable man Chekhov was, how kind and how simple. He loved the sincere. Everybody loved him. The radicals criticized Chekhov for not actively espousing their cause, but he was an artist, an individualist; he served the people and their causes in his own way. In 1890, Chekhov went to Sakhalin and wrote of the horrible conditions there. Tolstoy loved Chekhov dearly.

Mister Nabokov talked of what Tolstoy did with *time* in "War and Peace." How exact the illusion of time! Tolstoy set the clock of the novel to keep time with the watch of the reader, and he achieved in this way a perfect rhythm.

He talked about Tolstoy's women. "How wonderful they are! . . . Observe them carefully," he said. "Imagine them as vividly as possible." He talked about the Rostov family, about Natasha, whom Tolstoy modelled after his wife and her sister, about Sonya, modelled after his Aunt Volkonsky. He talked about Prince Andrey and Pierre. To Prince Andrey Tolstoy gave his own energy, his vigor, and distinction, but to Pierre he gave his soul.

Mister Nabokov described Tolstoy as a passionate moralist, obsessed by the quest for truth. The reader must sometimes follow him unwillingly, for "Russian truth is not a comfortable companion—not the everyday *pravda* but the immortal *istina*, which is the very soul of truth. When found, *istina* is the splendor of the creative imagination." No other author has been able to make artistic truth and people mingle as Tolstoy did in "War and Peace." Tolstoy himself is invisible in the book. Like God, he is nowhere and everywhere.

Unconsciously, Tolstoy was on the right path, Mister Nabokov said. But Tolstoy, who felt things more deeply than most men, had a supersensitive, superhuman consciousness, and in his fifth decade his conscience led him to give up fiction. He would not let his conscience strike a bargain with his lower nature, and he suffered for it. He thought his art ungodly because it was based on imagination. When he had reached creative perfection, he decided not to write fiction. He sacrificed the artist to the philosopher. He said that all he had written was falsehood, that only God could create. But he remained an artist at heart, and toward the end of his life he was unable to chain his gigantic creative need. His last stories were untainted by deliberate moralizing. He had found that truth

A STAR OF HIS SLEEP

Aron, they bring
you the pills
so you will sleep,
saying your name
to you in the darkness:

Take this small cup
of water
and the dark
will come up to you
in the room

like the sound
of your name called—
Aron. You huddle
near the lamp.
One gives you the pill

from a small metal tray.
"I don't need this," you say.
The darkness floats up,
the lamp lighting
his hands.

You take it like
a small piece of
desert turquoise found
in Brawley, where you
always slept well,
the warm drafts of air

drawing on the screen.
What does the Lord know,
this unfamiliar wafer
not made of bread
but hard like a stone?

You turn away
from the small light

in the wall and presently
there is no light.
You are asleep.

You wake before
the first gray light
of dawn.
Someone stands in the dark,
and no one's face is seen,
only the hands are lighted.

You think he is
perhaps the boy
in the room, or one
of the dark strangers
who play checkers in the day room,
but you do not know,
and his voice says,
"Take this,"

and you hear,
". . . new star like
the first light
you see after sleep . . ."

And later, sitting
at the window to rub
your lame legs in oil,
you find on your palm
a star from your sleep,
a pebble of no earth
but a small flake
of your waking, and
you stoop to your legs
with oil and a white towel,
coming from the long night,
rising to another day.

—STEPHEN JAMISON

cannot be preached; it must be discovered.

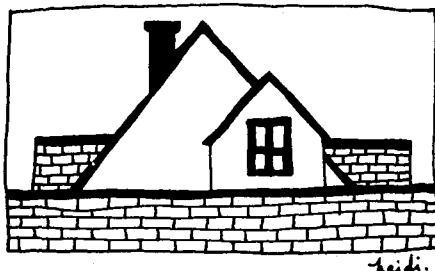
Tolstoy wanted to write a sequel to "War and Peace," to go on with Pierre and Natasha and history. Pierre would join the Decembrist Movement. In the fragment he wrote, Natasha has followed Pierre to Siberia. She is an old lady when she comes home. Her dark eyes gazing into the distance, she sits in a room resting from the whole life-love she has lived through. Nothing more is to be expected. She has spent herself and is pale and sad. There is

majesty, grace, love. Tolstoy weaves heavenly roses into Russian life.

SO Mister Nabokov spoke. Sometimes he read poems to us in Russian and he told us to listen to the sounds, for these could not be captured in translation. He read some of the poems of Fet aloud to us and then read his own translations. "Real verse music is not the melody of the verse," he said. "Authentic verse music is that mystery which brims over the rational texture of the line."

He spoke of the great lyric poet Tyutchev, who had been neglected for decades because he was politically conservative (he was not very intelligent politically), but who saw and made his readers see "the golden oil of moon on waters." He spoke of Tyutchev's incandescent genius, which was Russian through and through.

Once, to our great delight, Mister



Nabokov drew a butterfly for us on the blackboard. It was much larger than life-size, perfectly rendered, with all its minute details—antennae, eyes, and the charming pattern of its wings.

In the gayest, most natural, most charming way in the world, he opened the door and led us into the world of Russian literature. He taught us to take literature seriously and what is ordinarily said about it lightly. He gave me back my passion for reading.

During spring vacation I read "War and Peace" day after day, all day long, sitting in the book-lined study of our house in Ohio, and when I was finished I threw the book down on the floor and myself down on top of it and I wept with my face against the book. I wept for the book, and I wept because it was over and now I would have to come back into my real life again. I was desolate.

I still have that copy of "War and Peace"—time-worn and rain-warped and soft, with underlinings in the pale-purple ink I used in those days—frequent at the start and then, gradually, as I became disembodied, absorbed into the book, disappearing altogether.

I see us as we were that winter: Sarah Johns and Trudy Knowlton and me sitting together side by side in the front row of the big lecture hall as close as we could get to Mister Nabokov, and the others scattered through the upward-sloping hall—fifty or so girls, mostly juniors and seniors—all of us peeling off our heavy coats, our mittens, our scarves and hats, sitting there with our green spiral notebooks, in our plaid skirts and sweaters over white blouses with Peter Pan collars, wearing our thick white wool socks (bobby socks, but we didn't know that word then) and brown leather Weejuns or white-and-brown saddle shoes, listening, taking notes, our legs crossed, Sarah's lovely radiant face pressed forward, listening to Mister Nabokov.

When the lecture was over, the bell rang, and everyone got up and tramped



"So I said to him, 'Mr. President, suh.'"

out. I remember the thudding sounds of one hundred-some feet and thinking, How *dull* they are, they think he's not serious, while we three sat on enchanted, not wanting to leave.

"We want to hear it over again," we said. "We want to hear more." He smiled, pleased, but gathered up his papers and gently departed without saying anything further.

AT the end of the year, when June had come and exams were over and the leaves were green and the days were hot, and we three were about to part for the summer, we were walking along together following the narrow back path down the hill behind Sage and we met Mister Nabokov coming up the path. We stopped, agog, bashfully, to greet him.

"One of you did very well," he said.

"One of you did very well, one of you did very well"—it sang in my mind, resounding; it made the blood rush to my head in pleasure and delight, not only because I knew it was I who had done very well but also because he knew that I was one of us three.

I suppose Mister Nabokov did not take us seriously. Certainly he did not take us personally. After all, we were college girls. No doubt it was we who

inspired Humbert Humbert's extreme distaste for the lot of us.

And yet he gave us the best, and I imagine his true attitude toward us—toward the lot of us—was one of gentle dismay, of a kind of tenderness and a kind of helplessness in the face of the fact of the worlds that separated our minds from his, a bemused acceptance of what fate had dealt him: American college girls. All this was combined with a determination to go on singing, to go on telling everything that was sacred to him in the Russia he had lost and in its literature and in its language. He would go on doing this whether or not we could really hear him. He would go on doing it in a language not his own even as he expressed it in the poem "An Evening of Russian Poetry." It is a sad poem, a graceful poem, beautiful and affecting, kind, humorous—a poem of exile, a love poem to his lost Russia, a poem with that true verse music of which he spoke in connection with the poet Fet—the melodies of sorrow, of longing, of human delight, which brim mysteriously over the rational texture of lines of this poet, Mister Nabokov, whose plight is that he must address himself forever to Sylvia, to Emmy, to Cynthia, to Joan.

—HANNAH GREEN

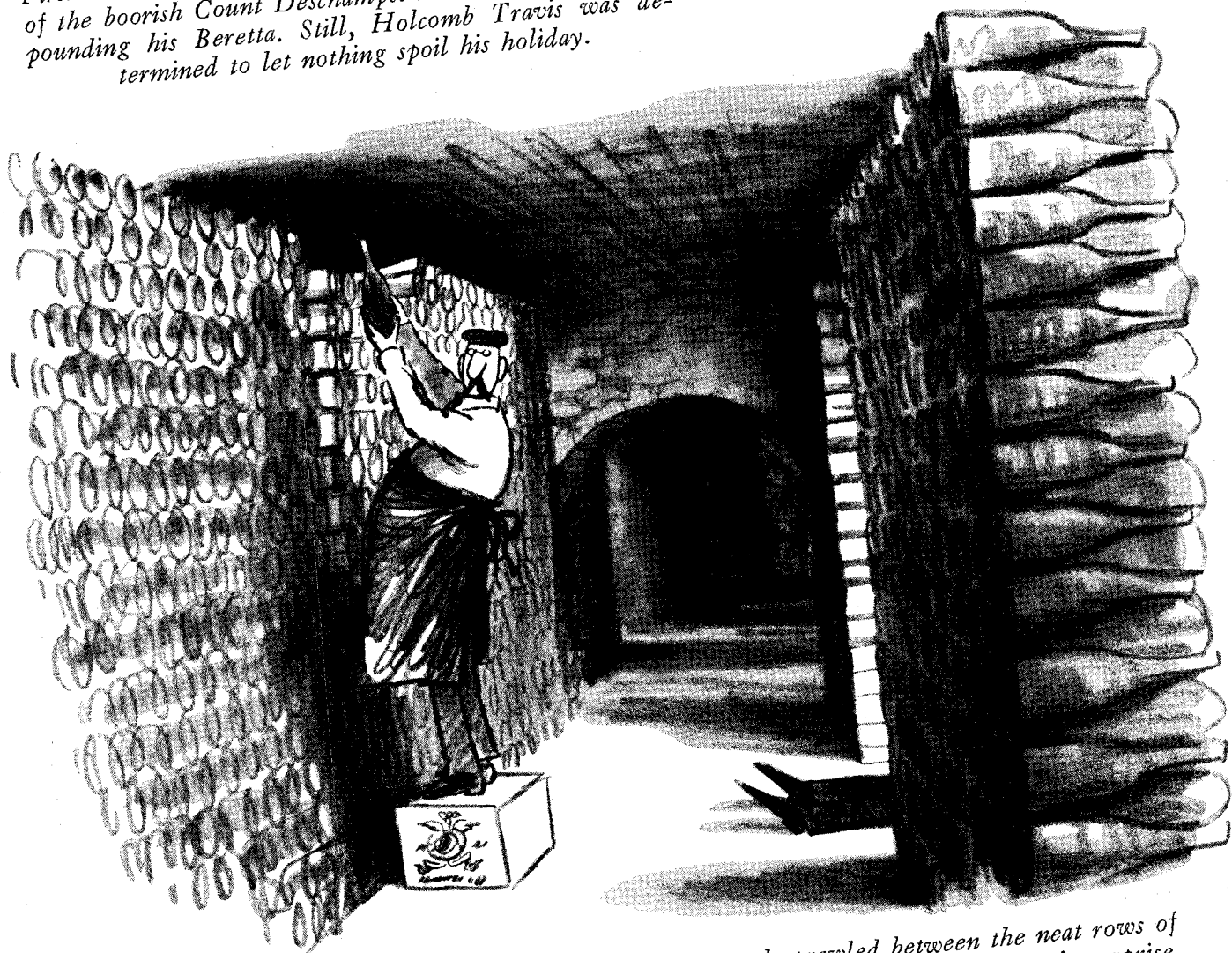
THE RACHMANINOFF FILE



First the strange mixup with the baggage and the prattle of the boorish Count Deschamps. Now customs was impounding his Beretta. Still, Holcomb Travis was determined to let nothing spoil his holiday.



The urgent summons to the cabaret proved to be a false alarm. But there was Gillian Lathrop. A delightful coincidence—or was it?



When the body of Sir Alistair Royce was discovered sprawled between the neat rows of Chassagne-Montrachet, Herman Laubrich had already disappeared, to no one's surprise.

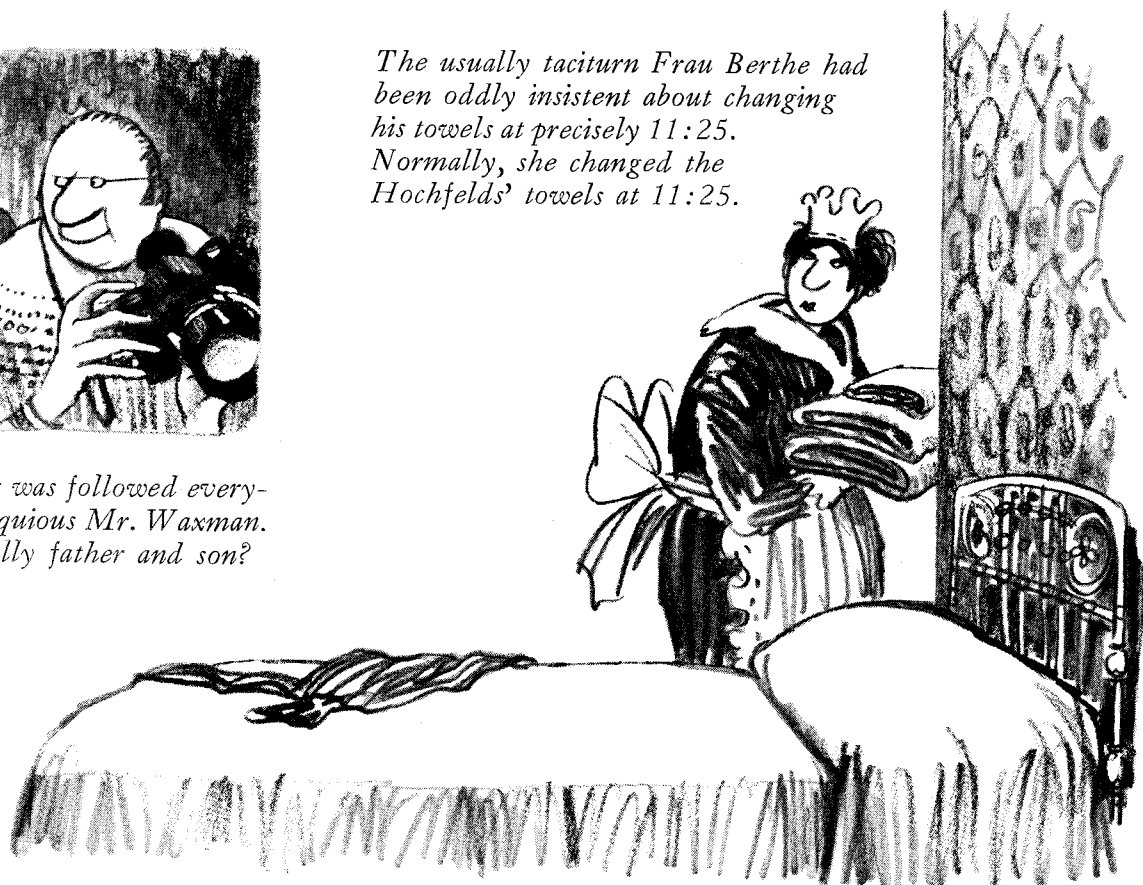


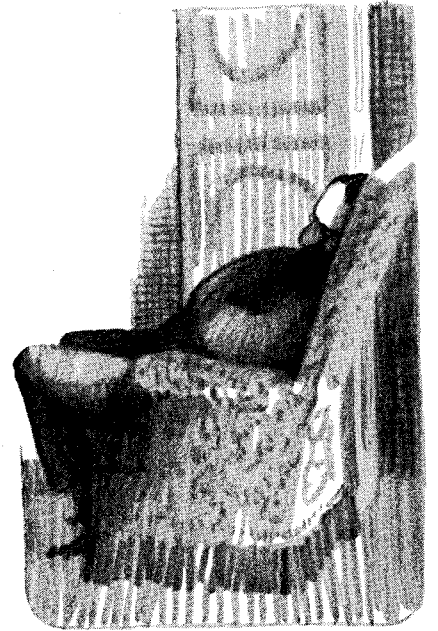
They were all there in the dining salon: Baron Rosenwasser, Herr Klimt, Mrs. Parsegian, and the Marburgs. As he studied the wine list, all the pieces seemed to fit into place.



The usually taciturn Frau Berthe had been oddly insistent about changing his towels at precisely 11:25. Normally, she changed the Hochfelds' towels at 11:25.

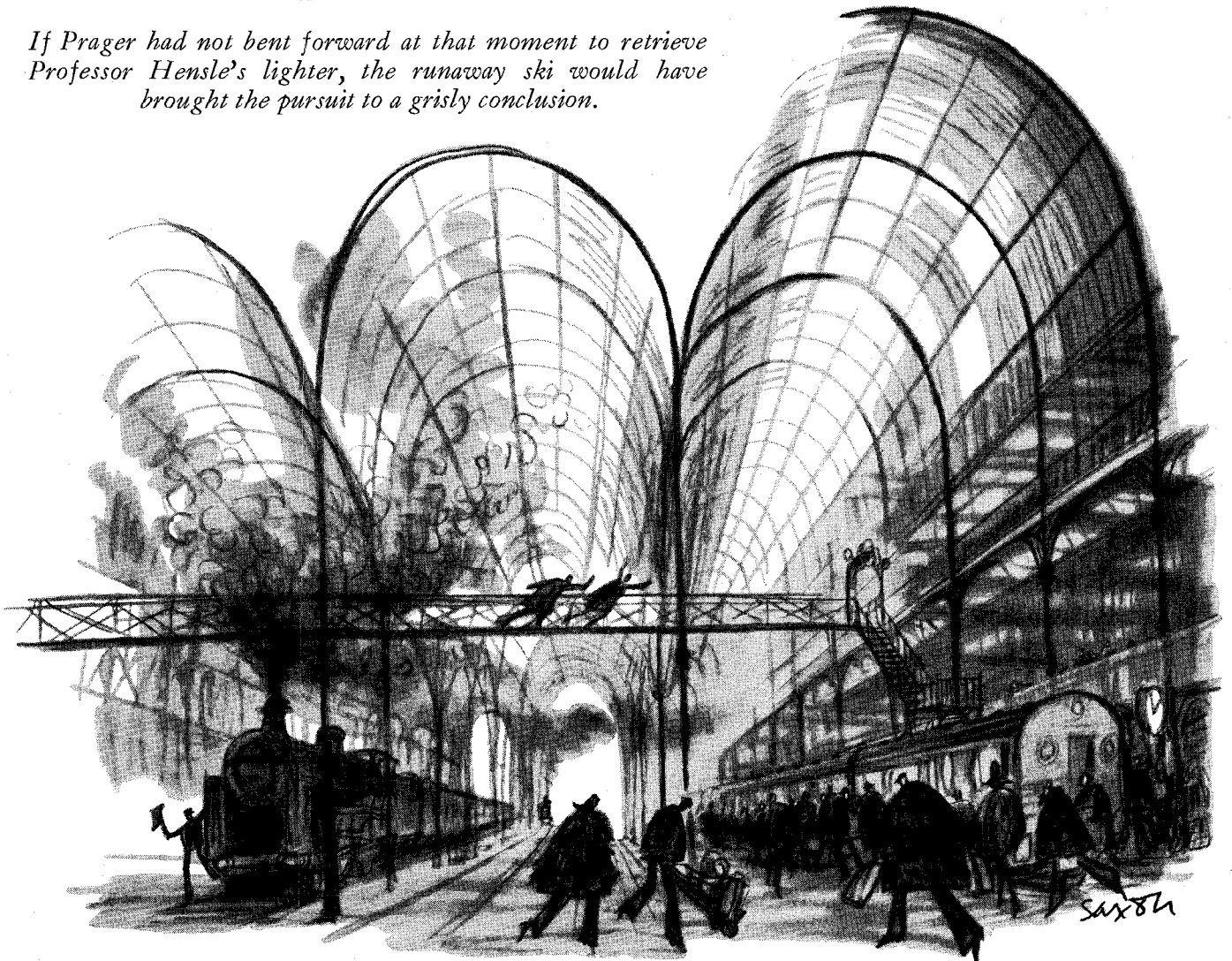
Serge Katzourakis was followed everywhere by the obsequious Mr. Waxman. Were they actually father and son?





Inspector Forsythe observed that Dr. Kesselman had been asleep in the lounge when Mme. Fleischer was attacked, and also when the mail arrived. He was there still.

If Prager had not bent forward at that moment to retrieve Professor Hensle's lighter, the runaway ski would have brought the pursuit to a grisly conclusion.



Just as the warning whistle blew, he became aware of two figures racing through the steam toward the Trans-Europe Express. Suddenly he knew the answer. But was it too late?

YOCHNA AND SHMELKE

THROUGHOUT all his years Reb Piniele Dlusker had devoted himself to Chassidism. He travelled to the courts of the Zanz Rabbi, the Belz Rabbi, the Trisk Rabbi. Chassidim argued with him that one rabbi was enough, but Reb Piniele said, "Why can a mother love a dozen children? Why do rich men live in many rooms? Why does the emperor have a lot of soldiers? My pleasure is wonder rabbis."

Reb Piniele visited his rabbis on every holiday, even on Passover, although the most fervent Chassidim made it a custom to spend the Passover seders at home with their families. In the first years of their marriage, his wife, Shprintza Pesha, had objected. Her mother had even advised her to get a divorce. Matters had come close to this when Shprintza Pesha lost a set of twins to scarlet fever, which she took as punishment from Heaven for having caused her Piniele grief. In later years, other children died—whooping cough, diphtheria, measles—until Reb Piniele and Shprintza Pesha were left with one daughter, Yochna, named after Shprintza Pesha's great-aunt.

Yochna grew up healthy. She seldom cried and was forever smiling, revealing the dimples in her cheeks. Shprintza Pesha, the breadwinner, had a store where she sold yard goods and notions—sackcloth, lining material, thread, buttons. Yochna virtually raised herself. Reb Piniele wanted his only child to grow up a pious Jewish daughter, and when Yochna turned four he engaged a rabbi's wife to teach her the alphabet, and later prayers, and even how to write a line or two in Yiddish. But Yochna had no head for learning. She ate a lot and quickly grew plump. Other girls played tag, hide-and-seek, and danced in circles, but Yochna sat in front of the house in the summers and made mud pies. At mealtime her mother brought her fatty meats, groats, soup, bread with honey, and Sabbath cookies. Yochna finished every bite, and always demanded more. She was as blond as a little Gentile, her hair pale as flax and her eyes blue as cornflowers.

At eleven, Yochna became a woman, and Shprintza Pesha brought her a little pouch containing a wolf's tooth to ward off the evil eye and a talisman to drive away intruding spirits. She had the breasts of an adult, and Shprintza Pesha paid a seamstress to make her daughter camisoles and drawers with lace.

Yochna never learned to read from

a prayer book, but she had committed to memory the prayer said upon rising, the benediction said before each meal, as well as other graces. Yochna loved Jewishness. She insisted that her mother take her to the women's section of the synagogue on Sabbaths and, like the pious matrons, she took care to say "Blessed be He and blessed be His name" and "Amen" when the cantor in the men's section recited the Eighteen Benedictions. She also listened to the conductor of the women's services reciting the prayers for those who didn't know the alphabet. Whenever a travelling preacher came to town, Yochna went to hear his sermon. She cried as he described the tortures in Gehenna: the beds of nails, the whippings by the avenging demons, the glowing coals upon which sinners were rolled. Her eyes gleamed when the preacher told how in Paradise God-fearing women became the footstools for their husbands and were made privy, along with the men, to the secrets of the Torah.

WHEN Yochna turned twelve, she was besieged by marriage brokers offering matches, but her father, Reb Piniele, brought her a groom from Trisk, a yeshiva student, an orphan, who studied seventeen hours a day. His name was Shmelke, and he was three years older than Yochna. He slept and ate at an inn. The couple would first face each other at the wedding ceremony during the unveiling of the bride, but Yochna cared for him without having seen him. She began to embroider a velvet prayer-shawl sack for him of gold and silver thread, as well as a bag for the phylacteries, a Sabbath-loaf cover, and a case for matzos. A rebbetzin came to teach Yochna how to count off the days following her period to determine when she could lie with her husband, and how to maintain marital purity by taking the prescribed ablutions in the ritual bath. Yochna learned it all, and the rebbetzin praised her diligence.

Shprintza Pesha ordered a trousseau for her daughter. It wasn't easy to fit her, since she had grown like dough made with lots of yeast. The tailor's assistants joked that she had a bosom like a wet nurse. They compared her thighs to butcher's blocks. But her feet were small and her fair hair hung to her hips. Shprintza Pesha spared no wool, silk, or satin to adorn Yochna.

The whole town attended the wed-

ding, and Shprintza Pesha baked huge cakes and cooked caldrons of meats and soups. When Yochna was led to the ritual bath, the musicians played a good-night tune. The riffraff who hung around the taverns had plenty to mock. When the bath attendant snipped off Yochna's hair and then shaved her skull with a razor, the young matrons at the bath burst into tears, but Yochna said, "What are you bawling for? Since God ordered it, it's fine and proper."

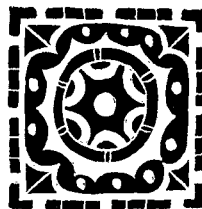
On the night of their wedding, Shmelke lifted the veil from Yochna's face. She glanced up and was filled with a great love for him. He was short, slight, dark, with black earlocks twisted like horns and sunken cheeks that bore no trace of a beard. His gaberdine hung too long and too loose upon him. The fur cap he wore had slipped over his dark eyes, and he trembled and sweated. "Oh, does he look starved, my treasure, the crown upon my head," Yochna said to herself. "God willing, I'll fatten him up."

Under the canopy, Shmelke had trodden upon her foot—a symbol that he would be the head of the house—and a shudder ran down Yochna's back. She felt an urge to cry out, "Yes, rule over me, my lord! Do with me whatever your heart desires!"

Following the virtue dance, her two escorts, her mother and an aunt, led Yochna to the wedding chamber. Both women commanded her to give herself to her husband willingly, since to be fruitful and multiply was the first commandment in the Torah. Yochna undressed in the dark and put on a lacy nightgown that hung to the ankles. She got into bed and waited patiently for Shmelke to come to her. A bliss she had not known coursed through every limb. She was a married woman. Already she wore a night bonnet on her head and a wedding ring on her finger.

Yochna prayed God to grant her a houseful of healthy children that she could bring up to serve Him.

After a while, Piniele and a respected town elder escorted Shmelke to the room and closed the door. Yochna cocked her ears for any movement. He had been let in like a fowl into a cage. It was pitch-black. How, she worried, could a stranger undress here? How could he find her bed? He stood there and mumbled. She heard him bump against the chest of drawers. He's likely to hurt himself, God forbid, or fall, Yochna thought with a tremor. She began whispering to him—he could drape his clothes over a chair. He



didn't answer. She could hear his teeth chatter—he was shaking with fear, the poor thing.

Yochna forgot that she was a bride, who must act modest. She got out of bed to try to help him, but he jerked when she touched him and drew back. Gradually, she calmed him with words. He took off his gaberdine, the ritual garment, the slippers. The whole time he didn't cease murmuring. Was he reciting a prayer? Was he intoning an incantation? After a long hesitation he stepped out of his pants, and she half led, half pushed him toward her bed. Now he tossed about as if in a fever. An urge to weep came over Yochna, but she held back her tears. The attendant had told her that according to law the husband and wife were allowed to come together in bed and even kiss and embrace. She put her arms around him and kissed his forehead, his cheeks, his Adam's apple. She pressed him to her bosom. Suddenly she heard his voice: "Where is my skullcap?"

He must have lost it, and Yochna felt around on the cover, on the sheet. To avoid the sin of being bareheaded, he covered his skull with both hands.

"Oh, he has a sacred soul," Yochna said to herself. "What did I do to deserve such a saint?"

She got out of bed to look for the skullcap. She tapped about in the dark like a blind person. "Father in Heaven, help me find the skullcap!" she pleaded. Mentally she pledged eighteen groschen to charity. At that moment, she stepped on something soft. It was Shmelke's skullcap. Yochna picked it up and kissed it as if it were a page torn from a holy book. "Shmelke, here it is."

She could scarcely believe that she had the courage to do all this and even to call him by name.

Shmelke put on the skullcap and began uttering pious words to Yochna. The coupling of husband and wife, he said, was intended to bring forth sacred souls who waited by the Throne of Glory to be purified and, through a body, offered an opportunity to perform good deeds. He recalled virtuous women from the past. Even though Yochna didn't understand the scholarly language he used, it rang sweet in her ears. After he had finished, he mounted her. The bath attendant and her escorts had warned her that he was likely to hurt her and that she must accept this pain with gratitude and joy. But she felt no pain. He was as light as a child upon her. Soon he left her bed and went to his own bed, as the law dictated. When

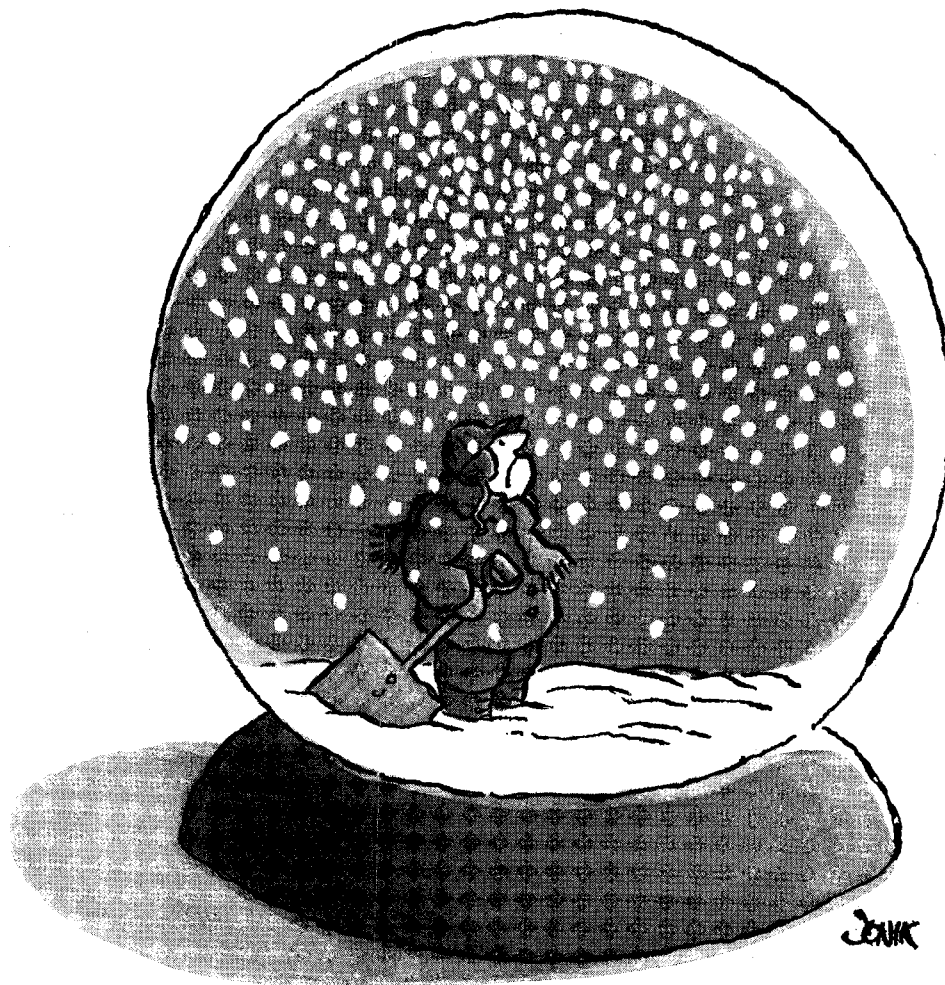
the women came at dawn, they found blood on Yochna's sheet and they took it along to display in the kosher dance.

LATER in the day, the women and Shprintza Pesha led Yochna to visit esteemed matrons of the town, who all welcomed the guests with cake and wine or almond bread and cherry brandy. Yochna glanced in the mirror. How different she looked in the bonnet with beads and ribbons and in a dress with a train! Without her hair, her head seemed oddly light. Her skull felt cool. A married woman doesn't dare reveal her bare head lest it rouse the lust of strange men.

In the seven days following the wedding, guests came each night to visit, and Yochna's father, Reb Piniele, treated each one to a cup of ceremonial wine. Shmelke sat beside his father-in-law, and from time to time Yochna glanced at him through the open door—he looked as slight and bashful as a boy in cheder. The men discussed learned matters with him. He replied briefly and in a quiet voice. Shprintza Pesha brought him an appetizer, noodles with soup, meat-and-carrot stew, but he left most of it on the plate and his mother-in-law chided him, saying that for studying the Torah one needed to keep up one's strength.

As long as Yochna had been single, she had properly not had any girl friends, but now young matrons came to discuss housekeeping matters with her—how to sew, darn, knit; how to get bargains at stores; how to do needle-point of trees, flowers, deer, and lions on canvas. The women taught her how to play knucklebones, wolf-and-goats, and even checkers. They insisted that Yochna show them her jewelry and the dresses that had been sewn for her trousseau. Shprintza Pesha had given her daughter all her jewelry, leaving herself only a single gold medallion with a charm. The women praised Yochna's jewelry but hinted that it was old-fashioned. Her chain, the bracelet, the brooch, even the earrings and rings were too heavy. A new fad had evolved—light jewelry. Yochna nodded and smiled. What did all this matter to her? Her finest adornment was Shmelke.

THE wedding had taken place on the Sabbath night following the Feast of Shevuot. In the month of Elul, Reb Piniele began talking of spending the holidays with his rabbis—Rosh Hashanah with one, Yom Kippur with another, Sukkoth with a third. He proposed to Shmelke that he accompany him. He wanted to show off his son-



in-law, the scholar. But Shmelke demurred. Shmelke had his own rabbi. His father, blessed be his memory, had visited the court of the Warka Rabbi. When, after some hesitation, Shmelke told Reb Piniele that he wished to spend Rosh Hashanah in Warka, Reb Piniele struck a bargain. On Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur Shmelke would accompany him to Belz and to Trisk, and Shmelke would then go on to Warka for Sukkoth. And that's how it was settled.

At the news that Shmelke would be going away for the holidays, Yochna felt like crying. Most young husbands remained with their wives for the holidays. But a Jewish daughter had to do what her father said and what her husband wanted. Yochna began to prepare the things Shmelke would need for the trip: shirts, drawers, socks, fringed ritual garments, handkerchiefs. Around Sukkoth the weather begins to turn cool, and Yochna saw to it that Shmelke took along a wool jacket and an overcoat. What Yochna did for Shmelke, Shprintza Pesha did for Piniele. Shprintza Pesha was used to Piniele's travels, but Yochna began to long for Shmelke even before he left. She begged her father to keep an eye on him. Piniele replied, "Don't carry on, daughter. Those who travel in the service of God aren't harmed."

Piniele and Shmelke rode off in a wagon to a village by the Austrian border, where they were helped to smuggle themselves across. The border patrol was bribed in advance. To obtain a foreign passport and a visa cost too much and required a long wait. The Russians, Prussians, and Austrians had divided Poland among themselves, but the Russian Chassidim visited Austrian rabbis and Austrian Chassidim visited their rabbis in Russia.

ONCE their husbands left, Shprintza Pesha and Yochna began to prepare for the holidays. On Rosh Hashanah night, Shprintza Pesha and Yochna lit candles in silver holders. Later,



"Could I have a word with you, J.B.?"

Shprintza Pesha pronounced a benediction over a goblet of wine and started to cut the Rosh Hashanah loaf, which resembled a bird. Mother and daughter each ate a slice, with honey, a carp's head, and carrots. Yochna remembered the correct Hebrew words to say.

The next morning, Yochna put on a gold dress and a headband with gems, and, even though she could not read, she took along to the synagogue a Hebrew prayer book with its copper clasp and a Yiddish supplication book, the title embossed in gold. When Shprintza Pesha bowed, hopped about, or cried, Yochna bowed, hopped, and cried along. Thus Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur went by. All the women wished Yochna a good year that would include a circumcision celebration.

During the intermediary days of Sukkoth, sudden heavy winds rose. Their force blew away the branches of fir that had been used as roofs for the Sukkoth booths, knocked over the walls, scattering chairs and tables as well as the holiday decorations. On the night of Hoshana Rabba, the seventh day of Sukkoth, thunder shook the air, the sky flashed with lightning, and rain mixed with hail fell in a torrent. Old people couldn't recall a storm of such intensity this time of the year.

Water roared down Bridge Street, and the paupers who lived there had to leave with their children to sleep on higher ground in the house of worship or in the poorhouse. Gusts of wind sent shingles flying over the town. In the middle of the eighth day of Sukkoth it grew so dark it seemed as if the world might be coming to an end. Shprintza Pesha and Yochna had invited some women and girls over for Simchas Torah. Mother and daughter had prepared great pots of cabbage with cream of tartar and raisins, roast goose, and baked flat cakes and tarts, but no one could wade through the streets. Bad news came to the magistrate from many cities and villages that the rivers San, Bug, and Vistula had overflowed their banks. Herds of cattle had drowned, rafts that lumber merchants floated to Danzig had shattered, and those who worked them were lost. Pious women said that the disaster was punishment from the Almighty; the responsibility lay with the big-city heretics, as well as with the wanton women who went around bareheaded, failed to attend the ritual bath, and wore dresses with short sleeves that exposed their flesh.

Normally, Reb Piniele came home on the day after the holiday, but two

weeks passed with not a word from him or from Shmelke. The rains had stopped by then and the frosts had started. Because the roads were covered with ice, the peasants couldn't deliver wood and grain to the villages and towns. During the gales, sluices had torn in the water mills and the mill wheels had broken. Children collapsed in illness, and mothers ran to the synagogue to clutch at the holy ark and pray for their recovery.

ONE night, Piniele came home. Shprintza Pesha barely recognized him. He looked emaciated, sick, stooped. He brought bad tidings. He had detained Shmelke in Trisk until the sixth day of Sukkoth. A day before Hoshana Rabba, Shmelke had started out for Warka. The wagon on which he was travelling had reached a wooden bridge. A fierce blast of wind came up. The bridge

collapsed and Shmelke had drowned, along with the other passengers. The driver and horses had perished, too. The townsmen searched for the bodies for three days, but the current had carried them off to who knows where. Yochna had been left a deserted wife. She knew the law: if Shmelke's body was not found and recognized, she could never remarry.

Shprintza Pesha erupted in howls and Yochna howled along. Shprintza Pesha wrung her hands, and Yochna followed suit. Mother and daughter wept and wailed. Piniele spoke of Shmelke's greatness for hours. On the way to Belz and Trisk he and Shmelke had sat up all night in the wagon, chanting the Mishnah by heart. Both rabbis they visited had promptly acknowledged Shmelke's reverence for God and had called him a sage. Each report of praise caused mother and daughter to burst out anew. At day-

break, Yochna fell asleep in her clothes, her mouth open.

Shprintza Pesha woke her later in the morning. "Daughter, enough," she said. "It is God's decree."

"Shall I observe the seven days of mourning?" Yochna asked.

"Yes, Daughter, observe the mourning."

"I'll ask the rabbi's advice," Reb Piniele said.

Reb Piniele went off to consult the rabbi and stayed away a long time. Yochna took off her shoes and sat down on a footstool in her stocking feet. Her luck had glowed briefly, then been extinguished. What had she done to be so afflicted? She was deserted forever, albeit she would not want to marry again. Sitting there bewailing her fate, it struck Yochna that she should have got her period between Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. How was it she had forgotten about it? And how was it that her mother had said nothing? Usually she kept track of the days. Yochna glanced up toward the window. The sky hovered low, gray. Across the way a crow clung to a chimney. It was hard to tell if it was alive or frozen there. Minutes went by and it didn't move either its head or wing. It had fulfilled its mission here on earth and was already in God's hands, Yochna thought. She closed her eyes and delivered herself completely into God's power. She listened to her own body. Had Shmelke really left an heir? God has dominion over the living and the dead and over those yet to be born.

Shprintza Pesha came in from the kitchen with a slice of bread and a cup of coffee with chicory. "Daughter, wash your hands and eat," she said. "The little saint in your womb is hungry." —ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(Translated, from the Yiddish, by Joseph Singer.)



"You can't legislate morality, thank heaven."

Above all, a sound command of the language results not only in a student being able to express better what they already think, but a bonus is accrued in discovering their thinking is a most vital and precious natural resource.

Those who are in charge of directing English programs should be mindfully aware that they are dealing with an urgent need for literacy and a vital technology.

What has happened in our schools in the teaching of correct English usage is not only a matter for concern; it is an alarming situation that must be corrected before the capacity to mean and the capacity to understand is entirely eliminated from the teaching of good English usage.—Editorial in the *Bancroft (Ont.) Times*.

When do we start?

PROFILES

PANASSIÉ, DELAUNAY ET CIE

A SINGULAR work of musical criticism was published in France in 1934. It was called "Le Jazz Hot," and it was written by a twenty-two-year-old Frenchman named Hugues Panassié. Aside from the erratic "Aux Frontières du Jazz," brought out two years before by the Belgian Robert Goffin, it was the first book of jazz criticism, and it put jazz on the map in Europe and in its own country—an English translation was published here in 1936 as "Hot Jazz"—where the music had been ignored or misunderstood for its entire forty-year life. (The French are old hands at introducing other cultures to themselves. Edmund Wilson often spoke of how much Taine's "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise" had influenced him, to say nothing of the English.) "Hot Jazz" is a passionate work. Panassié had found what he believed to be the most beautiful music in the world, and his book rings with superlatives and clarion bursts. He writes of the Chicago clarinetist Frank Teschemacher, who was killed in an auto accident in 1932:

I can here give you no idea of the power in his execution, that overflowing ardor, that lyric eloquence which gives Teschemacher's solos such expressive force.... There is another marvellous thing about Teschemacher: his intonations are so beautiful that they alone move me profoundly.

Of Mary Lou Williams:

Her style derives from the James P. Johnson and Fats Waller style, but is much more fantastic and ardent. On "Night Life" she has made one of the most beautiful hot piano solo records we have. Her hot, panting right-hand phrases, and the swing she gets by the accentuations in the bass by the left hand, must both be admired.

Of Coleman Hawkins:

Since the end of 1932, Hawkins has devised... a style almost entirely free from Armstrong influence. Those violent, villainous phrases, with their steel structures and their tragic import, are gone; instead, there are melodic curves of exquisite charm, full of a sweet sadness, although his intonations have not lost their sombre force.

All first-rate criticism defines *what* we are encountering, and Panassié, re-



Hugues Panassié

Charles Delaunay

vealing an uncommon perspicacity—his book is based almost wholly on phonograph recordings—organizes the music into appropriate schools, grades the performers on each instrument, gives a chapter to Duke Ellington, one to other big bands, and one to big-band arrangers, and attempts to explain the mysteries of improvisation and swinging. He was writing about musicians who as often as not were still neophytes. He marvels at Art Tatum when Tatum had hardly begun recording; at Sidney Catlett, then twenty-three and also hardly recorded; at Duke Ellington, who would not be celebrated in his own country for many years; at Bix Beiderbecke's beautiful (and often maligned) last recordings; and at the pioneer rhythmic excellences of Luis Russell's 1930 band. Panassié, working three thousand miles from his subject, unavoidably stumbles here and there. He voices his inexplicable (and life-long) admiration for the abysmal clarinetist Mezz Mezzrow. He scants the great Red Allen. He places the simplistic trumpeter Tommy Ladnier next to Louis Armstrong. He overpraises the Chicago school. (See Teschemacher.) He gets his musical antecedents crossed

up. (Jack Teagarden did not come out of Jimmy Harrison; Teagarden was all there when he arrived in New York in 1927.) He gets involved in interminable lists of supposedly promising but unknown musicians who remain unknown forty years later. But "Hot Jazz" was a revolutionary celebration, and it turned on the first generation of jazz listeners.

The rest of Panassié's career as a critic was puzzling. His next book to be published here, "The Real Jazz," appeared in 1942 and was revised in 1960. (In all, Panassié wrote more than a dozen books—including his six-hundred-page "Summing Up," which came out in France in 1958 and was called "Discographie Critique des Meilleurs Disques de Jazz"—but only five of them have been published in the United States.) It is a reworking of "Hot Jazz," and it demonstrates that Panassié ceased all forward critical motion around

1940, when he was just twenty-eight. (There are exceptions in "The Real Jazz," for he is startlingly correct about the budding Ray Charles, and about Lester Young. "There is something dreamy about Lester," he writes, "a nonchalant accent in the execution which makes his music seem as if it were spoken confidentially to each of his listeners.") He had also come down with Mezzrow fever, a Kafkaesque ailment that causes white men to long to be black, and accordingly he all but dumped the Chicago school, dismissing Beiderbecke and Pee Wee Russell and Joe Venuti and Jess Stacy, and either brushing past or ignoring completely such younger white musicians as Zoot Sims, Eddie Costa, Buddy De Franco, Gerry Mulligan, Tal Farlow, Jimmy Raney, Stan Getz, and Serge Chaloff. Worst of all—in an icy stroke of critical perversity—he declares bebop unconstitutional. It is, he concludes in "Guide to Jazz," which was published here in 1956, a "form of music distinct from jazz because: (1) its players have abandoned the classic instrumental jazz tradition. Instead of making their instruments sing like the human voice with inflections, vibrato, sustained notes

and phrases full of contrast [a perfect description of Charlie Parker], the boppers play according to the European instrumental tradition; (2) because the bop rhythm section breaks the continuity of the swing... (3) because boppers systematically use chords and intervals adopted from modern European music and destroy the harmonic atmosphere of jazz." So avant, Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Bud Powell, Thelonious Monk, Max Roach, Fats Navarro, and even his once beloved Mary Lou Williams, whom he accuses of turning to bop!

Panassié, riding the momentum of his great originality in "Hot Jazz," inevitably became messianic. He believed he could alter—or at least slow down—the course of jazz, and in 1938 he tried. He came to this country and organized four recording sessions for RCA Victor, which were released on its subsidiary Bluebird label. Three of the sessions presaged the New Orleans revival, which got under way in 1940 and came to a climax in 1947, when Bunk Johnson, hoary and drunken and mythicized, appeared at Stuyvesant Casino. Panassié used, in various combinations, Tommy Ladnier, whom he pried out of retirement, Sidney Bechet, Sidney de Paris, James P. Johnson, and the ubiquitous Mezzrow. The records attempted to re-create the classic collective improvisations at the heart of New Orleans jazz, and one reason that they faltered is suggested by Sidney Bechet in his autobiography, "Treat It Gentle":

The men were supposed to be [at Panassié's record date] pretty early in the morning. But something had got going the night before and when they showed up at the studio they were really out... Tommy [Ladnier] showed up dead drunk. James P. Johnson, he just stretched himself on the piano and passed out. Some of the musicians didn't know how many fingers they'd got on each hand. But they went ahead and recorded somehow. And after it had all been cut Tommy knew the records weren't what they could have been and he wanted to say something to appease Panassié, who was sitting in the corner holding his head... So he pulled himself up and called out "Vive la France!", and then almost fell flat on his face.

But the best sessions are lightsome and rambunctious, the two-noted Mezzrow notwithstanding. Panassié also organized a somewhat more modern date, which included Frankie Newton, Pete

Walking out late—
the earth white as my breath
and not a car in sight—
I pass a house and in the small
light of the stars
see a man and woman embracing
on their frozen lawn, his
dark leaning over her lesser dark
and the two of them rocking
back and forth, digging in until
they become a tree, swaying
out of the snow.

Sometimes, walking home late, I see
the antlers of a great December stag and
hold to them until they turn
into a branch or a bush, leaving
the world more desolate and bare
than it was before

NIGHT TREE

I thought anything living shared it
with me. And I think to a time
when the loose snow
fluttering against my face
was as much joy
as I could bear for one night.

Such nights are merciful.
Darkness lifts me home and unthinking
the key fits the lock. I find
the bed without turning on a single light
and if I am lucky, I fall asleep
before I have time to think of you.
When I am less fortunate
you sit beside me
on the bare mattress of the soul
or, like tonight, come to me
familiar as a tree that splits
gradually into two.

—SUSAN MITCHELL

Brown, James P., Al Casey, John Kirby, Cozy Cole, and Mezzrow. These are marvellous records. Newton is in top form, particularly in his long, crooning, muted solo on "The Blues My Baby Gave to Me," and so is Pete Brown, the mighty three-hundred-pound alto saxophonist whose telegraphic phrases swung so hard. His fast solos jump and stomp here, and his slow ones, particularly on the blues, hum indivisibly and admiringly alongside the beat. After Panassié had gone home, Eddie Condon, who hadn't been invited to participate, issued a mot on Panassié's visit: "I don't see why we need a Frenchman to come over here and tell us how to play American music. I wouldn't think of going to France and telling him how to jump on a grape."

PANASSIÉ, who died two years ago, at the age of sixty-two, had an invaluable alter ego during his best days. He is a small, gentle, sad man named Charles Delaunay, and, aside from having been Panassié's sidekick, he has done three inestimable things for jazz: with Panassié he started *Jazz Hot*, now the world's oldest pure jazz magazine; with Panassié he organized the peerless Paris recordings built around

Django Reinhardt, Eddie South, Dicky Wells, Rex Stewart, Bill Coleman, and Barney Bigard; and he published, in 1948, "New Hot Discography," the first comprehensive work of its kind. It is a wonder, though, that Delaunay accomplished anything at all, for he was the only child of Sonia and Robert Delaunay—non-stop, teeming geometric painters, who took up a lot of room not only in their own house but in the Paris art world of the teens and twenties and thirties. Gertrude Stein was ambivalent about Robert Delaunay. (Sonia, who was for decades an extremely successful designer, did not make her mark as a painter until the early fifties.) Stein wrote to a friend in 1912, "We have not seen much of the Delaunays lately. There is a feud on. He wanted to wean Apollinaire and me from liking Picasso and there was a great deal of amusing intrigue... Now Delaunay does conceive himself as a great solitaire and as a matter of fact he is an incessant talker and will tell all about himself and his value at any hour of the day or night." She continued to vacillate in "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas":

Delaunay was a big blond frenchman... [who] was fairly able and inordinately ambitious. He was always asking how old Picasso had been when he had painted a certain picture. When he was told he always said, oh I am not as old as that yet. I will do as much when I am that age.

As a matter of fact he did progress very rapidly. He used to come a great deal to the rue de Fleurus. Gertrude Stein used to delight in him. He was funny and he painted one rather fine picture, the three graces standing in front of Paris, an enormous picture in which he combined everybody's ideas and added a certain french clarity and freshness of





"Louise and Greg are from Pittsburgh, Richard and Beth are from Boston, you and Ellen are from Hartford, and Glen and I are from Detroit. Goodness! New York certainly is a melting pot!"

his own. It had a rather remarkable atmosphere and it had a great success. After that his pictures lost all quality, they grew big and empty or small and empty. I remember his bringing one of these small ones to the house, saying, look I am bringing you a small picture, a jewel. It is small, said Gertrude Stein, but is it a jewel.

Delaunay *fil*s—gray-haired, with Malraux features—was in New York a little while ago, on his first visit in twenty-seven years, and one afternoon he talked about his life. He talked slowly, in a low and distant voice, a voice that barely sustained his words. At the end of the afternoon, he inscribed a copy of his discography in handwriting that echoes his speech: it has become so microscopic that he himself has difficulty reading it.

ON HOW HE CAME TO LOVE LE JAZZ HOT: "I first heard jazz when I was fifteen. I happened to be sick, staying six months in bed. My parents had fifty records altogether, and three were jazz—Jelly Roll Morton's 'Black Bottom Stomp,' Duke Ellington's 'East St. Louis Toodle-oo,' and a Frankie Trumbauer with Bix Beiderbecke. The 'Black Bottom' sounded like country dance music, like folklore. I would study what the cornet was playing and then what the clarinet was

playing and then what the trombone was playing, and little by little these three came together clearly. Being a jazz lover in Paris in the twenties was like being an early Christian in Rome. I thought I was the only one interested. When I mentioned jazz in school, they'd say, 'Hey! *Alors!* That is nothing—just some Negro music.' But other people listened, and by 1933, when I finished my military service, two students had formed the Hot Club of France. Maybe we had heard three hundred records in Paris, and every time a new one came into a record shop on the Place de l'Opéra the phone was ringing and we'd all get together to listen. Even to have a flyer about an upcoming record—that was precious. We heard our first real jazz musicians at the Ambassadeurs, where Sam Wooding and Noble Sissle played. On summer days, you could hear the music out in the gardens, and you could climb a tree and see the whole band through a window. A musician who helped us was Freddy Johnson, the piano player with Sam Wooding. He was a grand player, but, more important, he was a jazz lover. He taught French musicians, like Alix Combelle, to play, and he taught us how to tell the difference on Fletcher Henderson records between the trumpet players

Joe Smith and Tommy Ladnier and Rex Stewart. It was difficult to identify soloists before that. We learned the history of jazz through his words. Then a lot of American jazz musicians started arriving in Paris. Benny Carter came in 1934 or 1935, and most of the English I have now is from him. *Alors*, it was like being in church to meet jazz musicians. We were scared, and it was hard to get a mutual understanding. I met Louis Armstrong in 1934, and I took Django Reinhardt with me. Louis had made some concerts in England, and I think he had some trouble with his lip. So he was like a tourist on vacation in Paris. It was summer, and when we went to see Louis, he was half naked and had a stocking on his head, and he was already getting fat. He was shaving, and after a while I said to him, 'May I ask Django to play?' Well, I knew what Django's dream was, because he told me so many times, 'If Louis would hear me, he would take me to America, where I would be the guest of Clark Gable and play for the Hollywood stars right by their pools.' Django had brought his brother Joseph on rhythm guitar, and they started playing. Louis was still shaving, and every once in a while he would grunt, and when Django and Joseph finished, Louis was washing his face,

and he only said, 'Yeh, not bad, man.' And that was all. It was the only time I ever saw Django, who always had a very good opinion of his own playing, looking absolutely blank. Duke Ellington came the first time in 1933, and he gave three concerts at the Salle Pleyel. It was *électrique*. It was the first time we heard a band like that, with all the mutes and the strange rhythms. The hall was packed, even though most of the people did not know what they were hearing. I got to know Ellington in 1939, when he made his second European tour. He was a personality that found everything so pleasant, so in-

teresting. He was full of those small attentions that give you a good feeling. He behaved to everyone like a man who is in love."

ON JAZZ IN PARIS DURING AND AFTER THE SECOND WORLD WAR: "Jazz became popular in France when the Germans came. Suddenly we couldn't have American movies or American records anymore, and it was a shock, like when you stop smoking. French jazz musicians who had no reputation three weeks before became famous. Musicians all became swing cats and wore long coats and thick

shoes. Jazz records—the ones that were left—began to sell. Some Germans even liked the music. One night, a German officer, very polite, very *apologétique*, came to the Rue Chaptal, where we published *Jazz Hot*, and asked if we minded if he played our piano. He sat down and played and sang Fats Waller for an hour, and when he finished, he thanked us and said that made him feel much better. The first band to come to Paris after the war belonged to Don Redman. The stores in Paris did not start getting American records again until 1948, and some of the first were by Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker on the Guild label—'Shaw 'Nuff' and 'Salt Peanuts' and 'Hot House' and 'Groovin' High.' Those records were playing day and night at the Rue Chaptal. Everybody was saying, What is happening? What is that chord? How can he play so fast? What is happening in this music? It created an unbelievable sensation, and when Dizzy Gillespie's big band gave a concert the next year, the same amazement took place. That concert happened in this way: I was informed somehow that Dizzy's big band was stranded in Antwerp without a damn penny. So we got together some money and sent it to Antwerp, and we organized a concert for the band to give in Paris. The band arrived at nine-thirty at night and got onstage at ten-thirty. The band was starving, but something happened on that stage—just like with Duke Ellington in 1933—and the band made such a success it stayed in Paris one month and worked the whole time."

ON HIS RECORD-MAKING DAYS: "I started directing record dates in 1934, when I did Reinhardt's and Stéphane Grappelli's first records together. Then I organized my Swing label and recorded Grappelli and Django and Eddie South and Bill Coleman. When Teddy Hill was in Paris in 1937, I took three of his trumpeters—Coleman and Shad Collins and Bill Dillard—and Dicky Wells and put them with Django plus a rhythm section, and we made





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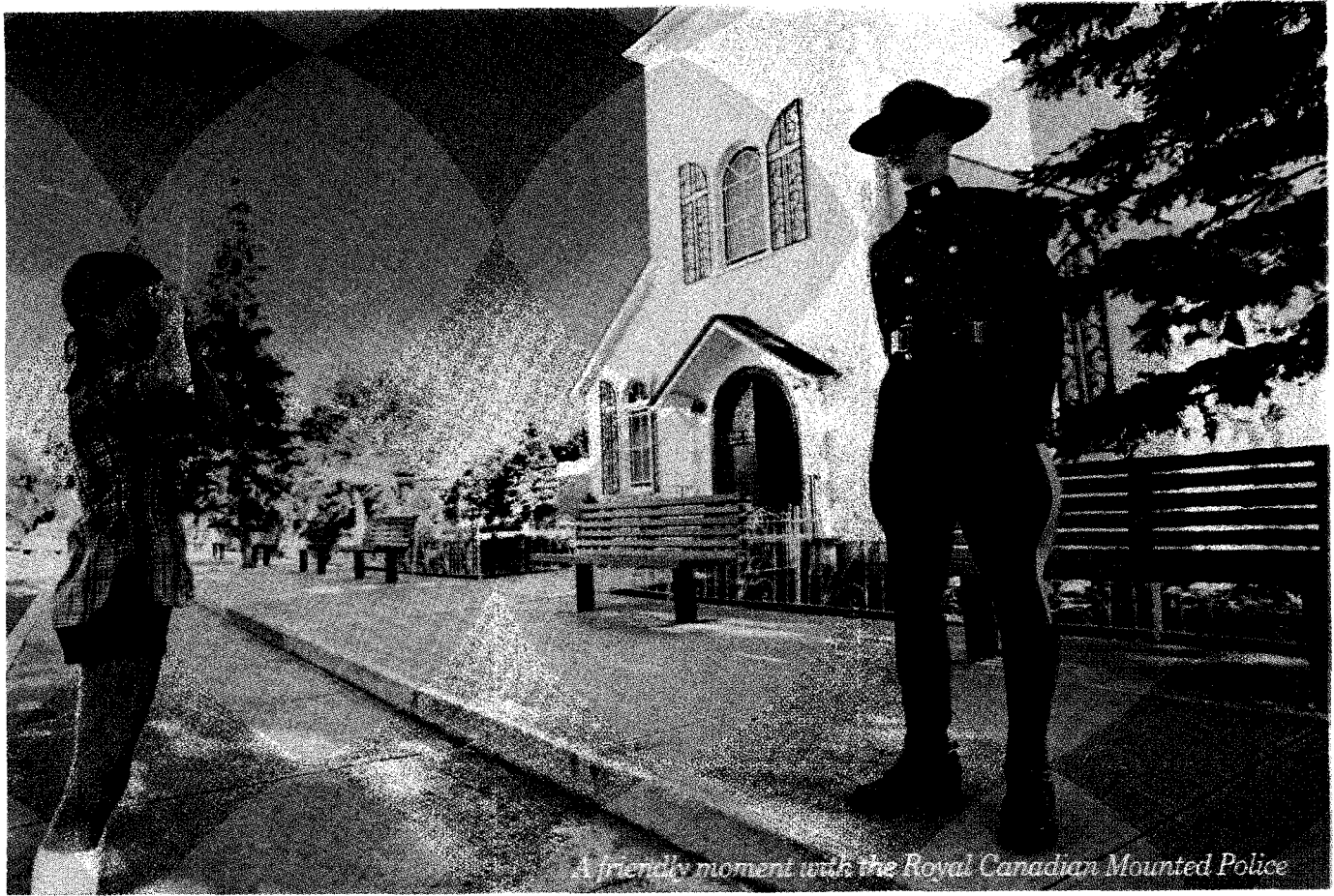
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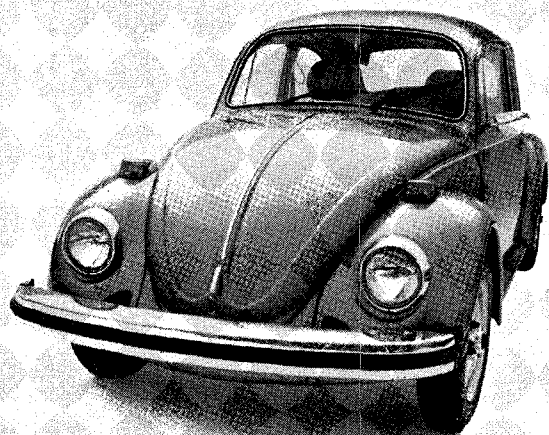
The splendour of a mountain lake in the Canadian Rockies



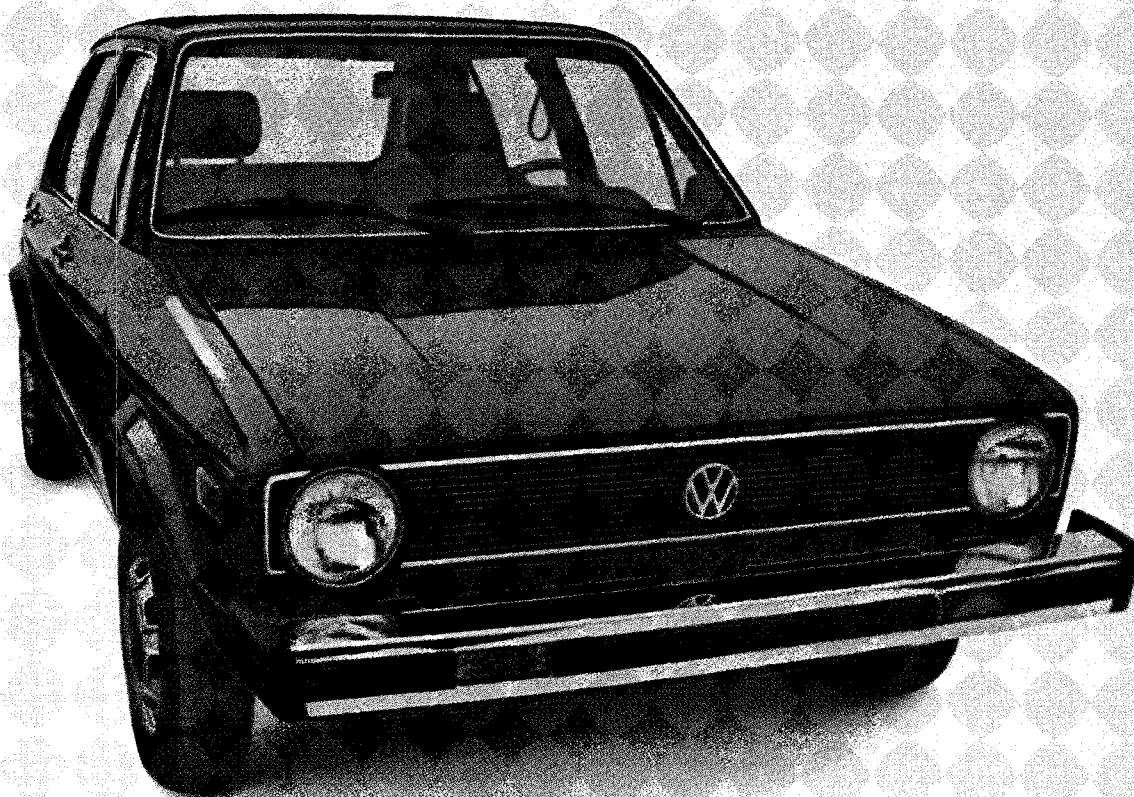
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'Bugle Call Rag' and 'Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea.' The fourth trumpeter that Hill had, and I did not use, was Dizzy Gillespie, who was just nineteen. What a pity! After the war, I recorded Grappelli and Django again. Their first meeting was in London, where Grappelli had spent the war. They couldn't say anything except '*Mon frère, mon frère*,' and the first thing they played was 'La Marseillaise.' In 1949, I brought Sidney Bechet over from America and also Charlie Parker and Miles Davis and Max Roach and Tadd Dameron and Kenny Dorham and Hot Lips Page. When Parker heard Bechet, he was astonished. 'Hey, that old man can blow,' he said. 'He's playing things I thought I did first.' I don't know how peasants are in America, but in France they are concrete, solid, no abstractions. They know how things are growing. Bechet was like that. He would talk to anyone on the street. He had that accent that connected with everybody. He played all the time, and he packed all the halls. He became a living legend in France. His records would sell three hundred thousand copies each, and many broke the one-million mark, which is a lot in a country that has only fifty million people."

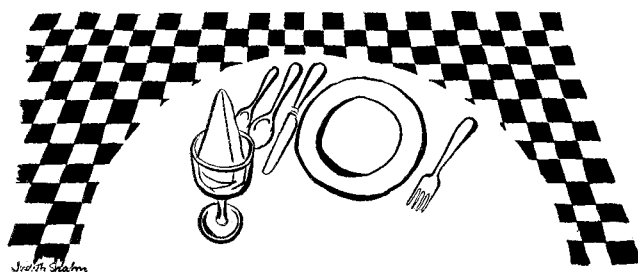
ON DJANGO REINHARDT: "There were two personalities in him. One was primitive. He never went to school and he couldn't stand a normal bed. He had to live in a gypsy caravan near a river, where he could fish and catch trout between the stones with his bare hands, and where he could put laces between the trees and catch rabbits. But Django also had a nobility, even though he could be very mean to the musicians who worked for him. Life for Django was all music. He was full of constant enthusiasm when he played—shouting in the record studio when someone played something he liked, shouting when he played himself. You can hear him on 'Bugle Call Rag.' When he was accompanying in the bass register he sounded like brass, and in the treble like saxophones. He had a constant vision of music—a circle of music—in his head. I think he could see his music. This way, he composed some music for symphony orchestra. He would play it on his guitar, all the parts—for flutes, for strings, for horns—and someone would write it down, and when you heard the piece, it was perfect. There were some waves of Ravel and Debussy, but the rest was Django. Of course, Django

had a terrible cicatrix on his left hand. He had been in a fire and two fingers were bent into his palm. So, with him, it was the rapidity of his reactions to the music around him which made him sound so fast. Later, it became a goal for him to play the electric guitar, to dominate the electricity. He died of a stroke after an afternoon of fishing, which was the perfect ending for Django."

ON HIS BEGINNINGS: "I was born January 18, 1911. My father was like an open window. He was Gallic, and he had *la force de la nature*. He was speaking a lot and he was moving a lot. When he was caught by his painting, he would go to his atelier every day from six in the morning until nine at night to catch the last drop of light. And he would be in a very bad humor most of the time. He would be exhausted after only sleeping half the night, worrying about what he was going to paint the next day. He would work and work and work on the same idea, and then suddenly he would stop painting, and not paint again for several months. My father was living in dreams. He would say he was going to build big houses so he could paint big walls. After he went through the Cubist time, his only patience was with colors, with the relations of colors to one another. It became a religion of color to him, an obsession. He was like a chemist: what happens to one color when another color is brought together with it. My mother was more with her feet on the earth. She is much quieter—she is ninety-one and lives in Paris and still paints—and my father found some stability in her. I think they influenced each other as painters. They had some money until the first war; then my mother did very well with her designing. She designed everything—car seats, dresses, scarves, playing cards, rugs, tapestries, stained-glass windows, wigs. After my father died, in 1941, she devoted ten years to making him famous. I think when I was growing up I must have seen fifty per cent of all the well-known people in Paris passing in and out of our apartment—Apollinaire and Kandinski and Stravinsky and Diaghilev and Klee and Mondrian and Bre-

ton and Aragon. Of course, in Paris before the war everybody used to meet in the cafés and in their homes. They discussed art. They discussed music. They discussed books. They discussed each other. They discussed all night. Paris was filled with talking before the war. But after the war that all went, and now no one meets anymore. They did not pay attention to me, my parents, even though I was an only child. But things went all right. I did not go to the university, because when the time came I was already drawing ads and making a living at it. I didn't like modern art—what my parents did. I became an Impressionist painter, and my father used to say to me, 'Oh, you're just an old-fashioned guy.'"

ON HIS GREAT DISCOGRAPHY: "The first edition of my discography came about this way. To begin with, I probably had a hundred records in my collection, and, of course, in the twenties and thirties there was almost no information on the label about who was playing or when and where the record was made. Freddy Johnson helped us, and when musicians like Benny Carter started coming to Paris, I took a turntable to their rooms and played records and they helped us with the soloists. I put together a small booklet of personnels, because people were worrying me all the time for information, and I published it in *Jazz Hot*. Then in 1936 we put out the first discography in book form. After the war, I started writing the record companies over here, and then I came over and discovered I could find much information from the union sheets. My discography is still around, but Brian Rust and Jepsen are more complete and up to date—for now, anyway. I am one of more than twenty discographers who are putting together a new discography, starting in 1942 and coming down to the present. It will take about twenty thousand pages. It is incredible. When the volumes come out, they will be already out of date, but you can't do anything about that. Now my record collection has grown to perhaps thirty thousand items, which is nothing when Mr. Bob Altshuler of Columbia Records has a collection of two hundred thousand. But my collection is big enough to force me to move out of Paris—twenty miles north, into a house in a village. I have also practically every *Down Beat* that has come out since the first one in 1934. And I have pre-Civil War Spanish jazz magazines, and magazines from Japan



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and Uruguay and Chile. I have record catalogues from France and England and America between 1920 and 1940. I have more than a thousand books on jazz. The earliest, 'Le Jazz,' came out in 1926 and had one hundred and fifty-two pages. The first half was about African musical instruments, and the second half was about Paul Whiteman and George Gershwin. No jazz musician was mentioned in the book."

ON HUGUES PANASSIÉ: "Panassié was born on February 26, 1912. He was from a wealthy family. His father was in industry, but he died early. In his teens, Panassié was crippled by polio in one leg. Because he was crippled and because he was always educated by women, he became very spoiled as a child. I met him in Paris in 1934. He was living in the South of France. He had the gift to communicate his enthusiasm for the music to the people he talked to. That influenced me in a certain way, by helping me to understand things in the music that I didn't understand yet. He discovered more things in jazz than anyone before. He was right in the middle in 'Le Jazz Hot,' and he could see everything accurately. But in 1946, when a friend sent the first Dizzy Gillespie-Charlie Parker records to me in Paris, Panassié was in the South of France. Before he heard the records, I wrote about them in a Swiss magazine and André Hodeir wrote about them in *Hot Revue*, and Panassié, who was used to being the first, to being worshipped, would never accept Gillespie or Parker after that. The trouble is, when you get wrong, as Panassié was, and you want to defend your position, you're getting worse and worse. So since 1946 we never spoke again."

STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI sees Panassié this way: "He was very sincere himself. He was a very pure man, very religious, very decent. Not for the gallery. He believed. He did a lot for the jazz music. The only bad thing about Panassié was he was a bit stubborn."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

"Finally, there is a practical point. If a President wants what Carter seems to want, enormous delivery of government service, then Cabinet members are going to have to spend half their days on Capitol Hill testifying, half roaming the country to inspect what's delivered—and the rest running their departments. That kind of energy means younger people."
—Richard Neustadt, of Harvard, quoted by Anthony Lewis in the Times.

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THE HEART AND ITS REASONS

SIMON GRAY, author of that sour and very funny play "Butley," has sent along to us from Mother England a new play called "Otherwise Engaged," which opened last week at the Plymouth. It, too, is sour and very funny, and though comparisons are said to be odious (in reality, they are never odious to the person who gains by them), they can be useful as well; if "Otherwise Engaged" has more of an air of cobbled-up contrivance than its predecessor, seeming to embody not so much the personal emotion of the playwright as his desire to write a clever play, I see no harm in that. Mr. Gray has indeed written a clever play, and one that, for all its chic use of obscene language and toplessness—for a time, a girl's insouciant bare breasts become as important to the development of the plot as if they were members of the cast—is agreeably old-fashioned as well. Its theme, its subject matter, and, above all, its comedic method go back at least as far as Molière, whose ghost I thought I glimpsed capering about in the shadowy corners of the Plymouth stage, making impish, Sganarelle-like faces at the audience as the hero of "Otherwise Engaged" marched step by step unswervingly through his chosen ordeal.

The teacher hero of "Butley" was a man at the end of his tether; Simon, the prosperous book publisher who is the hero of "Otherwise Engaged," takes care to outwit that fate by avoiding tethers of any kind. He is a master of the partial commitment, keeping everyone—wife, brother, friends, the girls he goes to bed with—at a shrewdly calculated distance. As Molière posed the question of what may befall a man who decides that he will always tell the truth, so Mr. Gray poses the question of what may befall a man who is always entirely reasonable—who sees both sides of every question, who never loses his temper, who never seeks to know more, in any relationship, than

he needs to know in order to prevent it from perishing of inanition. I've called Simon's life an ordeal because as the play proceeds his life is so difficult for him to sustain; people who love him, or would like to love him, continually beg for more affection than he is willing to grant them. He has a heart, but unreasonable reason crouches like a fierce dog at its gate; if the cruellest words ever spoken are the Bible's "Touch me not!," almost as cruel are Simon's unspoken "Touch me a little and no more. Touch me always on my terms, never on yours."

With unflagging verve, Mr. Gray works out the dramaturgic consequences of his hero's fastidious abdications. The play begins and ends with Simon listening to the awesome introductory sonorities of a newly acquired recording of "Parsifal." Very neat; we can assume either that nothing has changed his life or that everything has changed, probably not for the better. Because Simon is played by Tom Courtenay, making a welcome début on Broadway, one is inclined to favor the second assumption; even in

comedy, Courtenay is a born collector and connoisseur of rue. His Simon is a rather touching figure as well as a monster (that such a man would sit enraptured through four hours of "Parsifal" is one of Mr. Gray's more implausible jests); he has put in a hard day, and plainly there are harder days to come. Courtenay is well supported by John

Christopher Jones, John Horton, Nicolas Coster, Lynn Milgrim—a formidable bluestocking even with her blouse off—Michael Lombard, and Carolyn Lagerfelt. The director of the play is Harold Pinter, who has allowed the first act to sag portentously from time to time; the second and concluding act is a model of comic briskness. The single set, a pleasant, Chester-Squarish drawing room, was designed by Eileen Diss, the costumes are by Jane Green-

wood, and the lighting is by Neil Peter Jampolis.

SOME weeks ago, I mentioned that among the people picketing performances of "Ipi-Tombi" were some black South Africans. I have since been informed that this is not the case, and I am glad to correct my error. Still earlier, in a review of the musical "The Robber Bridegroom," I said I suspected that its book bore only a tenuous connection with the original work by Eudora Welty. Scolding letters urged me to go back to the source and judge for myself how closely the book had followed it. Now I have done so, and I confess that my suspicion was unfounded. The musical remains in my memory as tiresomely whimsical as ever.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

1999 and All That

JOHN GUARE, the author of "Marco Polo Sings a Solo," at the Public, has one of the most fertile, magpie comic imaginations in the theatre today; his "House of Blue Leaves" and "Muzeeka" and his work on the New York Shakespeare Festival's musical "Two Gentlemen of Verona" are indelible. "Marco Polo" is as full of incidents and jokes and surprises as an old George Abbott farce, but it is actually a science-fiction comedy. The time is 1999 and the place an island off the coast of Norway, where a young movie director named Stony McBride, the adopted son of an old Hollywood actor, is making a film about Marco Polo, in order to provide a vehicle for the old man's comeback and also, he claims, to help his audience recover from the twentieth century. The director, marvellously played by Joel Grey, is married to a beautiful young woman named Diane (Madeleine Kahn, very stylish and funny), who was once a child prodigy and a concert pianist. Also on hand are her lover—an important, and self-important, Nobel Peace Prize laureate—who has come to persuade her to run off with him; a friend of theirs named Frank, who for the last five years has been whirling around in outer space, from where he has impregnated his wife, using some intergalactic technique; the wife, disguised as Stony and Diane's Norwegian maid; the couple's infant son, hidden in a baby carriage during most of the evening and emerging from it for the gloriously funny last scene; Stony's adoptive (he thinks) mother; and somebody named Larry,





Photographed at the Galleria N.Y.C.

"The View? From where I'm standing, it's gorgeous. He's quite a smashing sight in his PBM vested suit. It must be that new British silhouette he insists is so comfortable. A PBM exclusive in crisp polyester and rich wool. Funny how the soft blue plaid matches his eyes. I think I'm in love. . .with the view. On a clear day I can see PBM." Keeping company with other PBM clothing at fine stores everywhere or write PBM, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York.

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whose connection with the proceedings escaped me, pleasant as it was to have him around. The action, as I say, is certainly active, and synopsis is out of the question. The play, like so much else in science fiction, is based on the premise that the future will be the present in italics (a theory that I have always considered at least arguable), and the dramatist seems to have gleaned his teeming brain of all the emotional and intellectual detritus of the twentieth century. Overflowing though it is, however, the play is never chaotic or pointless. In fact, Mr. Guare has points to make—though it cannot be denied that he is easily diverted from them, to our benefit, by his invariably funny routines. Along with the general shenanigans, there are a number of monologues and set pieces, one of the funniest delivered by Anne Jackson (better here than I have ever seen her), as the director's mother, who tells of a trip she took to Baltimore for a transsexual operation in order to marry the actor he/she loved, and of her subsequent impregnation of herself, to become both parents of the son that she and her husband adopted. That son, of course, is Stony, and that information (along with a birth certificate) is the last straw, which sends him reeling into outer space.

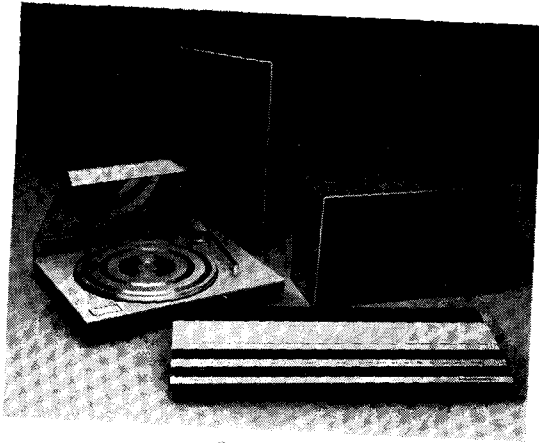
It is indeed remarkable that Joseph Papp's Public—notable for its support of talented beginners, among its other achievements—can serve as a place where such actors as Mr. Grey, Miss Jackson, and Miss Kahn can come for a while to recharge their batteries. The casting all the way through is impeccable: Chris Sarandon, Sigourney Weaver, Chev Rodgers, James Jansen, and Larry Bryggman all do well, under Mel Shapiro's direction. (Miss Weaver is especially good.) John Wulp designed the craggy, glacial setting, Theoni V. Aldredge did the costumes, and Jennifer Tipton did the lighting.

—EDITH OLIVER

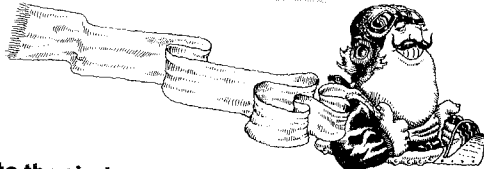
SKIDS

on lonely back roads
at impossible angles
straight out of sky
ditch rock or field
something that left its mark
& vanished
like the cloven prints
one morning
in that german town
up walls over
snowy roofs and
off into air

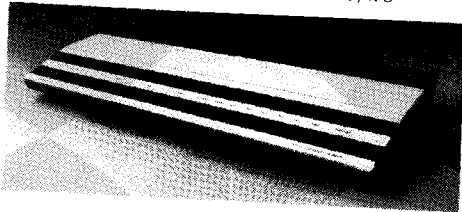
—BRIAN SWANN



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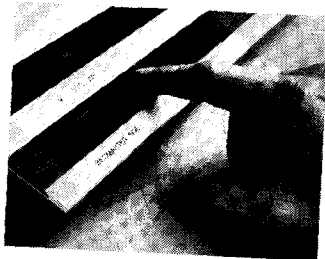
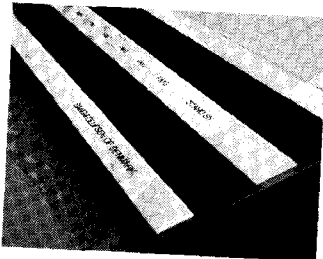


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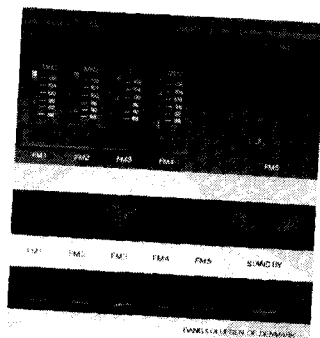


For details, look inside. Secondary controls, for bass, treble, and FM tuning, are out of sight, literally—concealed behind an aluminum door that opens and closes in a manner reminiscent of the Starship "Enterprise."



Thanks for the memory.

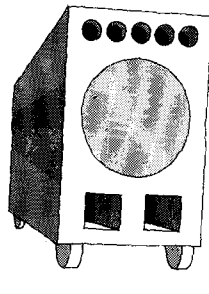
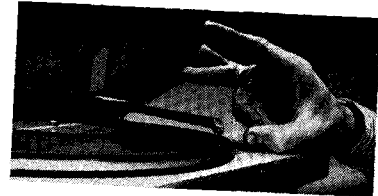
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE NEW INDIA OF INDIRA GANDHI

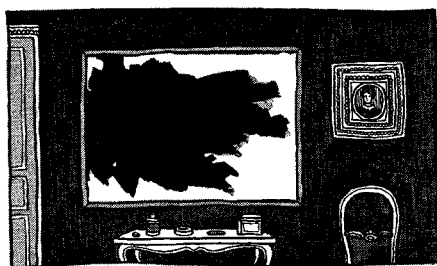
FOR the Westerner, India, the land of every seventh person in the world, became virtually a continent of silence on June 26, 1975, when Indira Gandhi's government proclaimed a state of emergency. One of Mrs. Gandhi's first acts of the Emergency—the blanket term for the proclamation itself and the stream of repressive measures and actions that followed it—was to issue an ordinance that made both Indian and foreign journalists subject to fines and imprisonment for publishing items deemed “objectionable” or “embarrassing” to the government, or likely to “bring into hatred or contempt or excite disaffection toward the government . . . and thereby cause or tend to cause public disorder.” Now there has been a much acclaimed relaxation of the Emergency, following a call by Mrs. Gandhi on January 18th for elections this March. Nonetheless, the “publication of objectionable matter” ordinance, as it is known, remains in force. Under its provisions, in the early weeks of the Emergency many of the Western news, radio, and television organizations were coerced into closing their bureaus and offices. The handful of Western journalists who were allowed to remain had to work under such stringent “press guidelines” that they soon began functioning as mere purveyors of government propaganda. When the Emergency was about two months old, William Borders, of the *New York Times*, filed a story from Delhi which appeared on the front page of his paper under the two-column headline “AUTHORITARIAN RULE GAINS WIDE ACCEPTANCE IN INDIA,” and in which he wrote, “In the cities and in the countryside, in the regions of the isolated rich and of the many, many poor, India is almost completely at peace, and Prime Minister Gandhi, in the opinion of knowledgeable people here, is as firmly in control as she has ever been.” He went on to quote an opponent of the government who had expected a popular revolt against the Emergency as saying, “Much as I hate to admit it, the state of Emergency is popular. If the people are for it, the fact that a few chaps like me are actively against it does not make much difference.” Borders then listed the following as among the reasons for the Emergency's popularity: India's problems were so unmanageable that they required a radical, nondemocratic solution; the nation's long-standing

tradition of nonviolence discouraged violent revolution; and Prime Minister Gandhi's Emergency measures were succeeding to some extent in streamlining the economy—in Borders' words, “many Indians feel they are now better off, economically or in some other way, than they were before the Emergency.” He reported that people from one end of the country to the other—from Calcutta to Bombay and even in the remote villages—were praising the Emergency. The well-to-do were confident that they could now walk the city streets at night without fear. Businessmen were delighted that India was finally “getting moving.” In some cases, bonded peasants were relieved by the moratoriums that had been declared upon the bonded debt they owed to their landlords and moneylenders, “providing relief from a lifetime of indentured servitude on the hard, dry earth.” He wrote, “The new mood is expressed this way in a recent quotation from the Prime Minister that now adorns one of the inspirational road signs that are proliferating around India: ‘The only magic to remove poverty—hard work, clear vision, iron will, strictest discipline.’”

As it happened, Borders was a stranger to India—he had been sent there after the Emergency—but even an old hand would have had trouble gauging the mood of six hundred million people who speak hundreds of tongues and live in an almost feudal society where the techniques of Gallup and Harris are unknown.

Foreign television was no more adept than the foreign press in getting a critical point of view on the Emergency, for Mrs. Gandhi was easily able to dominate television interviewers who, like Borders, had little or no firsthand experience of the country, and she was able to project herself on the screen as a savior of democracy and the poor. (A volume entitled “Democracy and Discipline: Speeches of Shrimati [Mrs.] Indira Gandhi,” which was published some months ago by the Ministry of Information and Broad-

casting, now the propaganda organ of the Emergency, printed a transcript of an interview she gave via satellite in August of 1975 to NBC's “Meet the Press” and also judicious excerpts from an interview she gave to North German TV.) It was difficult to gainsay propaganda, even when attacks on it by Indians in India were published abroad, such as a pseudonymous article by one Azad that appeared last August in *The New Republic*. (Azad—the word means “free”—was revealed, during a congressional hearing on India last September in Washington, to be Mrs. Gandhi's first cousin Nayantara Sahgal, who was by then safely out of India, having taken up a fellowship at Harvard.) Indian journalists could no longer depend on sources at home, and they were barred from reading foreign news and comment on their country. A traveller to India last summer reported that at the Calcutta airport he picked up a copy of *Time* with a cover story on world torture but that by the time he reached Delhi, a couple of hours later, he had to get rid of the magazine, because the story contained a paragraph on torture in Mrs. Gandhi's jails and the issue had been banned. In fact, Mrs. Gandhi was prepared to go to any lengths to repress information. Not only were resident Western journalists ordered to quit the country if they happened to displease the authorities with their stories but newcomers were often denied visas or turned away at the airports, where officials were armed with the names of blacklisted journalists. (Only the West German correspondents seemed to fare better, apparently because their government tied their well-being to the continuance of German economic aid to India.) J. Anthony Lukas, the *Times*' resident correspondent from 1965 to 1967, managed to wangle his way back into India in 1975 after the Emergency and then took the precaution of not publishing his impressions until he had returned home. An article he wrote for the *Sunday Times Magazine*, although essentially bland, made one new, telling point: that Mrs. Gandhi had proclaimed the Emergency not because of the threat from the opposition, as she repeatedly asserted, but, rather, because of the threat to her power from within her own Congress Party. After the article appeared, Mrs. Gandhi's government formed an official task force to track down all Lukas's sources;



there has been no reliable report on whether the sources were found or what happened to them.

In June of 1976, following a protracted struggle with the Indian bureaucracy for a visa, Christopher Sweeney, a British journalist, went to India as a temporary correspondent for the *Guardian* and *The Economist*, neither of which was then represented there. When he had been in the country only four weeks—and had not yet filed a single line of copy—he was unceremoniously thrown out. Back in England, he reported that during those four weeks he had been constantly tailed, his mail had been opened, his hotel rooms broken into, his belongings rifled, and, on one occasion, the bottom of his suitcase slashed open and searched. People he talked with, he said, were harassed, critics of the government were “constantly watched, their movements reported,” and, in short, “any foreign journalist, who is automatically under suspicion anyway, cannot hope to operate with any real discretion.” The *Guardian* reacted to the expulsion of its correspondent in an editorial headlined “Mrs. Gandhi Locks Out the World.”

Last September, perhaps in reaction to criticism in the Western press, it was announced that rules for Western journalists would be relaxed, and the government has now even invited back representatives from expelled organizations, like the BBC, but it is not clear yet whether the change is real or illusory, since they still all work under the threat of expulsion.

EDUCATED Indians, whether in the government, the professions, business, or the universities, are a garrulous lot, and they have always relied mainly on gossip and hearsay for information about the government. Now, in the absence of fact, the circulation of gossip, pro and con, about the Emergency has become institutionalized, and whenever Indians meet, at home or abroad, provided they are out of range of spies and eavesdroppers, they talk. Often, those in India pour out their feelings in letters, which they entrust to departing friends. From such talk and letters, it would appear that the Indians themselves are much more divided in their reactions to the Emergency than some Western reports have it. One let-

ter that was smuggled out of Calcutta last summer has this to say about Mrs. Gandhi and the Emergency:

A few nights ago, I listened to various overseas radio stations—BBC, Radio Australia, and Voice of America. How comforting it was to hear these voices of freedom.

Today, the 26th June, the anniversary of the Emergency, an unforgettable day for us in India, the writing on the wall is clear—she will never restore democracy. Our censored newspapers carry reports from Samachar [the newly constituted Indian government news agency] that she thinks that though the opposition is subdued it is not yet vanquished. We have come to the conclusion that she is determined to rule this country by fear and felony, as a totalitarian dictator.

I visited Jaya Prakash Narayan [the Socialist leader of the opposition] in Bombay. It was terrible to see him weak, old, and dejected. I think Death will touch his forehead one day soon. But that is not the cause of his dejection. He feels he can now do little to emancipate his people from the grip of this tyrannical witch. But still we are all working to get rid of her. To quote Benjamin Franklin, “They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.” There are thousands of us now working underground who would shed their last drop of blood for restoring our liberty and safety.

A recent Indian visitor to New York from Delhi could not have disagreed

more with this impassioned correspondent. On one occasion, she expatiated on the spread of anarchy and political chicanery before the Emergency and the imposition of law and order and political probity after it. “Things in Delhi had come to such a pass before the Emergency that hooligans would set fire to public buses,” she said. “Some of them had become so bold that they would cruise around on motorcycles and snatch things from passersby in broad daylight—including a gold chain from a woman’s neck—and race off. The old, faithful bearers and cooks were turning into thieves. You couldn’t so much as walk around Connaught Circus without being mobbed by beggars. They had become so bold that they would catch hold of your shoes and sari, clutch at you, and set up an infernal chorus. ‘*Mataji* [Mother], look! My baby is dying.’ ‘*Mataji*, I haven’t had anything in my stomach for five days.’ ‘*Mataji*, look! My arms and hands have withered away.’ Your heart would go out to them, but how many could you help? What could any one person do? The poor were crawling up practically to the verandas in the best colonies [neighborhoods] and setting up their slums. The slums were completely illegal—they were on public property—but within a matter of days



“Do you have anything on you for the relief of simple nervous tension?”

a politician would have a street tap and a couple of poles for electricity installed in these slums. When I first moved into my colony, ten years ago, there were only four slums. Within those ten years, two hundred appeared.

"Hoarders and black marketeers were everywhere. They were creating artificial scarcities and inflation. I once went into a respectable shop to pick up a tin of Postman vegetable oil. The shopkeeper said he didn't have any. I pleaded with him—I'd been buying at that shop for twenty years—and he finally said, 'All right, sister, I will do you a favor. Sixty-five rupees [eight and a half dollars].' Sixty-five rupees! That was double the price of my last tin of Postman vegetable oil. But at least I had the vegetable oil. Everything was breaking down. My daughter would go to her classes at college and the professors would be out on strike. If you visited government offices, you found that the clerks and underlings had had their heads so turned by unscrupulous politicians that they were out on the lawn playing cards for all to see. Government officials never arrived at their offices on time. When you tried to ring up a public service, like the railway station or the telephone office, nobody would bother to answer, or if somebody did he was so rude and offensive that you were sorry you rang up. As for using public services, to ride a city bus was to take your life in your hands. The conductor couldn't even get around to collect the fares. People pushed and climbed their way in like vultures swooping on a still twitching corpse. Let a policeman try to discipline a hooligan or shoo away a beggar, let a government officer try to clear a slum or reprimand a clerk, let a customer lodge a complaint

against a hoarder or a black marketeer, and some politician or other was sure to set up a hue and cry in Parliament about government brutality and the rights of the citizen. All that the politicians cared about was getting votes. A politician who took credit for bringing piped water and some electricity into a slum could command its votes. When the authorities dared to clear away these slums, which they did now and again, the politicians would return the next day with the slum dwellers in tow. Many politicians were not above spending money lavishly to buy votes, and their pockets were kept filled with protection money from hoarders and black

marketeers. Whenever a politician had a marriage in his household, free jewels arrived. Politicians were constantly, as we say at home, thrashing their hands and feet every which way to amass wealth and power. There was no way to bring any of them to book, they were so clever—and their lawyers were cleverer still. And if these were the conditions in the capital, our showplace for foreigners, you can imagine what the rest of the country must have been like.

"And now, what calm and discipline Mrs. Gandhi has brought over the land! Everyone says she is Goddess Durga, that she has Goddess Durga's *shakti* [energy and power] and no one can cross her without being smitten by it. She knows exactly how to act for the best effect. When she goes to a village, she wears a full-sleeved blouse and her head is demurely covered—she is dressed like a simple, God-fearing lady. When she goes to Maharashtra, she dresses like a Maharashtran, in a plain cotton sari and sandals. When she goes to Kashmir, she dresses like a Kashmiri, in pajama trousers, long shirt, and veil. But when she goes to the Soviet Union she wears a European-cut coat, her head is naked, and there are Western-type shoes on her feet. Everyone is deeply impressed by her. She has taken a whole country into her hands and has given all of us a great deal of comfort. Now there is not a hooligan or beggar to be seen anywhere in Delhi. The city looks clean, healthy, and beautiful as never before. All the slums are gone, all the beggars are gone, and so are all the riffraff of hawkers from Connaught Circus. They've all been swept away. Even the tent in the street where students, laborers, and other rabble-rousers would con-

gregate and drink coffee has been pulled down, and a low-priced, modern coffeehouse has been established in a building. The beggars, slum dwellers, and hawkers now live in new satellite developments on the outskirts of the city, and Mrs. Gandhi buses them in for an honest day's work in the morning and buses them out at night. My sweeper and my washerwoman, who both used to live in my colony slum, come in on buses now.

"Mrs. Gandhi has devised all kinds of ways to catch hoarders and black marketeers. Anyone, young or old, who helps to catch one of them gets a percentage of whatever is found. Just

the other day, we were shown on television a beautiful temple with a beautiful statue of Lord Krishna. Behind it, buried in the ground and wall, were money and jewelry. The information was given by the mason who had built the hollow back wall. The mason got a share for giving information against the rich profiteer. As a consequence of this vigilance, all the prices have come down. The hoarded foodstuffs have been delivered to the markets. The tins of vegetable oil are now in the front of the shops, properly marked. I bought a tin of Postman vegetable oil just the other day for thirty-two rupees. Whenever Mrs. Gandhi loosens her grip even slightly, though, the prices tend to go up. Everything works now. Classes in universities meet regularly, and examinations are held on the appointed days; buses and trains run on time. Mrs. Gandhi has given an order that every government employee must arrive on time and not leave his office until it's time to go. This applies to all officers, high or low, all members of the staff. Everyone in public service picks up the telephone immediately and greets you politely with a sweet tongue, in a disciplined way. Conductors are posted at bus stops, and no one can get on the bus without a ticket, and practically everyone who has a ticket can find a seat. If anyone tries to rush past the conductor, the conductor immediately summons a policeman and gets the miscreant booked. The people who used to sneak onto buses and trains are in jail. No matter what riches and power you have, they do you no good. You can't use them to hire a lawyer and stay out of jail. The truth is that we Indians are by nature thieves, black marketeers, and cheats. We have very bad characters. The British knew that the only way to rule us was with a stick. Mrs. Gandhi understands that and has now taken hold of that stick. She is very clever. She has even managed to control the youth. She gives audiences to children and students regularly. She makes them all sit down around her and ask her questions. She answers all their questions and infuses them with the spirit of nationalism, national pride, and national discipline. She says things like 'Now you have to make this nation. You have to take the work of building this nation onto your shoulders.' And when children all across the country read these remarks, they feel thrilled and inspired."

IT is by now well known that in June of 1975 Mrs. Gandhi received two staggering political blows: on the twelfth she was found guilty by



the Allahabad High Court of two minor corrupt electoral practices—a judgment that under the electoral law barred her from holding public office for six years—and on the thirteenth the Congress Party was defeated in the state election in Gujarat by a People's Front made up of opposition parties. One blow made her personally vulnerable, and the other increased the momentum of the protest movement that Jaya Prakash Narayan was leading against corruption in the Congress Party and the government. Something that is not so well known is that these blows came when Mrs. Gandhi was already reeling from a loss of support in the Parliament by members of her own party. The Congress Party held three hundred and sixty-one of a total of five hundred and twenty seats in Parliament. On the left, fifty or sixty Congress members who were in sympathy with Narayan's movement—the so-called Young Turks—had ganged up against her, and on the right sixty or seventy Congress members who were not in sympathy with her professed Socialist goals were agitating to replace her with their leader, Jagjivan Ram, Mrs. Gandhi's Minister of Irrigation and Agriculture, who had risen from the ranks of a hundred or so million untouchables, among whom he had powerful support. The preëminent position of her party had never before come under such strong challenge, and not since 1969, when she joined battle with the Congress old guard and vanquished it, had her hold on the Party been so tenuous. She had appealed her conviction to the Supreme Court, and Lukas reports that while she waited for a decision on the appeal she considered temporarily relinquishing the office of Prime Minister to one of several trusted advisers: Swaran Singh, the Minister of Defense at the time; Sidhartha Ray, the chief minister of West Bengal; and D. K. Barooah, the president of the Congress Party. The strategy had much to recommend it. She would diffuse the focus of the opposition protest movement and so, to some extent, discredit it. She would win popular personal support, since she would be seen as a martyr to an unjust opposition campaign to hound her from office. She would appear as an ordinary citizen attending to her case, which she was almost certain of winning. Some jurists already held that she might have violated the letter of the electoral law but had not violated its spirit. In any event, the Supreme Court was essentially hers, and the Chief Justice, A.N. Ray, was her man; he had been appointed over the heads of three other

senior Supreme Court justices, almost causing a rebellion in the profession. (On January 29th, Ray retired, and once again Mrs. Gandhi reached over the head of the most senior justice, H. R. Khanna—the lone dissenter in the Supreme Court decision last April, which held that the government could suspend even habeas corpus during an emergency—and appointed Justice M. H. Beg, who had voted with the majority.) Her strategy had one flaw, which her advisers were quick to point out: once she relinquished the office of Prime Minister, however temporarily, Jagjivan Ram was certain to engineer a coup against her stand-in and become Prime Minister himself—he had both the personal ambition and the necessary clout in the Party—and if he did she would not be able to dislodge him, whatever the verdict in the Supreme Court. (Jagjivan Ram has once again risen as the greatest threat to Mrs. Gandhi's authority, for he has just resigned from her Cabinet and founded a splinter Congress group to fight for her defeat in the upcoming elections.) It was apparently at this juncture, Lukas and others have reported, that Mrs. Gandhi received a piece of advice from an unexpected quarter—from Sanjay Gandhi, the younger of her two sons. (The elder, Rajiv, is a pilot, and has shown no interest in politics.) Sanjay was a twenty-eight-year-old car mechanic, who had been trying for the previous five years to design and manufacture a "people's car"—a car wholly Indian in concept and construction, which he called Maruti, after the son of a Hindu wind god. From the beginning, he and the project had been the targets of relentless attacks from the press and the Parliament, from the opposition, and from some Congress members, who charged him with corruption and mismanagement—the kind of charges now being levelled at Mrs. Gandhi and her government. Sanjay advised his mother to take all power into her hands and, according to Lukas, teach one and all "a lesson they'll never forget."

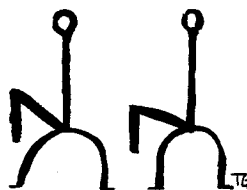
Sanjay's remedy was both simple and constitutional. Under the emergency provisions of the constitution, the Prime Minister could inform the President that a grave internal or external threat to the country existed and direct him to proclaim a national emergency, which, in effect, would suspend the constitution and the normal political processes, conferring extraordinary powers on the government for the

duration of the emergency. When the Constituent Assembly debated and drafted the provisions for declaring such an emergency, in 1949, they had been seen as posing grave danger to the constitution itself, but they had nonetheless been written into the constitution, mainly on the ground that India was so big, so diverse, and so poor, with such a long history of foreign conquests and internal wars, that the government had to be armed with extraordinary powers if the nation was to survive at all. Moreover, Sanjay's

remedy, like Sanjay's car, had a distinctively Indian quality. Down through the ages, India had known little but despotism. There had been tyrants who played havoc with the country, but there had

also been enlightened, benevolent monarchs and emperors, and they had been revered as great lawgivers and friends of the poor. For some time, Mrs. Gandhi and various other Congress leaders had been sounding the theme that the parliamentary democracy established at the time of independence was a foreign transplant, better suited to the needs of affluent nations—Great Britain, the United States, and France—from which it had been borrowed, than to the needs of impoverished India; they had been saying that the constitutional guarantees of individual rights, of elections, of freedom of assembly and association, of judicial review, and even of the right to own property were blocking reform. The political turmoil leading up to the judgment against Mrs. Gandhi and her party's defeat in Gujarat was seen as the final piece of evidence that the transplanted Western institutions had in fact broken down.

All the same, Mrs. Gandhi hesitated for days before proclaiming the emergency. Her father, Jawaharlal Nehru, and Mahatma Gandhi had been the twin founding fathers of that parliamentary democracy. Although she felt she would be acting from the noblest of impulses, to help the poor and save the country from grave internal threat, the fact that she and her party would benefit would leave both open to charges of a self-serving coup, even if the emergency was presented as temporary but necessary bitter medicine. Mrs. Gandhi did nothing until the evening of June 25th. Then she was told that, at a large "Resign, Indira" rally in Delhi, Jaya Prakash Narayan had called on soldiers and police not to obey government orders repugnant to their consciences. She construed





"Listen—they're playing 'That Old Black Magic'! It brings back lovely memories, doesn't it? I wonder what Bernice Waldvogel is doing these days."

this as nothing less than a call to the instruments of law and order to mutiny. Any objective person, she felt, could see that in proclaiming an emergency she would now only be acting in the national interest and saving the integrity and unity of the country. On her recommendation, President Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed, who owed his nomination for the office to her and who was known as an old Party henchman, proclaimed the emergency in the early hours of the next morning.

THE idea and the rationale for a national emergency were borrowed directly from the British colonial rulers, who regularly proclaimed such a condition in the name of "law and order." And since independence the Indian government had proclaimed several national emergencies, during wars with China and Pakistan. Each time, the government had cited an external threat to the country and presented the state of emergency as a "quick fix" for a national crisis, but the emergency had only enhanced the atmosphere of crisis. In fact, the external emergency proclaimed at the time of the Bangladesh war, in 1971, was still in effect when the new internal emergency was proclaimed. But the latter had no precedent in scope and severity. Mrs. Gandhi claimed that the opposition, the press, the courts—indeed, the constitution itself—had retarded social and economic progress; all these institutions, she said, were

forces for reaction, which, interacting with vested caste and class interests, had obstructed the realization of social and economic democracy. All constitutional constraints on the use of arbitrary power were thus presented as evil, and the use of arbitrary power as a force for good.

The Prime Minister now summarily arrested her opponents—numbering by some estimates in the tens of thousands and including members of Parliament and of various state legislatures—and set about making Parliament amend the constitution to strengthen the executive at the expense of the courts and of the Parliament itself. Her first amendment barred judicial challenges to the government's rationale for proclaiming an emergency. Another retroactively nullified the provisions of the electoral law under which she had been convicted, and so not only pardoned her for any past crimes but allowed her to commit similar crimes in the future. A third granted a Prime Minister immunity from civil and criminal proceedings for any and all offenses committed before or during his or her stewardship of the country. A fourth barred judicial challenges to the elections of high officials, including that of a Prime Minister, and so placed certain officials above the law. Mrs. Gandhi was able to push these amendments through with a semblance of legitimacy because her party enjoyed a two-thirds majority not only in the Parliament but in twenty of the twenty-two state legis-

latures, the majority of which were required to ratify them.

Next, Mrs. Gandhi also moved against the press, and issued several ordinances. One ordinance repealed a 1956 law that granted immunity to journalists reporting on Parliamentary debates—which, ironically, had been sponsored by Mrs. Gandhi's late husband, Feroze Gandhi. Another ordinance abolished the Press Council, an independent watchdog committee of journalists. A third was the ban on "publication of objectionable matter." (The government had always controlled radio and television directly, and to some extent newspapers indirectly, through the allocation of newsprint and other supplies.) Meanwhile, a set of rigid press guidelines ordered the press to dwell on the achievements of the country instead of harping on its shortcomings. (The newspapers were soon filled with stories like one dealing with the war on rats in Delhi; with long exhortations by Mrs. Gandhi; and with accounts of speeches by government ministers and of opening ceremonies conducted by deputy ministers and departmental secretaries. Mrs. Gandhi accompanied these ordinances and press guidelines with a drive to capture control of the leading newspapers. Since in many cases the newspaper owners were big industrialists who depended on the government for licenses and supplies, they were hardly in a position to resist. The government got the owners of the *Indian Express*, the national English-language daily with the largest circulation, to agree "voluntarily" that six of the eleven members of its board of directors, including its chairman, would now be appointed by the government, and that its editor-in-chief, S. Mulgaonkar, would be peremptorily retired in favor of V. K. Narasimhan. Other veteran editors and journalists were similarly silenced. When *Opinion*, a four-page English-language weekly with a circulation of a few thousand, was ordered closed down by the government, its editor put out one more issue, in which he wrote:

DEAR READER,

This is to explain why there will be no more issues of *Opinion*... What a tribute... these mighty, powerful Governments pay to *Opinion* readership and *Opinion* when they decide that they cannot allow this tiny organ of public information and public reasoning to live!... The current Indira regime, founded on June 26, 1975, was born through lies, nurtured by lies, and flourishes by lies. The essential ingredient of its being is the lie. Consequently, to have a truth-loving, straight-thinking, plain-speaking journal examine it week after week and point out its falsehoods becomes intolerable to it. The

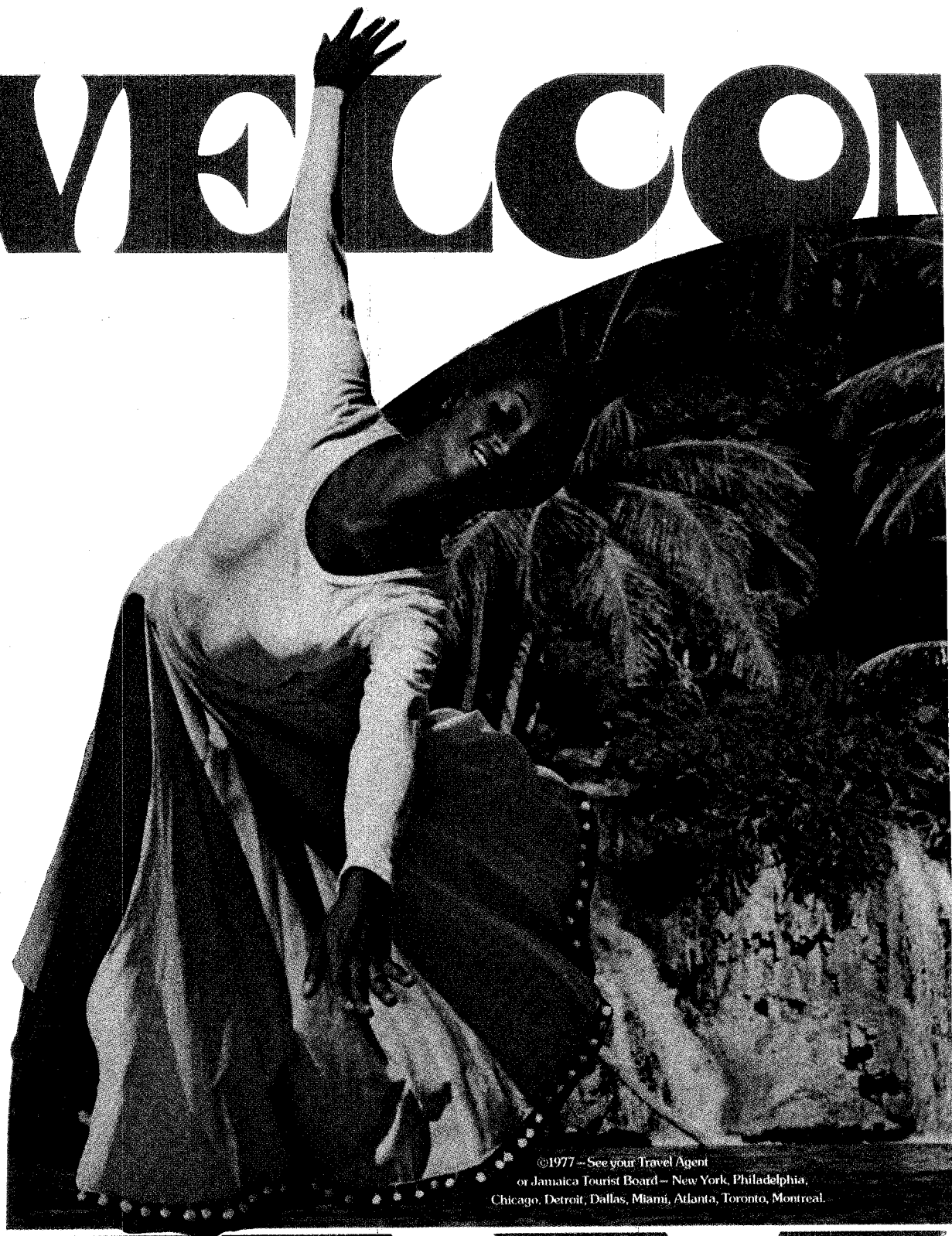
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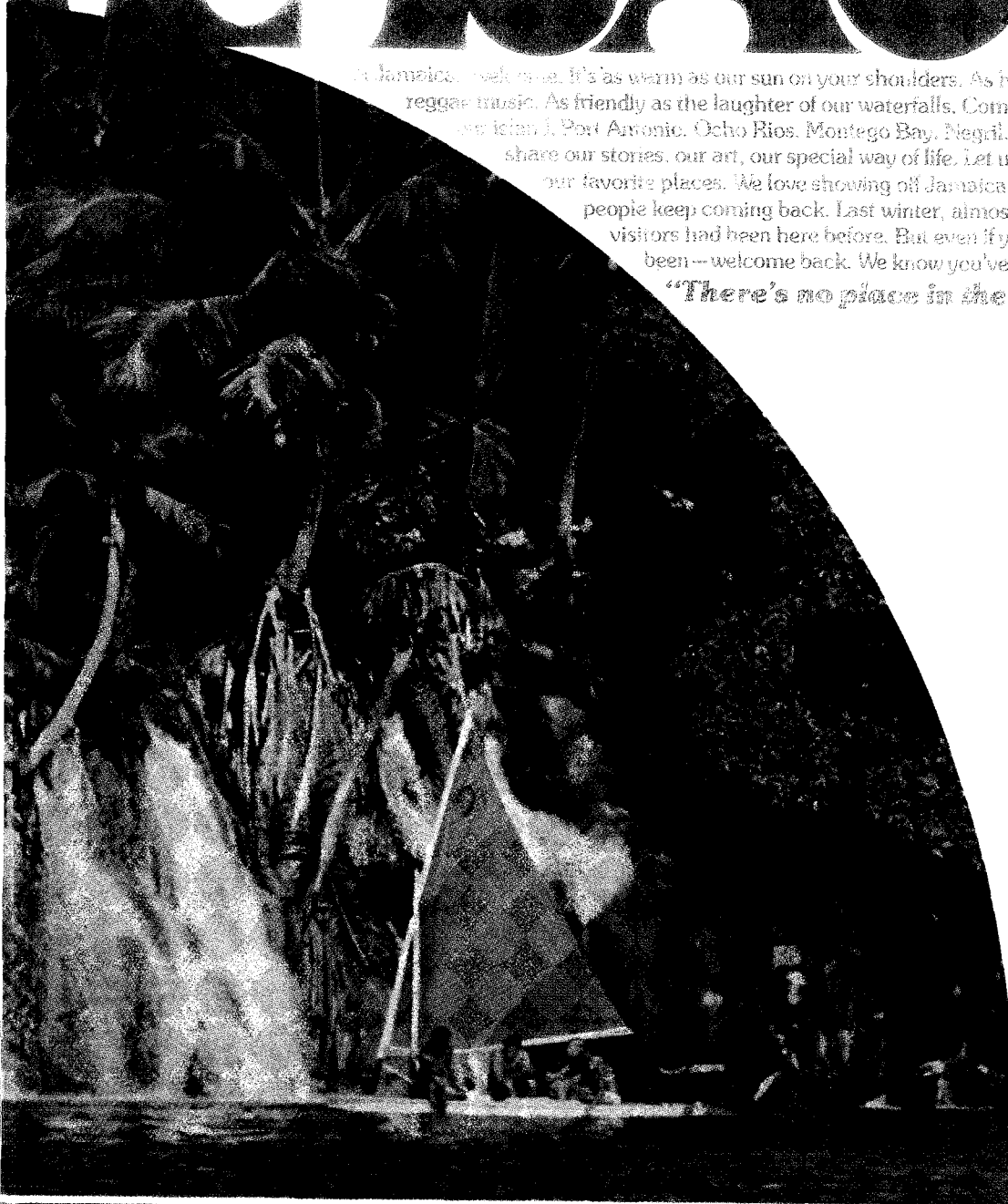
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JAM

WELCOME BACK.

In Jamaica, welcome. It's as warm as our sun on your shoulders. As heartfelt as our reggae music. As friendly as the laughter of our waterfalls. Come, let us share our island. Port Antonio. Ocho Rios. Montego Bay. Negril. Let us share our stories, our art, our special way of life. Let us show you our favorite places. We love showing off Jamaica. Perhaps that's why people keep coming back. Last winter, almost half our visitors had been here before. But even if you've never really been—welcome back. We know you've been here in your dreams.

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feeling grows, this is too much, this just can't be endured, why, it might even affect the dictatorship. . . .

In such periods it is important to realize that the seat of freedom in man is the mind. Preserve its integrity and all is not lost. The pressures upon a man may be enormous, yet if he sees clearly and judges accordingly, there is still room for hope. . . . And so, farewell.

The government stationed censors in Delhi and in all the state capitals, to censor not only news stories and advertisements in newspapers and magazines but also books, plays, and films. Although radio and television daily churned out propaganda for Mrs. Gandhi and her party, the government combined the country's two main independent syndicated news agencies, the Press Trust of India and the United News of India, into Samachar, which started feeding a steady diet of good news—the unveiling of yet another new plan to eradicate poverty, for instance—to eight hundred and thirty newspapers, published in some twenty languages. But controlling the news at its source, in the manner of Tass, was not enough. The government instructed newspapers and magazines not only what to print in each issue but also what not to print; namely, any story about or comment on transfers of judges for handing down decisions unfavorable to the government (a ploy to curb and break judicial independence), any report on the rise in prices, any news of a hunger strike threatened by Vinoba Bhave to protest cow slaughter, any laudatory comment on the Israelis' Entebbe raid. One order forbade papers to report that a prominent Indian actress had been arrested for shoplifting in London; apparently the story was thought bad for India's new image. But a pamphlet brought out by the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting claims that during the Emergency it has not interfered with the content of the news, only improved its quantity and quality. "While the government authority in India keeps itself scrupulously away from the functioning of the press," the pamphlet states, "the initiative taken by it has considerably helped the growth of the press spatially and in depth. The press in India has been the beneficiary of several official measures, and its freedom of operation has been singularly free from any type of interference."

LAST July, the government played host to a gathering called the Ministerial Conference of Non-Aligned Countries on the Press Agencies Pool. The announced purpose of the event

was to encourage non-aligned countries to exchange news about each other through official indigenous news agencies, like Samachar, instead of relying on the "biased," "colonial," and "imperialistic" Western news agencies—United Press International, the Associated Press, and Reuters. In inaugurating the conference, Mrs. Gandhi said:

Rather than unguardedly accepting versions put out by news agencies and publishing houses of the Western countries, we should get to know one another directly and keep in touch to have first-hand acquaintance with our respective views. . . . The Western media interpreted [the Emergency] as an onslaught on democracy or an abrogation of our constitution, which was not at all correct. Most, if not all, developing countries understood the position. Yet many were misled into believing the Western versions to be objective reporting. When something false is said about us we can know what is true and what is untrue. But when there is a false report about others, we cannot immediately discern its veracity or otherwise. You must have heard the old saying: "Doctors bury their mistakes. Lawyers hang them." But journalists put theirs on the front page.

When a couple of delegates walked out of the conference, the news of their protest was banned in India.

The government, already awash in slogans and catch phrases like "The ex-colonists denigrate the Indian achievements for their own purpose," "C.I.A. conspiracy," "Standing on our own feet," "National integrity, national unity," and "Only the stick works in India," has now begun in earnest to generate its own Orwellian Newspeak. David Selbourne, who visited India not long after the Emergency, noted in *Harper's* that professors at universities describe their colleagues in prison as being "temporarily out of station," and that a university chancellor explains the forced peace on his campus in this way: "The tide of indiscipline has been turned; we have recovered our bright image." A ban on all strikes and picketing is presented as "the fight against Fascism." The establishment of forced-labor camps for lepers and beggars is described as "the struggle against the evil forces threatening India." Granting new tax concessions to the wealthy in the Emergency budget is described as

"ending the tax privileges of the rich." And the Minister for Information and Broadcasting calls the government's recent monopoly of news and comment "restructuring the entire newspaper industry so as to make it accountable to the people." Ubiquitous mammoth billboards quote pithy sayings from Mrs. Gandhi, à la Chairman Mao—"The only cure for poverty is hard work," for instance, and "Discipline is the watchword of the hour"—implying that the hundreds of millions of poor and unemployed have only their indolence to blame for their plight. Government officials constantly proclaim Mrs. Gandhi's "New India" to be freer and more democratic than the old, pre-Emergency India. On Independence Day last August, President Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed said, "We enter the thirtieth year of freedom. . . . It is only by a general acceptance of certain norms of conduct by all concerned that a new era of self-imposed discipline can dawn. . . . The proclamation of Emergency is neither to gain more power than what the constitution provides for nor to switch over from one system to another but to bring about such economic, social, and political changes as have become relevant and necessary in the interest of the people of India." Mrs. Gandhi is also meeting with considerable success in exporting her brand of Newspeak; John Jacob, the president of the Singapore Indian Congress Party, last spring described the Emergency as "the magnificent changes that have come upon India today," and said that they "must be seen to be believed."

Ever since the Emergency, the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting—or, rather, its Directorate of Advertising and Visual Publicity—has been busy bringing out pamphlets that attack the immoral excesses and the conspiratorial designs of the opposition parties. One pamphlet is aimed at the Muslim party, Jamaat-e-Islami, saying, "Its religious fanaticism and separatist mentality strengthened the reactionary and Fascist forces in the country," while a companion pamphlet excoriates the most important Hindu political party, Jana Sangh, for, among other things, advocating the forcible assimilation of Muslims into the dominant Hindu culture. A pamphlet on the Communist Party of India (Marxist-Leninist), whose members are popularly called Naxalites, uses violent language to describe the Party's advocacy of violent revolution: "Hacking persons to death, playing football with severed heads, and drenching oneself in the blood of an exploiter were all justified by the CPI (ML)



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leadership." The pamphlet goes on to implicate Jaya Prakash Narayan, who is a pacifist, in such bloody politics, using the technique of guilt by association: "When Jaya Prakash Narayan launched his [1974 nonviolent] 'total revolution' programme, among the strange bedfellows in his company were the Naxalites, against whom only three years ago he had carried out a blistering campaign. JP [Jaya Prakash] had long discussions with the various factions of the CPI (ML) in Patna and Calcutta and enlisted their support. Bolstered by the safe cover provided by the JP-led movement, the Naxalites once again became active in parts of Bihar and unleashed their cult of terror and violence, resulting in the deaths of seven policemen."

But the Ministry discharges even more venom against the religious-political fringe movement called Anand Marg (Path of Bliss), formed around Prabhat Rainjan Sarkar, a sometime railway accountant turned would-be messiah and known to his worshipping devotees as Anandmurtiji. Since 1955, when he founded the movement, it has grown so rapidly that it now numbers in the millions and has centers all over the world. Strangely, many of its devotees in India are government servants, and this may be why the Ministry has singled it out for special attention. The government's case against Anand Marg—and Anandmurtiji—is set forth in a pamphlet with the brazen title "Soiling the Saffron Robe," which was supposedly written by a former Anand Marg member, one Nawal Kishore, who is identified as an ex-instructor and ex-performer of "rites with human skulls." The pamphlet says, "With such a personality cult as its basis, one should not be surprised if Anand Marg preaches stark dictatorship. . . . This concept of benevolent [*sic*] dictatorship smacks of Nazi ideology to a disgusting degree. . . . Anandmurtiji has, the devotees are told, no . . . weaknesses, and his appearance on the scene pronounces the advent of a messiah." The pamphlet later quotes a statement of condemnation ostensibly made by Sarkar's estranged wife, Uma, in 1971: "He regards himself as a parallel to God. . . . But his greed knows no bounds. . . . He did not create spiritual aspirants from among those boys whom he lured for a spiritual life. He began to engage them in different filthy acts." Mrs. Sarkar goes on to allege in her statement, which runs to several pages, that if her husband's devotees refused to do his bidding or were disloyal to him he tortured them or had them murdered. She

says that her husband would charm innocent young boys, persuading them that they were girls in their previous incarnation, and then use them as his homosexual partners. She says that he was so filled with self-importance and grandiose notions that he fancied he was better than "all art and literature of the world, all the great souls and saints, all geniuses." He made no secret of the fact that his ambition was "to become the emperor of the world." For several years, she watched with silent incredulity his religious and sexual antics, finally concluding he was actually an odious criminal, at which point she "bade him goodbye" and, taking their only child, a son, went into the world penniless but convinced that she was doing the right thing. "From that hour we are shelterless and completely insecure," she says. The pamphlet then gives this already incredible tale a strange twist, linking the movement with a C.I.A. spy and a United States government conspiracy. After noting that Sarkar and many of his disciples—called Margis—had been arrested and charged with murders, the pamphlet states:

In 1973, top Margis met in a conference in Katmandu and drew up plans to meet the situation arising out of the arrest of P. R. Sarkar. One of the key persons to attend this conclave was one Judie Marchel, a Harvard scholar, who joined the Marg while she was in Manila. At the instance of Avadhut Bimalanand, who had gone to the Philippines as Sarkar's emissary, she came to India in 1969 and stayed on. Soon she got very close to Anandmurti and took up the name Madhuri.

The exact whereabouts of Judie Marchel are not presently known, but it may not be too farfetched to surmise that she had links with the notorious American agency. However, it is reliably learnt that she has been launching a tirade against the Indian Government from Hong Kong and big cities of the U.S.A.

Not long ago, a Canadian lawyer, Claude-Armand Sheppard, visited India in behalf of the International Commission of Jurists, in Geneva, and the International League for Human Rights, in New York, in order to observe some of the court proceedings against Sarkar and his followers. In a report forwarded to his sponsors, he maintained that although in the conduct of this particular case the government continued to follow the legal niceties in "the finest British tradition," the conditions of the Emergency made it almost impossible for the defendants to obtain justice. In the Kafkaesque atmosphere of a police state, Sheppard said, witnesses are afraid to come forward, others are in hiding, still others are in jail themselves. "In other words," he

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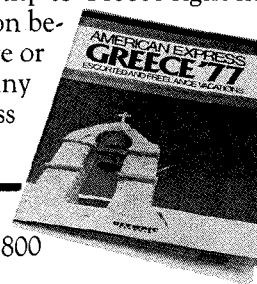
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observed, "the accused not only have arrayed against them the entire power of the Indian police establishment, but even if they had all the funds necessary to prepare an adequate defense, it is highly unlikely that they could find, or if they found them could produce, witnesses willing to testify on their behalf."

Last December, Sarkar and his devotees were found guilty.

SARKAR and company, of course, share their predicament with the leaders of other opposition groups and parties. And, since the Emergency, the ordinary citizen is no better off. He has been stripped of his legal protection and remedies. He no longer enjoys any of his constitutional freedoms: freedom of speech and assembly, of forming associations or unions, of travelling and living in any part of India, freedom to acquire, hold, and dispose of property, freedom to practice the trade or occupation of his choice. Deprived by the government of what was hitherto considered the most fundamental right of all—the right of habeas corpus—with the concurrence of the Supreme Court, he has been left defenseless.

In the meantime, the government has continued to build up a statutory and constitutional foundation for formalizing its arrogation of power to itself, so that if, for public-relations reasons, it does see fit to lift the Emergency completely one day, many of its measures will remain in effect. It has so altered the Maintenance of Internal Security Act and the Conservation of Foreign Exchange and Prevention of Smuggling Activities Act that it can now detain any person for two years—generally for any crime and specifically for economic crimes—without supplying him or a court with the grounds for his detention. Moreover, to rein in the middle class it has enacted, among other laws, the Urban Land Ceiling Regulation Act, which restricts the amount of land an individual can own in a city.

At the district level, the local political institutions have been undermined and their powers assumed by government offices. At the state level, two governments controlled by opposition parties—those of Tamil Nadu (formerly Madras) and Gujarat—were dismissed, so that all the states have been placed either directly or indirectly under Congress Party control. In the government, the power has been concentrated in an increasingly centralized bureaucracy, whose top echelons depend for their influence less on seniority,

as before, than on Mrs. Gandhi's favor. In fact, Mrs. Gandhi has transformed the constitutional apparatus around the Prime Minister into the monolithic machinery of a personal dictatorship: the Prime Minister's Secretariat has become the engine of the government, and the Research and Analysis Wing of the Secretariat has become her far-flung intelligence network. The border-security police, a paramilitary corps numbering some two hundred and fifty thousand, which was originally formed to guard the Indian borders, is now quartered in major Indian cities and also functions almost like her praetorian guard. The police force has been purged, and some thousands of its officers have been "retired in the public interest." Most of all, the nine hundred thousand men in the armed forces—the world's fourth-largest—have been placed under the tight personal control of the Prime Minister.

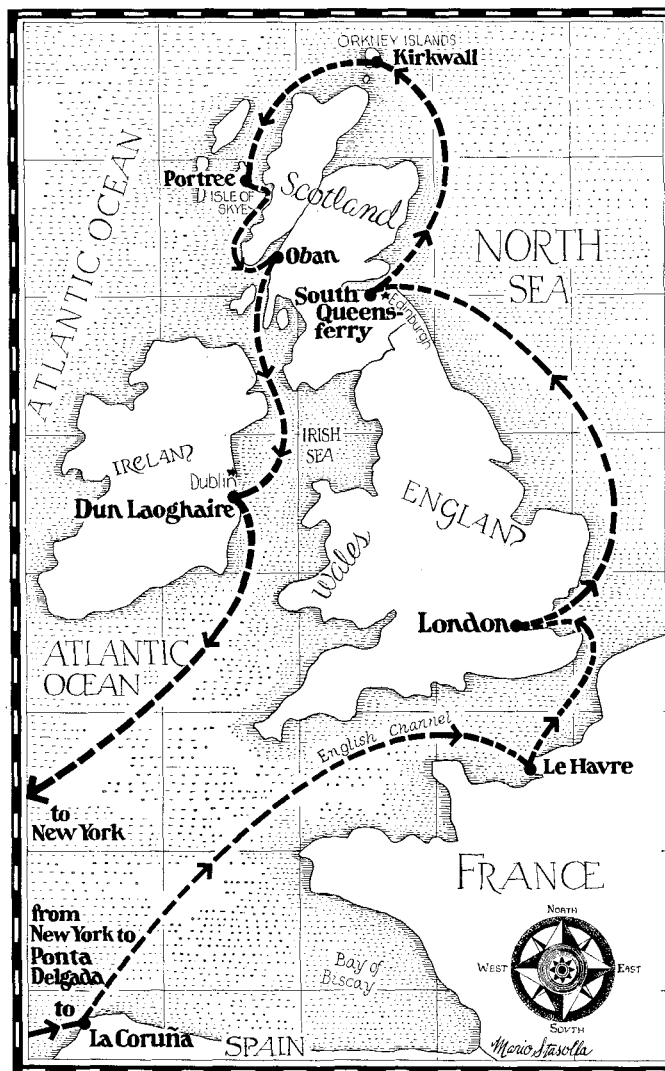
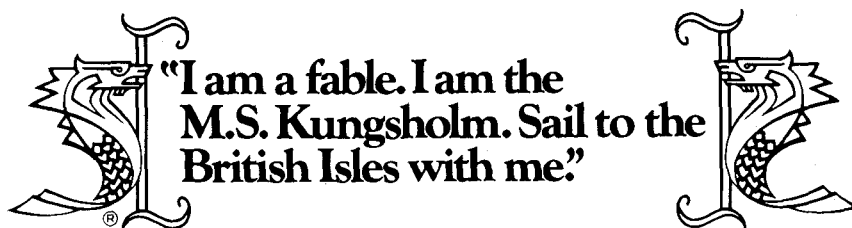
The Emergency amendments have been written into the constitution wholesale without recourse to a Constituent Assembly. The government was able to rewrite the constitution in this way with such dispatch because some of the opposition members of Parliament—and even some dissident Congress Party members—were in jail, and because Mrs. Gandhi's Supreme Court failed to insist that Parliament's power to amend the constitution is not absolute. (The Supreme Court had earlier held that the constitution's basic structure could not be altered by constitutional amendment, but it never defined that basic structure.) Last winter, the Congress Party



went as far as to establish a committee to suggest still other amendments. This group, known as the Swaran Singh Committee (named after the former Minister of Defense), recently suggested that the constitution be so amended that the courts would no longer have the power to review the substance of any constitutional amendment. Mrs. Gandhi not only adopted the proposal but also went a step further than the committee: last September her government introduced in Parliament a bill—the Forty-fourth Amendment bill, and one of half a dozen amendments since the Emergency—that would do away once and for all with the old system of constitutional checks and balances between the Parliament, the judiciary, and the executive in favor of outright executive autocracy. The courts as a whole would no longer have the authority to review the constitutionality of any law; the Supreme Court would be an exception,

but even there a two-thirds majority would be required to strike down any law. No court whatever would have the authority to review the constitutionality of any amendment, and the President, merely on the personal advice of the Prime Minister, would be able to place any particular state or region under emergency rule at any time. Last November, the lower house of Parliament passed the amendment bill. Subsequently, the largely ceremonial upper house gave its approval and the state legislatures ratified the amendment.

Mrs. Gandhi's emerging dictatorship is reminiscent of Mussolini's and Stalin's and possibly even Hitler's in the early years. Though Mrs. Gandhi's personality bears no resemblance whatever to Hitler's, in many ways her actions both leading up to the Emergency and under it recall Hitler's in 1933. Hitler blamed a conspiracy of the opposition for his emergency; so did Mrs. Gandhi for hers. Hitler became Chancellor of Germany with the reluctant assent of President Paul von Hindenburg; Mrs. Gandhi might have experienced considerable difficulty in having the emergency proclaimed if President Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed had been a strong man and had resisted her directive. Hitler claimed that he was suspending the political process to realize social and economic ends; Mrs. Gandhi has made the same claim. Hitler's civil servants and military officers continued to obey him, sometimes against their better judgment; so have Mrs. Gandhi's. In fact, Mrs. Gandhi's emergency measures faintly echo those of Hitler. (Hitler's decree, suspending the individual guarantees under the Weimar constitution, reads, in part, "Thus, restrictions on personal liberty, on the right of free expression of opinion, including freedom of the press; on the rights of assembly and association; violations of the privacy of postal, telegraphic, and telephonic communications; warrants for house searches; orders for confiscation, as well as restrictions on property, are permissible beyond the legal limits otherwise prescribed.") Hitler used his emergency to rout the opposition and to reorganize the government and the economy; this is how Mrs. Gandhi has been using hers. Mrs. Gandhi's constitution for the "New India" resembles Hitler's sweeping measure the so-called Enabling Law. She has often made allegations that the opposition, financed and goaded by foreign powers, was destroying India, and such statements of hers recall Hitler's seductive claim that Germany had been defeated in the First World War by a "stab in



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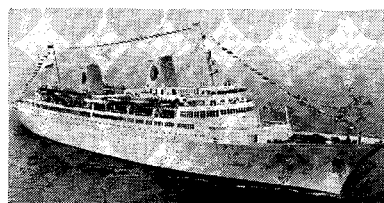
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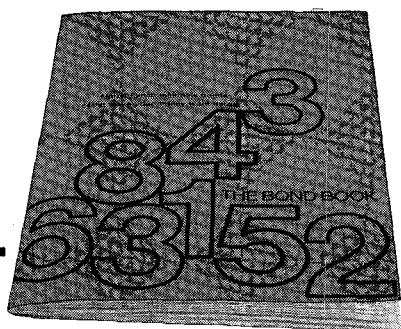


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the back." Indeed, Mrs. Gandhi may be ushering in an Indian version of Hitler's National Socialist regime, with private ownership of industry, farms, and service enterprises under state guidance. Even before the Emergency, the Indian state was the most powerful organization in the country, employing perhaps as much as a third of the work force, and serving as a patron of social, economic, and cultural bodies. It always had a cozy relationship not only with industry and commerce but also with all institutions of art and learning. Since the Emergency, the corporate state, personified by Mrs. Gandhi, has come into its own.

IN order to justify the Emergency, many supporters of Mrs. Gandhi's coup point to the other Third World countries, which have all sooner or later resorted to emergency rule, to "guided democracy," to one-party rule, to civil or military dictatorship, or to Communism; even the Philippines, they note, once a stable Asian democracy, has succumbed to dictatorship. They say that the failure of Western-type liberal democracy in one poor country after another was inevitable: that it was a foreign transplant kept alive by a native élite who had inherited not only liberal values but power from their colonial masters; that the authoritarianism of the Communist East is better suited to a poor country than the free institutions of the democratic West; that the Soviet Union, which rose from being one of the most backward countries in the world in the course of just over half a century to become one of its two superpowers, has more to teach a poor country than any of the advanced Western countries have; that the Western countries continue to be associated in the minds of the poor with imperialism, in part because of the British policies in what is now Malaysia, the French policies in Algeria and Indo-China, and the American policies in Vietnam, while the Soviet Union's domination of Eastern Europe has never been understood as imperialistic. The more sophisticated defenders of the Emergency have come up with an economic rationale: since without the investment of capital, which represents the difference between current production and current consumption, there can be no increase in either production or material wealth, and since current production in a poor country is so abysmally low that all of it vanishes in current consumption, a government must take Draconian measures to keep stable or actually reduce current

consumption in order to generate savings and capital for investment—something impossible in a democracy, where the government can be voted out of office. B. K. Nehru, a distant cousin of Mrs. Gandhi, recently wrote:

Political parties in a democracy must necessarily vie with each other to increase public expenditure, raise wages and salaries, and decrease taxation.... Contrast what happens under a system in which the executive government is not removable by the popular will—in a dictatorship.... The gap between production and consumption is initially increased by reducing consumption without regard to the intensity of the suffering [of the poor]. In the early days of the Soviet Union, [this] reduction in consumption was sometimes so great as to have caused death by famine.... This increased production is not allowed to be consumed but is again compulsorily saved and re-invested. The compounded result of this process, repeated year after year, is rapidly to increase the gross national product of the country, though its people continue to remain as poor and deprived as before. A rise in their standard of living is not permitted till such time as the rulers think that a sufficient rate of saving—and of growth—can be maintained, even if consumption is allowed to rise.

Supporters like B. K. Nehru argue that such a capital shortage can be alleviated in a poor country neither by the attraction of private foreign investment, which smacks of economic imperialism, and which, in any case, is not likely, because investors have more secure havens close to home, nor by an increase in trade, which seems impossible as long as the poor countries are forced to trade their comparatively cheap raw materials for expensive Western machinery and manufactured goods (scarcely any raw materials, with the possible exception of oil, are so basic as to permit the establishment of an effective cartel), nor by reliance on more foreign aid, which is likely to dry up as the Western countries become increasingly preoccupied with their own economic problems. A poor country, therefore, has no choice but to stand on its own feet, neglected and unaided, and try to bring about an economic revolution by totalitarian means, repugnant though they may be to the democratic conscience. These supporters contend, moreover, that in a poor country where few can read or write reform must, by its very nature, be paternalistic, and requires some sort of totalitarian shortcut. In their eyes, a political system is only a means to an end—the eradication of poverty. They write off the courts and Parliament, a free press, and other accoutrements of an open society as obstacles to reform—mere bourgeois luxuries. And, in any

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event, they maintain, the conditions in democratic India had so deteriorated that the country was all but ungovernable.

It is true that at the time of the Emergency forty per cent of the population had fallen below the government's poverty line—the absolute minimal conditions for mere survival. The five five-year plans for economic development which had been initiated since 1951 had only helped to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. (The emphasis in the early plans had been on heavy industry, such as steel plants, in the belief that that was the quickest way to industrialize the country and raise the standard of living. The emphasis in the later plans had been shifted to agriculture—for instance, to irrigation projects—but the shift had come so gradually and so halfheartedly that it had not as yet had much effect on the poor.) Even the much heralded “green revolution” had ended up benefitting mostly the rich landlords, who had big tracts of land and could afford expensive fertilizers. A series of droughts in the early nineteen-seventies, a worldwide recession, and the quadrupling of oil prices had all worked to produce acute shortages and spiralling inflation. Partly as a result, the migration from the villages to the cities had continued, adding to the ranks of the unregenerate urban poor—the pavement dwellers, the beggars, the malcontents. In the cities, party organizers and labor leaders were not above using the politics of agitation to build up personal followings. They would call out their supporters on strikes and picket lines at the slightest excuse, shutting down shops, offices, universities, steel plants, power plants, railways, airlines. Sometimes the shutdowns were intended to protest a government or business action, but more often they were intended merely to show political muscle. The businessmen or government officials who were the targets of such shutdowns were mostly able to insulate themselves against the economic consequences, so the real victims were the day laborers, like hawkers and coolies, who had no resources to tide them over. Political agitation had become so routine that it had almost evolved into a language of self-expression, a national culture in itself. But, in reality, this culture was only a reflection of the people's impotence. In the meantime, across the country industrial production was declining and public services were falling apart.

Mrs. Gandhi's coup met practically no resistance, in part because until in-

dependence the country had known little besides despotism, and therefore the democracy set up at that time had never taken root—in fact, had been used to mask what was actually an oligarchy. This oligarchy represented the middle class (there is no upper class to speak of), and this middle class, mostly urban, included only somewhere between three and fifteen per cent of the total population, depending on the economic criteria one uses. In any event, the powerless poor, who had never had a stake in the government, were steadily increasing and overwhelming the middle class. At the same time, the five national elections since independence had shown that the government was more and more becoming the hostage of ever-narrowing caste and class interests—of self-serving politicians, administrators, businessmen, landlords, and Brahmins. The Congress Party was smug, complacent, and decadent, whereas, despite a show of unity just before the Emergency, the opposition parties were weak and fragmented, in part because their experience of power was limited to the ruling of an occasional state. Their members were constantly changing their political affiliation or founding splinter parties, sometimes around demagogic leaders with extremist ideologies. Even Parliament and the state legislatures had become notorious for disorder; their members would brawl on the floor of the house, and occasionally even hurl brickbats or use physical intimidation to prevent ministers and party leaders from discharging their duties. Whenever Parliament and the legislatures mobilized themselves and enacted a piece of daring social legislation, such as land reform, it would be circum-



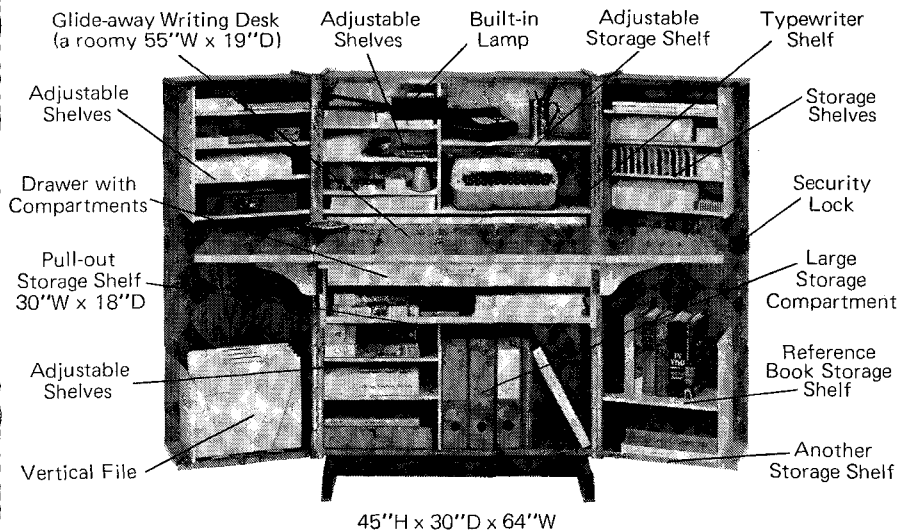
vented: either the land-reform legislation would be tied up in the courts for years by landlords or, if it put a ceiling on the size of holdings, the land would simply be subdivided among the landlords' families. Not only Parliament and the legislatures but also the courts were dominated by middle-class interests, and used procedures and language bearing little relation to the needs of the poor. The law was being brought into increasing disrepute, the business of governing made more difficult. As anarchy and lawlessness spread, in and out of the government, power became increasingly concentrated in Delhi. When a state proved incapable of governing itself, the central government, using the emergency provisions of the constitution, took its government over. One result of such moves was that the

leaders of states still governing themselves were so fearful of losing their authority and power to the central government that they often functioned as a kind of cat's-paw for the Prime Minister.

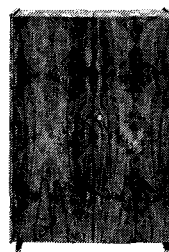
Today, Mrs. Gandhi's supporters are daily parading the Emergency's gains. They say that the Emergency has given the country a new sense of purpose; that its extraordinary powers have brought to heel corrupt officials, black marketeers, tax evaders, smugglers, and unscrupulous union leaders; that it has ended strikes, picketing, and absenteeism. Furthermore, they say, the power of landlords and money-lenders has been cut down; bonded peasants have been given relief from their debts. Also, the Emergency has made it possible to distribute some land to the landless in the villages. It has made it possible to undertake urban land development: beggars, pavement squatters, and slum dwellers have been rounded up and given gainful employment in public projects. Even the rate of inflation has been brought down, from about thirty per cent during the preceding year to ten. These supporters go on to make more extravagant claims. They say that for the first time both private and public industries are functioning well; that the universities have been revived as centers of learning; that judicial hairsplitting and litigious delays have been done away with. The Emergency, according to them, has relieved businesses and government from political agitation and partisan pressures, and lifted morale, allowing the government to pursue pragmatic economic policies, whether associated with the left or with the right. For example, while pursuing such Socialist policies as land reform the government has been able to liberalize licensing regulations for businessmen and offer budgetary incentives to foreign investors. The consequent increase in the flow of exports has been partly responsible for an increase in foreign exchange, which the country needs in order to import oil and technology. International agencies and Western governments now contribute about two billion dollars a year, or one-sixth of India's national budget, in loans and grants. Economic and political conditions are judged now to be so stable, they say, that the World Bank is advocating more foreign investment in India.

THE Emergency's critics, many of them Indians who had previously settled abroad or who have fled since the Emergency, reject all the argu-

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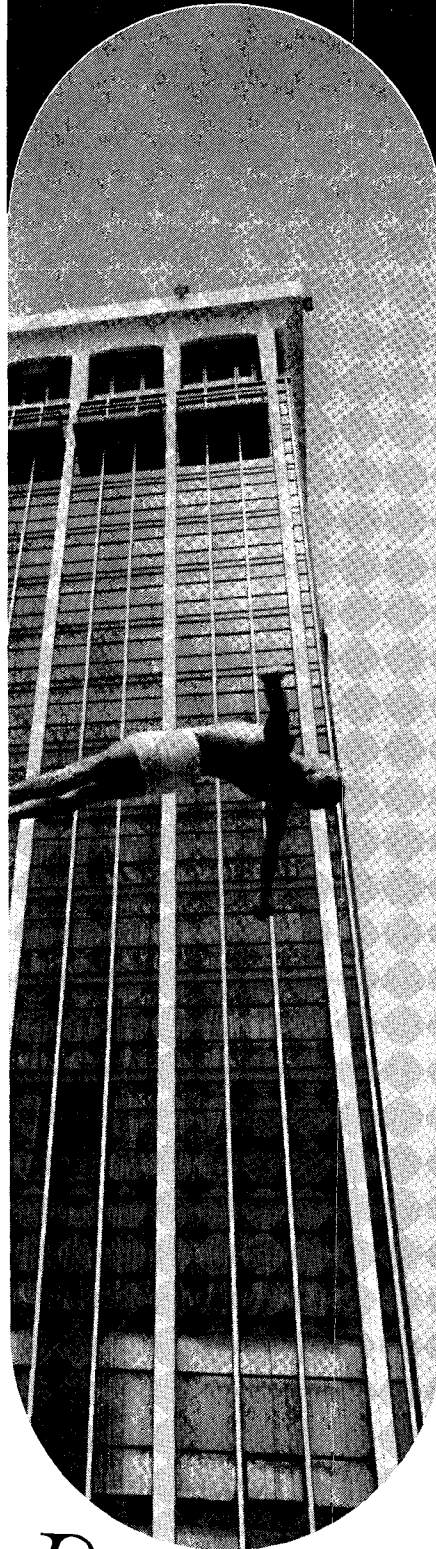
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ments of its supporters. They grant some of the Emergency's gains, but they claim that these are short-lived and point to signs of a return of pre-Emergency troubles. Inflation is now heating up again, they say; recently there have been rises in the prices of coal, steel, cement, textiles, and food grains. (In any case, some say, the inflation had been brought under control a year before the Emergency was proclaimed—when, in the spring of 1974, the government broke the national strike of the railway workers' union by rounding up and arresting thousands of union workers.) These critics maintain that the political arguments of Mrs. Gandhi's supporters may explain the reasons for a poor country's turning to Communism but not for its turning to military or personal dictatorship, and they dismiss the economic argument as beside the point and obfuscatory: not only does the argument ignore the fact that capital shortage is a universal condition but it blithely assumes that a given poor country has at some point been hospitable to democracy, when in fact most poor countries have never known anything better than oligarchy—a system whose leaders have never hesitated to take totalitarian measures in their own interests. They declare that the Emergency cannot offer even a temporary solution to India's basic problem—providing the unemployed and the landless peasants with work, which, in an agrarian society, must be in agriculture. Mrs. Gandhi cannot expect much further help on a large scale from the governments of Western democracies, whose people are philosophically opposed to the Emergency; from the Soviet Union, which has not been known to be generous with its economic aid; or from the multinational corporations, which can make more money from their investments in South America and other parts of Asia than they can from any investment in much more inefficient and impoverished India, and which, in any case, tend to invest in mechanization—something that in India would have the effect of increasing unemployment and poverty. The critics say that for the past nineteen months the Emergency has closed off safety valves for discontent and so encouraged forces of Balkanization in the country that it deprived the opposition parties of necessary means of again taking an active part in regular politics—that it, in fact, provided the Congress Party with an opportunity to decimate them, and so made many in the ranks of the opposition parties turn

in desperation to thoughts of violent revolution; that although the leadership of the pro-Soviet Communist Party of India supported Mrs. Gandhi officially in the early months of the Emergency, apparently under orders from the Soviet Union, some of the rank and file of the Party have been quietly drifting away to join the pro-Chinese Communist Party of India (Marxist-Leninist), which has never had any use for Mrs. Gandhi. The critics contend, further, that the Emergency has transferred power from an oligarchy to a cabal, from caste and class to family and family dynasty, and thereby further centralized the government and divorced it from the governed. They say that the rise of Sanjay as heir apparent and the rewriting of the constitution have institutionalized the Emergency into a form of tyranny, and that the suspension of habeas corpus, in particular, has left everyone open to harassment and persecution by petty officials, even in matters unrelated to politics. In fact, without habeas corpus every constable is potentially a petty dictator—in his way as powerful as the mother Prime Minister or her son. The Emergency has so streamlined the channels of bribery and corruption that there are now fewer people to buy off, and, without the fear of Parliamentary, public, or legal consequences, they can deliver more. Indeed, instead of removing the existing inequities the Emergency may even have introduced new ones. Moreover, the Muslims, who formerly regarded Mrs. Gandhi as their defender and had seen in the Emergency a check to Hindu dominance, are now alarmed by the government's nearly year-old campaign for sterilization to control population, which they regard as an anti-Muslim offensive. Many of the poor in the cities, who also saw in Nehru's daughter a personal champion, have become embittered and discontented because they have been separated from their homes and livelihoods—such as they were—and made to live in what are essentially forced-labor camps.

Some critics even argue that Mrs. Gandhi's record as a whole—she has been Prime Minister now for a decade—has been dismal. Ashok Mitra, a respected Indian economist, speaking freely from England, where he spent a year at the University of Sussex, has noted in an interview he gave to the *Washington Post* that in the ten years of her regime per-capita income has failed to rise, industrial production has risen less than three per cent per year,



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ESPECIAL

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The Hawaiian Islands. You'll get the feel of them the moment you come to them. Deep sweet colors on the land, cooling tradewinds to rustle the palms, a sun that warms your heart and tans your hide.

Here in the middle of a big blue sea, good feelings come flowing like sunlight in the surf. We're a sentimental bunch. No one knows how it happened, but that's the way we are.

Maybe it springs from the beauty all around us. Maybe it comes from within ourselves. But somewhere here in a rain-bow blend of the Pacific's peoples, cultures and customs, we've come upon an ancient secret: it's silly to be a stranger, it's fun to be a friend.

Maui is two islands for the price of one, joined by a green isthmus featuring a lofty volcanic spire called the Iao Needle. On the western island is the town of Lahaina, once the Pacific's whaling capital. It used to be rowdy: the fort was used to protect the missionaries from the whalers. Today the town is full of intriguing shops and places to eat. Kaanapali, three miles of golf, tennis, sandy beach and deluxe resorts, is nearby, and there's a restored sugar cane train that connects to Lahaina.

The eastern island is dominated by Mt. Haleakala, a colossal dormant volcano. It's big enough to drop Manhattan inside. At the farthest end of the island, past countless waterfalls, is the sleepy, enchanted

All in all, you'll find more sights, excitement and history on Hawaii than you can imagine. The Big Island.

Molokai is less diverting but in lots of ways just as delightful. It's quiet and it's lovely, it's old-time and comfortable. You can take a trail or a pack-mule train and see wild goats and deer. Sequestered here and there on the island are fine hotels. Kaunakakai (remember the song about the cockeyed mayor?) is the capital, population 1,070. If you want to get away, the getting's good on Molokai.

Lanai is a giant pineapple plantation with one tiny hotel. Most of Lanai is privately owned, but you're welcome there anyway. Beachcomb on a shipwreck shore, hunt

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It brings us all together and makes us much alike. Yet there is wonder in our difference. Each of our islands is different, too. **Kauai**, geologically, is the oldest. Many say it's the most lush, probably because it's had so long to grow. The most beautiful spots on earth may be Hanalei Valley and the northshore beaches; movie crews come here to film Paradise.

Captain Cook first landed at Waimea, and Hawaii's first sugar mill still stands at Koloa. You'll love the riverboat ride to Fern Grotto. High on Mt. Waialeale are fantastic rain forests. Waimea Canyon and the Na Pali Cliffs are so spectacular we're speechless.

village of Hana. See it, but don't wake it.

Hawaii is the big island, as large as the rest put together. So what do we call it? The Big Island. It's got the two biggest mountains — measured from ocean floor to sky — in the world. Mauna Kea is often capped with snow, but Mauna Loa plays with fire. It's part of Hawaii Volcanoes National Park, where Kilauea Crater still smokes angrily from the 1975 eruption.

At charming Hilo, not far away, you'll find Rainbow Falls, fine hotels and millions of orchids. Beaches around the island give you a choice of white, green, or black sand. Kona has magnificent billfishing, and the whole western coast is filled with great golf and tennis at luxury resorts.

for legends and ruins, swim at pretty Hulopoe Bay. Do what you want — you're on your own.

Oahu is the gathering place, the big time. Honolulu is one of the most appealingly cosmopolitan cities in the world. Concerts and museums, wondrous cuisines; temples and shrines and our own Royal Palace. Waikiki Beach, lazing in the lee of Diamond Head, spends its days soaking up the sun. Come nightfall, it lights back the sky with shows and celebration.

All around the island, Oahu is loaded with wonderful things to see and do. And so, in each one's separate way, is every island. Ask your travel agent.

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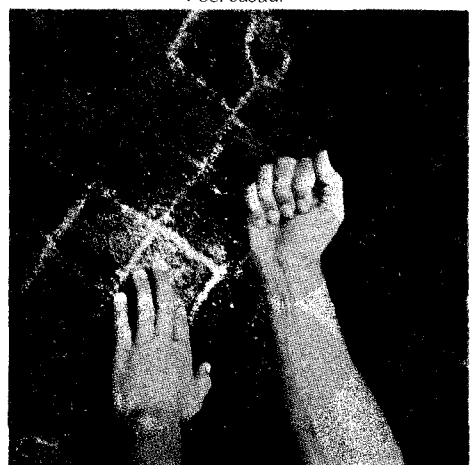
Feel casual



Feel great



Feel famous



Feel the past

Few words ring with power like this one: Turbo. These two pulse-quickeners are the Porsche 936 and the Porsche Turbo Carrera. The first Turbo Carreras hit the American highway over a year ago and the ground hasn't stopped shaking since. Nor is it likely to. This automobile's awesome behavior is the immediate result of the only standard equipment turbocharger available to the American driver. And though figures can't begin to convey what this car is all about, imagine: at 5500 RPM it develops 234 HP. It will go from stop to sixty in less than six seconds. Yet, in the thick of traffic or on a winding country road, this car needn't be handled with kid driving

gloves. It is responsive in the most well-mannered way. In the serenity of the leather interior, soothed by four-speaker stereo, one could momentarily forget the thunderous potential of the fastest production Porsche ever built. Of course, there is scant likelihood of a similar lapse at the wheel of a Porsche 936. This is the 520 HP, 200 MPH Porsche that Jacky Ickx and Gijs van Lennep took for a spin at LeMans this year. Fifty-four other cars left the starting line that day. Twenty-four hours later, the world's most grueling endurance race was over.

And, once again, nothing had even come close.

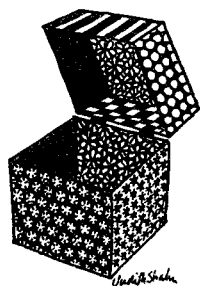


PORSCHE

NOTHING EVEN COMES CLOSE.

and farm production has risen by only one per cent per year. (In the preceding ten years, industrial production and farm production had annually risen more than eight per cent and three and four-tenths per cent respectively.) Mitra says that Mrs. Gandhi's record since the Emergency began has been no better. It is true that she has redistributed some land to landless farmers, but the amount distributed is only seven hundred thousand acres, or less than two-tenths of one per cent of India's total of four hundred million acres under cultivation. Instead of freeing the debt-ridden peasants by cancelling their debts outright, as her left-wing supporters were urging her to do, she has only imposed a debt moratorium. The real beneficiaries of her Emergency rule are the landlords and moneylenders. Mitra maintains that many of the other ostensible gains of the Emergency—like the essentially Socialist Twenty-Point Program for economic development, which Mrs. Gandhi announced during the first days of the Emergency—are more rhetorical than substantive, and, in any case, did not require her to resort to emergency measures. The economic gains that there have been—most notably huge surpluses in food grains—are due more to the extraordinarily good monsoons in the last two years than to the Emergency, but Mitra feels that the government will believe its own propaganda and take credit for the surpluses. Mrinal Datta-Chaudhuri, writing in the final issue of the Indian monthly *Seminar*, a magazine compelled by the government to suspend publication last July, made the same point: "It is not true that propaganda works on its intended victims alone; it can also create powerful self-delusions."

MRS. GANDHI has repeatedly said that she had no choice but to proclaim the Emergency, because there was a "conspiracy" of "the opposition" to bring her and her constitutionally elected government down by unconstitutional, extra-Parliamentary political agitation—by a mass national uprising springing from the so-called people's movement. She claims that what "the opposition" had failed to achieve constitutionally at the polls since independence it was trying just before the Emergency to achieve through political agitation. In support of this claim, she points to the fortnight of "opposition"-led "Resign, Indira" rallies in Delhi between the time of her con-



viction and the Emergency, and specifically to the public rally on the eve of the Emergency which was presided over by the leaders of several opposition parties. It was at this rally that she was put on notice that if she did not voluntarily resign there would be week-long nonviolent resistance—protest marches, picketing, strikes—and that Jaya Prakash Narayan issued his supposed call for mutiny. But there is a question whether these rallies, exhortations, and threats amounted to a conspiracy, and even whether there was such a thing as "the opposition." In letters and articles smuggled out of the country, the leaders of the opposition parties insist that "the opposition" was Mrs. Gandhi's bugaboo—that, at most, it was

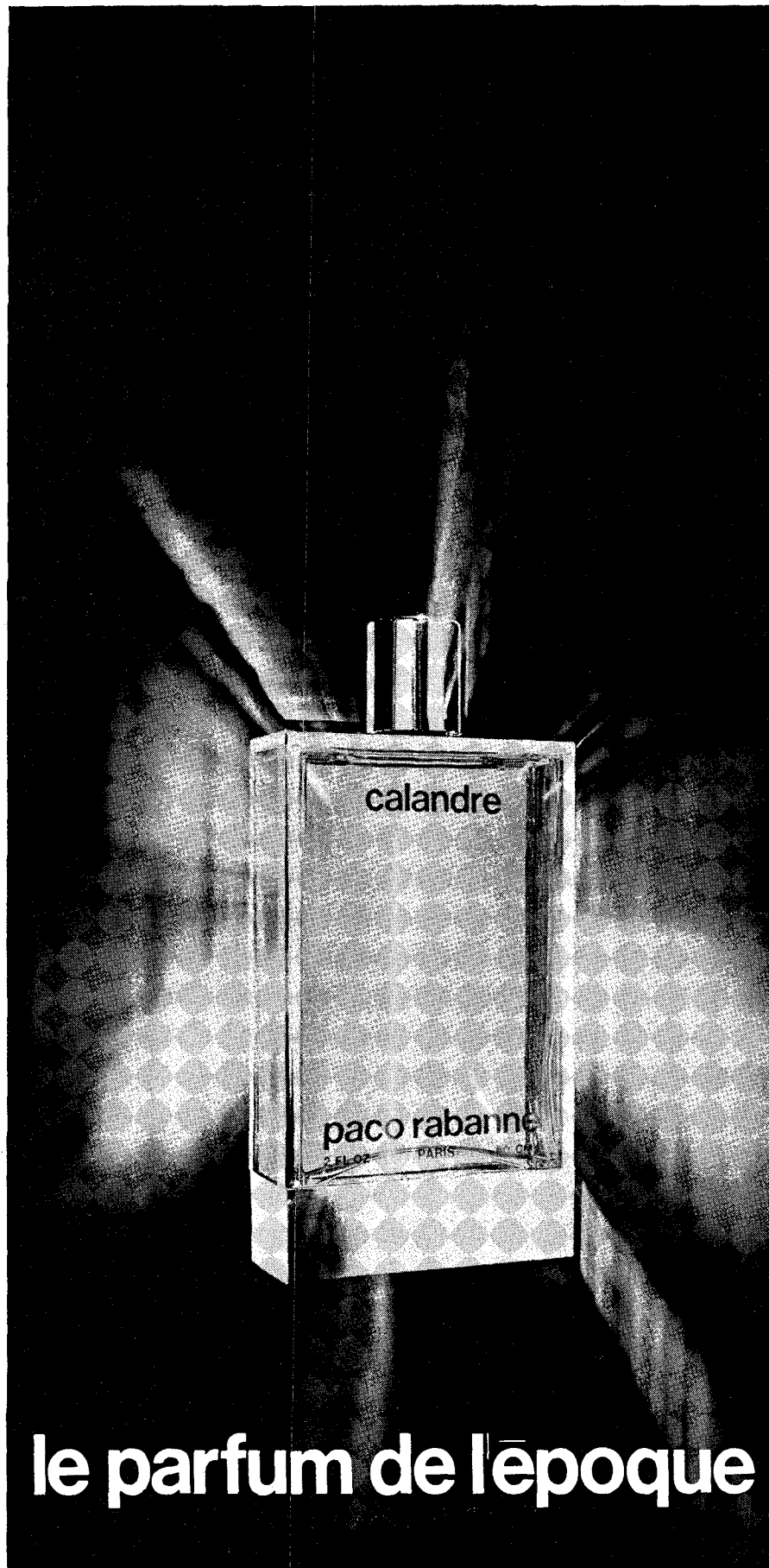
a loose temporary alliance of some minority parties. They say that their "Resign, Indira" rallies and the planned protest movement were in the hallowed tradition of Mahatma Gandhi and the independence struggle, and that, in any case, for a "felon" to continue as Prime Minister was an affront to the democratic system. Moreover, it was a universally accepted principle, confirmed by the Nazi war criminals' trial at Nuremberg and even possibly by Lieutenant William Calley's trial at Fort Benning, that it was not incumbent on any man to carry out illegal orders; Jaya Prakash Narayan had recently witnessed policemen in his own state of Bihar mowing down innocent bystanders and students and was so haunted by that memory that he did not want a repetition of it in Delhi. The leaders of the opposition parties have been quoted in underground pamphlets as saying that the protest campaign was directed against Mrs. Gandhi, not against the government or against democracy. In the view of these leaders, she was herself at the head of a conspiracy, which was intended to frame them and to establish a constitutional dictatorship—the most difficult form of government to dislodge. Not surprisingly, Mrs. Gandhi has never missed an opportunity over the past nineteen months to proclaim that all her Emergency measures were constitutional and that India was still a democracy. Like Humpty Dumpty in "Through the Looking-Glass," she seems to be saying that when she uses a word it means just what she chooses it to mean—neither more nor less. Not long ago, M. C. Chagla, a retired public servant who had been a Chief Justice of the Bombay High Court and also Minister of External Affairs in Mrs. Gandhi's government and who



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now suddenly finds himself in the "opposition" camp, observed, "The curious thing is this—we are accused of being Fascists, of being 'right revisionists.' . . . They are the democrats. I do not think that there can be a greater linguistic perversity than to call us Fascists and call themselves democrats." (Chagla delivered these remarks—which were eventually published abroad—at a conference in Ahmadabad, in Gujarat, before Mrs. Gandhi dissolved the state's opposition government; he was not unmindful of the risks he was running: "Anybody like you and I may be shut behind the bars . . . and they need not tell me why they shut me up and might give the reason that I have delivered this speech today.")

Jaya Prakash Narayan was one of the first "opposition" members to be taken prisoner under the Emergency. He was in his seventies, and so sick—he had been a diabetic for many years—that after four and a half months he was released. For a year or so now, his political activities have been much curtailed, not only because of the Emergency but also because of a kidney condition that forces him to spend practically every second day attached to a dialysis machine. But he remains a passionate critic of Mrs. Gandhi. He wrote a letter to her on December 5, 1975, which immediately started circulating in the underground and which surfaced last February in *The Far Eastern Economic Review*, published in Hong Kong. In the letter, he says that the so-called people's movement, far from being a general uprising, was restricted to one state, Bihar, and that his and the movement's aims, far from being revolutionary, were to improve the food-distribution system, check corruption, carry out land-reform legislation, work to improve the condition of the untouchables, and curb social evils connected with divorce and the dowry—aims not unlike the professed aims of the Emergency. "Thus, the plan of which you speak . . . is a figment of your imagination thought up to justify your totalitarian measures," he writes to Mrs. Gandhi. He scolds her like a father, telling her that she must have a "guilty conscience" or she would not feel the need to daily air her spurious reasons for proclaiming the Emergency. He is certain, however, that she will not succeed in these efforts to "damn the opposition to political perdition," because, he says, he has faith in the good sense of the people. He continues:

You are reported to have said that democracy is not more important than the nation. Are you not presuming too much, Madam Prime Minister? You are

not the only one who cares for the nation. Among those whom you have detained or imprisoned there are many who have done as much for the nation as you. And every one of them is as good a patriot as yourself. So please do not apply salt to our wounds by lecturing to us about the nation.

Moreover, it is a false choice that you have formulated. There is no choice between democracy and the nation.

After remarking that a democratic constitution can be changed only by a Constituent Assembly, not by Emergency decrees, laws, and constitutional amendments, Narayan writes:

If Justice, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity have not been rendered to "all its citizens" [as is mandated by the constitution] even after a quarter of a century of signing of that Constitution, the fault is not that of the Constitution or of democracy but of the Congress Party that has been in power in Delhi all these years. It is precisely because of that failure that there is so much unrest among the people and the youth. Repression is no remedy for that... It only compounds the failure...

Having performed this unpleasant duty, may I conclude with a few parting words of advice? You know I am an old man. My life's work is done... I have given all my life... to the country and asked for nothing in return. So I shall be content to die a prisoner [he is speaking metaphorically] under your regime.

Would you listen to the advice of such a man? Please do not destroy the foundations that the Fathers of the Nation, including your noble father, had laid down. There is nothing but strife and suffering along the path that you have taken. You inherited a great tradition, noble values, and a working democracy. Do not leave behind a miserable wreck of all that. It would take a long time to put all that together again. For it would be put together again, I have no doubt. A people who fought British imperialism and humbled it cannot accept indefinitely the indignity and shame of totalitarianism. The spirit of man can never be vanquished, no matter how deeply suppressed. In establishing your personal dictatorship you have buried it deep. But it will rise from the grave. Even in Russia it is slowly coming up.

You have talked of social democracy. What a beautiful image those words call to the mind. But you have seen in eastern and central Europe how ugly is the reality: Naked dictatorship and in the ultimate analysis Russian overlordship. Please, please do not push India toward that terrible fate...

You have accused the opposition and me of every kind of villainy. But let me assure you that if you do the right things—for instance... take the opposition into confidence, heed its advice—you will receive the willing cooperation of every one of us. For that you need not destroy democracy. The ball is in your court. It is for you to decide.

With these parting words, let me bid you farewell. May God be with you.

"IN my opinion, only two amendments to our constitution would suffice to make the whole of it com-

paco.....

to his friends



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pletely progressive," S. K. Madhavan, one of Mrs. Gandhi's critics, caustically commented at an illegal meeting of citizens in Calcutta last June. "The first one should be 'I, Indira Gandhi, should continue to be the Prime Minister of India till my death;' the second one should be 'After me, my son Sanjay Gandhi should continue in that position till the end of his life.'" In 1928, when Indira Gandhi was eleven years old, she eagerly watched as her regal grandfather, Motilal Nehru, was drawn in a carriage along a Calcutta street by thirty-four white horses ridden by thirty-four uniformed Congress Party volunteers. He was on his way to a session of the Congress Party. He was one of the most important leaders of the independence struggle and was the president of the Congress that year. A year afterward, she watched as her father, Jawaharlal Nehru, rode past on a white charger—very much the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. He was surrounded by a detachment of Congress Party volunteers on horses and followed by a herd of elephants. He, too, was going to a Congress session, this time in Lahore. Later that day, she looked on proudly as her grandfather, much like a monarch passing on his crown and sceptre to his son and heir, stepped down from the Congress presidency in favor of his son. (It was the first time in the forty-five-year history of the Congress Party that a son had succeeded his father.) Within a few months, her grandfather was dead and her father was in prison.

From childhood, Indira felt herself destined for political life. She was a romantic girl living in historic times of dramatic political struggle. As far back as she could remember, she had dreamed of becoming a second Joan of Arc. "Do you remember how fascinated you were when you first read the story of Jeanne d'Arc, and how your ambition was to be something like her?" her father wrote to her from prison in 1930. "If we are to be India's soldiers we have India's honor in our keeping, and that honor is a sacred trust. . . . One little test I shall ask you to apply whenever you are in doubt. . . . Never do anything in secret or anything that you would wish to hide. For the desire to hide anything means that you are afraid, and fear is a bad thing and unworthy of you. Be brave, and all the rest follows. . . . And if you do so, my dear, you will grow up a child of the light, unafraid and serene and unruffled, whatever may happen. . . . Goodbye, little one, and may you grow up into a brave soldier in India's serv-

ice." (This was the first of a series of letters he wrote to her from prison over a period of three years; they were eventually published in a volume entitled "Glimpses of World History.")

Indira's father became Prime Minister of independent India in 1947 and ruled for almost seventeen years as a sort of democratically elected monarch. For most of that time, she lived with her widowed father as his official hostess and his confidante; she was his sole heir. Mainly because of her family's position in recent Indian history, she was given a major commission in 1959: she was made the president of the Congress Party. Her second major commission came in 1966: she was made the Prime Minister.

Married in 1942, she was left a widow in 1960, with two young sons—Rajiv, born in 1944, and Sanjay, born in 1946. Sanjay has been his mother's political confidant since the Emergency and received his first official political commission in December of 1975: he was made a member of the executive committee of the youth wing of the Congress Party. During Nehru's Prime Ministership, it was a parlor game to guess who would succeed him, and at one time or another various Congress leaders were put forward as candidates. During Mrs. Gandhi's Prime Ministership, everyone has taken it for granted, at least since the Emergency, that Sanjay will succeed his mother. "The Prime Minister has undoubtedly endorsed her son's arrogation of power, much as her father encouraged her own early political career," *The Economist* noted not long ago. "Amateur psychologists in India offer two plausible explanations for this phenomenon: the classic suspiciousness of a dictator who ends up trusting only family and family retainers; the equally classic guilt of a working mother and single parent who overcompensates by bestowing gifts." Some psychologists also offer a third: the all-embracing love of a traditional Hindu mother, in whose eyes a son can do no wrong. But the political explanation for Sanjay's ascendancy may lie in his ruthless counsel to his mother to proclaim the Emergency. Interestingly, his ascendancy coincided with the arrest of Jaya Prakash Narayan, Mrs. Gandhi's spiritual father; it was as if Nehru had arrested Mahatma Gandhi to enthrone his own child.

By now, a personality cult has grown up around Mrs. Gandhi and Sanjay. In the first nine months of the Emergency, a hundred and eighty documentary films were made about

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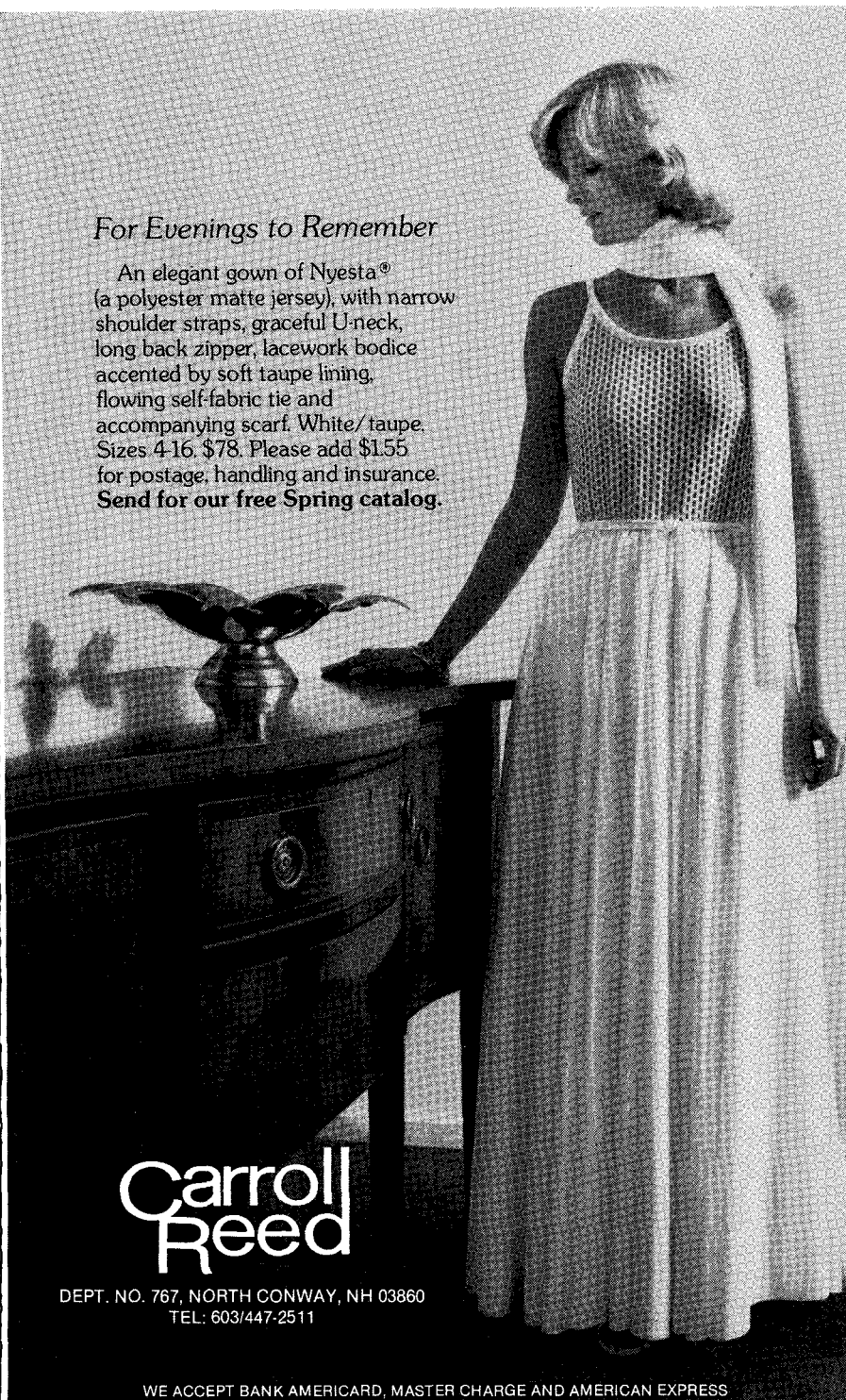
her and the Twenty-Point Program. (In one of the films, she was asked by a reporter why she thought no one ever tried to push her around, and she replied, "Well, because they know that—I mean, it has no effect, so they can waste their breath if they want to.") During the Emergency, Sanjay began to be compared to the sun, the moon, and "the rising orbs." In the early months of the Emergency, the newspapers gave him a lot of front-page space, reporting on his whirlwind tours of the states—his receptions at airports by chief ministers, his walks through slums, his work for flood relief in Bihar. And his activities were not only featured on the front pages but also hailed by full-page advertisements inside, bought by private firms seeking favors from the government. Later, for a short time, his activities were played down: there were discreet stories on the inside pages—reporting, say, that a canal had been named after him, or that his supporters in the state of Uttar Pradesh had urged him to stand for Parliament, proclaiming him "Messiah Sanjay." Some mother-and-son-watchers, to whom Sanjay had become something of a devil figure, said that Mrs. Gandhi had cut him down to size because he wanted to move much faster politically than she was ready for him to; others said that he was receiving too much exposure and so was in danger of becoming a scapegoat for the Emergency; and still others said that Mrs. Gandhi simply wanted to build up Sanjay slowly and so, with the assumption of power, his work had become more routine.

Whatever the truth, important differences of both style and substance exist between mother and son. She is a Socialist, even a pro-Communist; he is a conservative and pro-capitalist. She still talks as if she would like to restore democracy someday or other; he seems to have no patience with it. Her constituency is made up of a loose alliance of the poor, the civil servants, and the intelligentsia, who still see in her the hope of attaining Socialist goals; his constituency is made up of big and small businessmen, who would like to get rich while helping with the modernization of the country. She has her Twenty-Point Program, which has some resemblance to the old five-year plans; he has given himself over to a Four-Point Program—the control of population growth, the beautification of the country, the extension of literacy, and the abolition of the dowry—which he recommends to the young and the eager, presenting it as within the means

of anyone, however small or powerless, and which has about it the air of the princely do-gooder. (He has also recently identified himself with the abolition of the caste system.) Whereas her twenty points are expressed in officialese, his four points are expressed in slogans: "Plan Your Family," "One Man, One Tree," "Each One Teach One," and "Marry Without Dowry." In Connaught Circus, where Mrs. Gandhi has a sixty-foot billboard to advertise her twenty points, he has a ten-foot billboard to advertise his four points. Sanjay, moreover, has been seen by some as a symbol of the youth of the Congress Party—as a symbol that the Congress is committed not to any one ideology of the right or left but only to social and economic progress. He himself has let it be known that he thinks the country should be governed by the young, or, at least, by people under fifty. (His mother is fifty-nine.) There are now actually two power centers—Mrs. Gandhi's official Cabinet and Sanjay's kitchen Cabinet. One is made up of Party leaders, the other of Sanjay's freewheeling friends, most of whom are Punjabis, notorious for their tough, aggressive ways, and some of whom are relatives of his Punjabi wife, Menaka. Until the Emergency, Mrs. Gandhi had relied for advice primarily on half a dozen high-caste, smooth-talking Brahmans from Kashmir—the homeland of the Nehrus—who were dubbed by English-language newspapers "the Kashmiri Mafia." Now they have been mostly replaced by Sanjay's rough-and-ready "Punjabi Mafia." Sanjay's Chef de Cabinet is a Punjabi, Bansi Lal, who models himself on Pratap Singh Khairon, a former autocratic chief minister of the Punjab, whom the same papers called "the Al Capone of Indian politics," and who met his death through assassination. In 1969, Bansi Lal, as chief minister of Haryana, a state bordering on Delhi, helped Sanjay get a tract of land for his car factory. He has since become one of Sanjay's closest friends, and in December of 1975 he was made Mrs. Gandhi's Minister of Defense. The members of the inner circles of mother and son now overlap considerably. In addition to Bansi Lal, they include a former member of the Prime Minister's Secretariat, Yashpal Kapoor, whose political work in Allahabad was the basis for the judgment against Mrs. Gandhi; B. K. Dhavan, Kapoor's cousin; and Mohammad Yunus, an old family friend. Sanjay, through his relationship with Bansi Lal, at one point tried to ingratiate himself with the Army,

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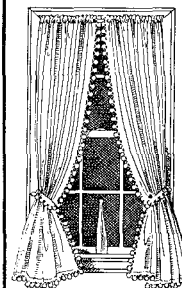
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which, however, resisted his efforts; apparently, despite the pressures of the Emergency, the Army has continued to maintain an essentially self-imposed insulation from politics. (Sanjay has had more luck with the civil service, especially after a few civil servants were transferred or were given early retirement because they resisted his directives.)

Last August, Sanjay was the subject of a cover story in the Independence Day issue of the English-language *Illustrated Weekly*, the magazine most widely read by India's middle class. Khushwant Singh, the elder statesman of Indian journalism who is its editor, wrote the story, in which Sanjay is touted as one who has "roused the conscience of young people" and "injected a sense of urgency" and "shown how coils of red tape can be untangled." Singh goes on to note that "though he has come to be feared and hated by some, he is looked up to by the vast majority of the people as the hope of the future." Singh's physical description of Sanjay is equally flattering. He credits Sanjay with fair skin—a coveted attribute—and dark, "fiercely intense and honest eyes." Singh observes, "Despite the receding hairline he is an incredibly handsome young man," and goes on to add, "A faint smile hovers about his lips, but you can never be sure whether he is amused or bored, pleased or irritated." Sanjay is also presented as shy, withdrawn, and careful. The article is accompanied by a horoscope predicting for Sanjay the Prime Ministership, dangerous women, and an ascetic retirement, and there are illustrations with fulsome captions. (One caption describes rather fantastically how, thanks to Sanjay, seven hundred and fifty thousand former Delhi slum dwellers now live at last like human beings—in new colonies, with roads, parks, banks, and community television sets.)

Singh is at pains to point out that although he interviewed Sanjay for more than two hours Sanjay managed to elude him; it may be that, in spite of himself, he so exposed the character of his subject that he felt the need to protect himself.

Singh asks Sanjay when he started taking an interest in politics.

"When? I can't remember exactly when, but in the atmosphere in which I was brought up it was hardly possible not to take an interest in politics," he replies. Singh writes, "He waved his hands in space to emphasize what he meant. I could feel the presence of the spirits of his great-grandfather

Motilal, his grandfather Jawaharlal, and his father, Feroze Gandhi. From the neighboring room I occasionally heard a feminine voice and imagined it must be that of his mother, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi. I realized it was a silly question to ask. Sanjay must have sipped politics from his feeding bottle."

Singh, however, goes on to ask how he came to know so many politicians and their views.

"For years they attacked me over Maruti," Sanjay replies. "The rest I got to know like everyone else does: through newspapers and what people were saying about them."

The interview continues:

"Do you remember much of your grandfather? . . . Were you close to him?"

"As close as other people are to their grandfathers."

"Did he influence your thinking in any way?"

"I cannot recall any specific way in which he influenced me."

"What about your father? Were you close to him?"

"Yes—like any son is to his father."

"Did he spend much time with you? Did he help you with your studies?"

"Yes, he helped me with my lessons."

"I suppose it is the same with your mother and your brother?"

"Yes, my relationship is no different than that of anyone else with his mother or brother." . . .

"Did you have a religious upbringing? Have you any views on religion?"

"No, I am not particularly religious. But I am not anti-religious either. . . ."

"What about books? Any book influenced you particularly?"

"I cannot think of any."

"What is your favorite reading? Poetry? Fiction? History? Biography?"

He smiled. "No, none of those." . . .

Once again I returned to politics, and asked, "You have done so much work of slum clearance in Delhi, why have you not tackled Bombay as yet?"

He smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

Reading the interview, one gets the impression that Singh is full of good will, and wants his subject to perform well. Singh is patient and unflappable. He has another go at Sanjay, still trying to draw him out:

I came out bluntly: "Why don't you stand for the Presidentship of the Congress?"

He laughed. "It is ridiculous. The question does not arise of my ever entertaining the idea."

"Is the Congress Party functioning to your satisfaction? Do you think it needs to be revitalized?" I probed.

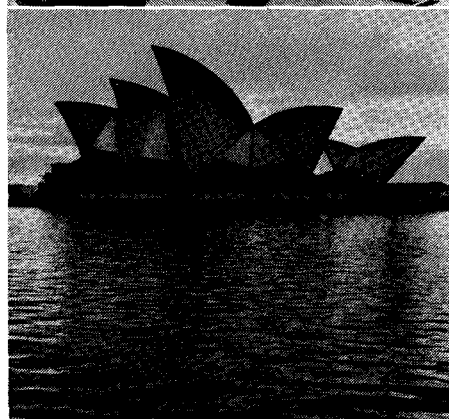
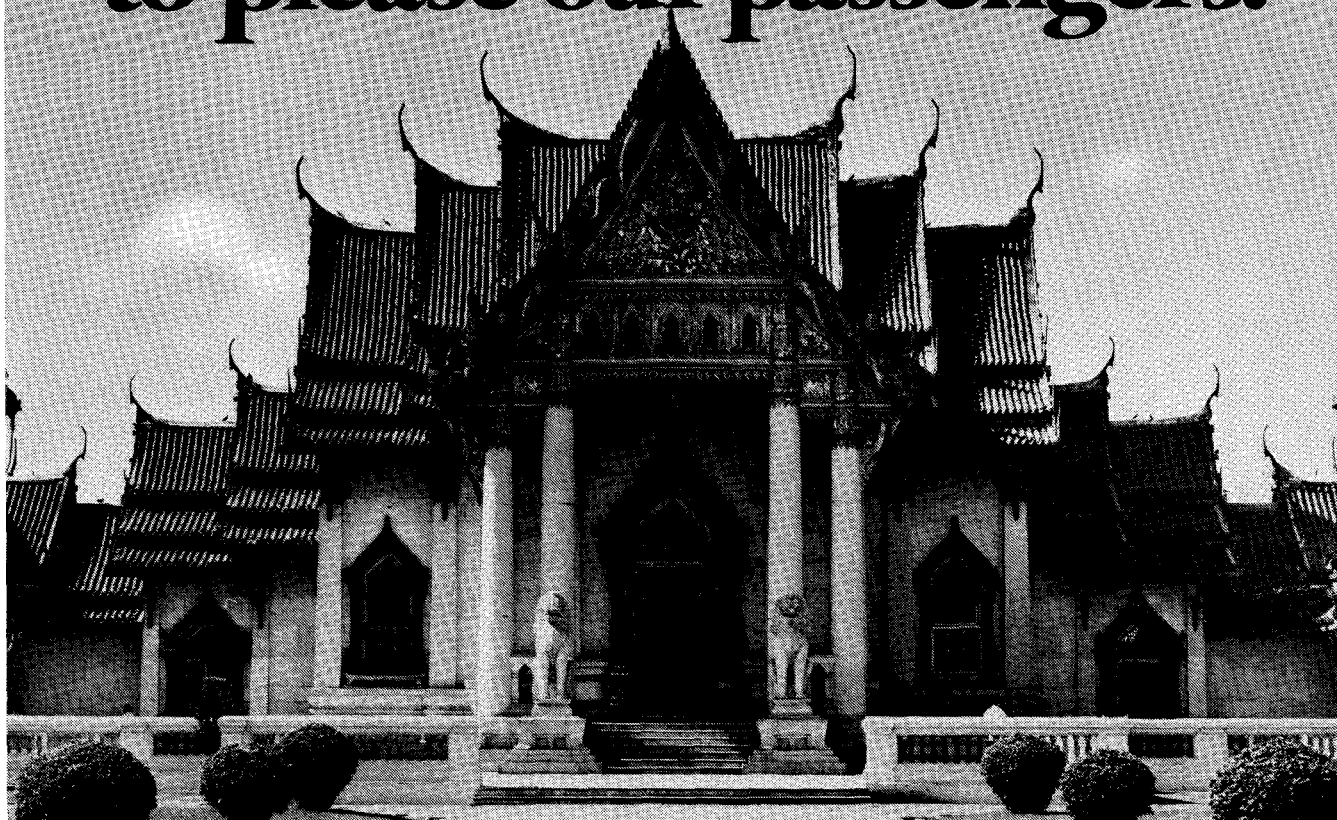
"Oh, yes. The Congress needs a lot of revitalizing."

"Why don't you come in and do something about it?" I asked.

"The work of the Youth Congress is more than enough for me."

"Your earlier statements, especially in the magazine *Surge*, were reassuring to a

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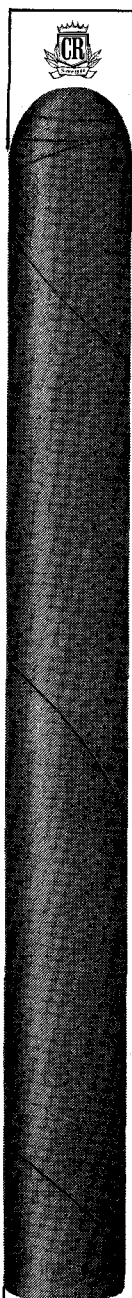
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large section of people who were afraid of the extreme leftists getting a greater hold in the [Congress Party]. They seem to feel that of late you have been silent on these issues. What is the reason?"

"I have not changed my views on anything...."

"What do you feel about the proposed amendments to the Constitution?"

"I don't know enough about the Constitution."

"Do you read the *Weekly*?"

"Only the jokes and comics...."

"What is your interest? Politics?"

"I consider politics very boring. Most magazines that write on politics are uninteresting and dull."

Singh does not pursue the question whether or not Sanjay is actually interested in politics, and the article goes on to give us these biographical details: Sanjay was born at 9:27 A.M. on December 14, 1946; a Sagittarian, he shares his birthday with the idol of the masses, the film actor Raj Kapoor. A woman, Vimla Sindhi, who used to keep an eye on him when he was a toddler, is now the deputy director of the Hospitality Section of the Ministry of External Affairs. He attended a kindergarten, on the fashionable Curzon Road in Delhi, that was run by a German-born woman named Elizabeth Gauba, who was married to an Indian. She remembers him as a boy of average intelligence, yet one possessing the self-confidence of a member of the Nehru family, and recalls that he preferred the company of animals to that of human beings. He next attended an elementary school in Mussoorie—a secluded hill station in Uttar Pradesh—and then the sprawling Doon School, in nearby Dehra Dun, which charged such high fees that only the very rich could afford to send their sons there. One of his Doon School friends, Gautam Vohra (now an assistant editor of the *Times of India*), recalls, "Sanjay was not a very serious student. He used to sit next to me in the last row for the English period. We were studying some fascinating books, such as 'Lorna Doone' and 'Hajji Baba of Ispahan.' But they did not appear to inspire Sanjay. He did not take much interest in team sports, either. Winning one's colors in cricket, hockey, or football, or the gold badge was one way of gaining seniority and being made a house monitor or a school prefect. Sanjay did not seem interested in such positions." An old family friend notes that Sanjay never developed bad habits like smoking or drinking and abstains from coffee and tea. Another friend, after remarking that the word "fear" was not in Sanjay's vocabulary, recalls, "One day he came in a secondhand Land-Rover and

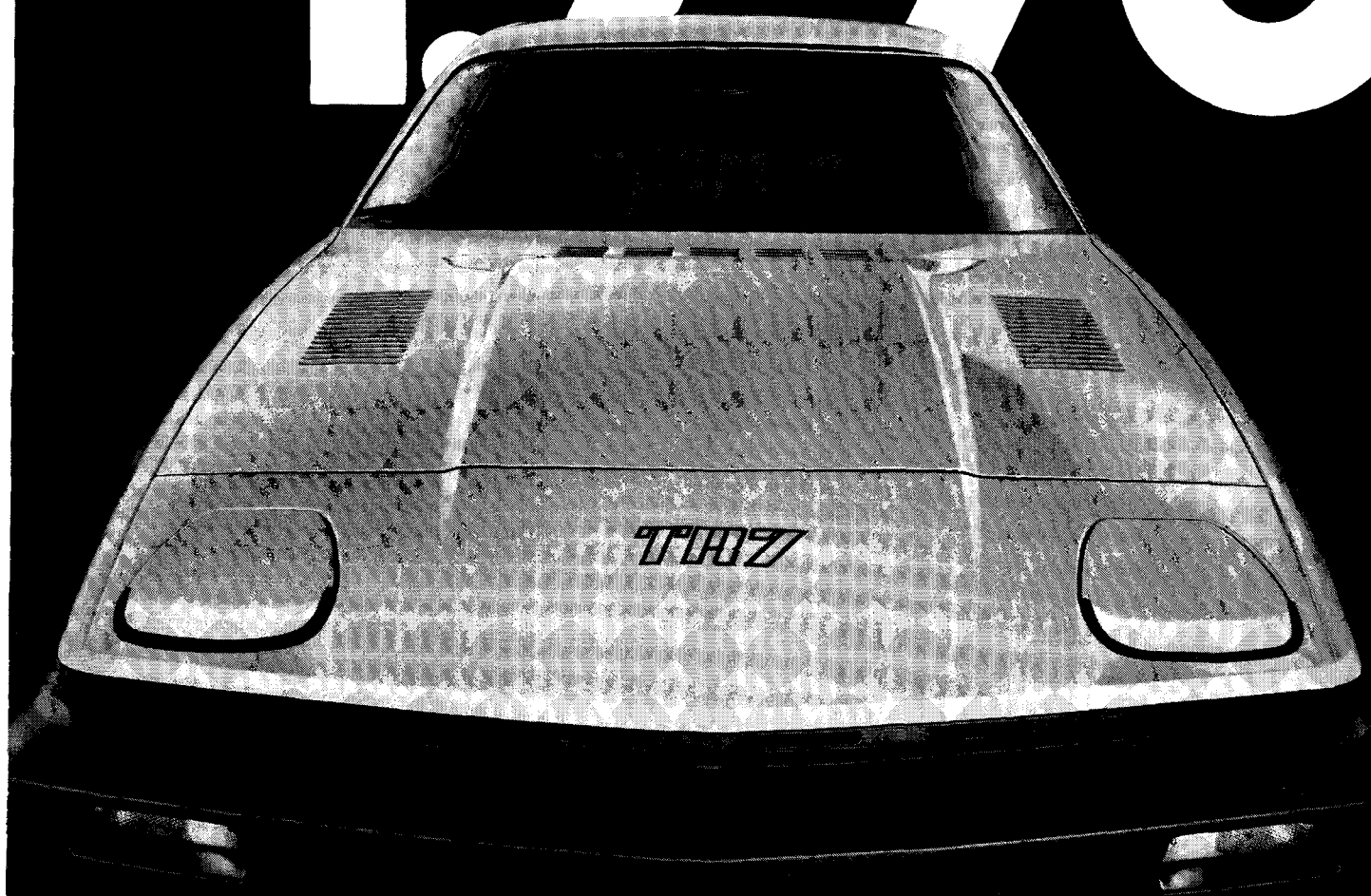
asked me to accompany him, as he wanted to test the brakes. He took the car to a steep hillock... and just let it come down. Luckily, the brakes worked, or I wouldn't be here today." In fact, Sanjay's only interest in life at that time seemed to have been cars—how they were put together and how they worked. Instead of going to the university, he went to Great Britain and worked as an apprentice for three years in the Rolls-Royce plant. He returned home with his dream of the Maruti. In 1969, he received a government license to build the car and obtained the backing of rich industrialists. (Sanjay still finds time to devote to the production of the Maruti—some demonstration models have been built, and a few have been sighted on the streets—even as he works for the Four-Point Program and the Youth Congress.) In 1974, when he was almost twenty-eight, he married Menaka, a lanky Sikh beauty. A college dropout, she is the daughter of Colonel T. S. Anand and his wife, Amteshwar, and a granddaughter of the late Sir Datar Singh, who was a cattle breeder and one of the biggest zamindars in the British Punjab. Menaka's passion was journalism; she and Sanjay met when she went to interview him for a tabloid, *Dateline Delhi*. (Menaka has just floated a publishing house to bring out two monthly magazines, one of which, *Surya*, is an imitation of the color supplements in the London Sunday papers and is to be carried by Indian newspapers. Menaka follows the old Congress Party technique of financing publications by cajoling friends and businessmen to advertise, and *Surya* is said to be already completely booked with advertisements for the next three years. Menaka has named herself managing editor, with a salary of five thousand rupees a month, and her mother managing director.)

"Sanjay Gandhi has many more critics than his mother," Singh concludes. "'On whose authority is Sanjay doing what he is doing?' they ask.... Why cavil about someone who is at long last getting [something] done? Sanjay has taken a heavy load on his young shoulders. He has a long and arduous road ahead of him. Do not strew banana skins on his path. Help him to reach his goal of a prosperous and happy India. We, of the older generation, can only dream dreams. Let our young men see visions and make those visions a reality."

Singh has proved himself adept at picking his way among the land mines currently scattered in the journalist's

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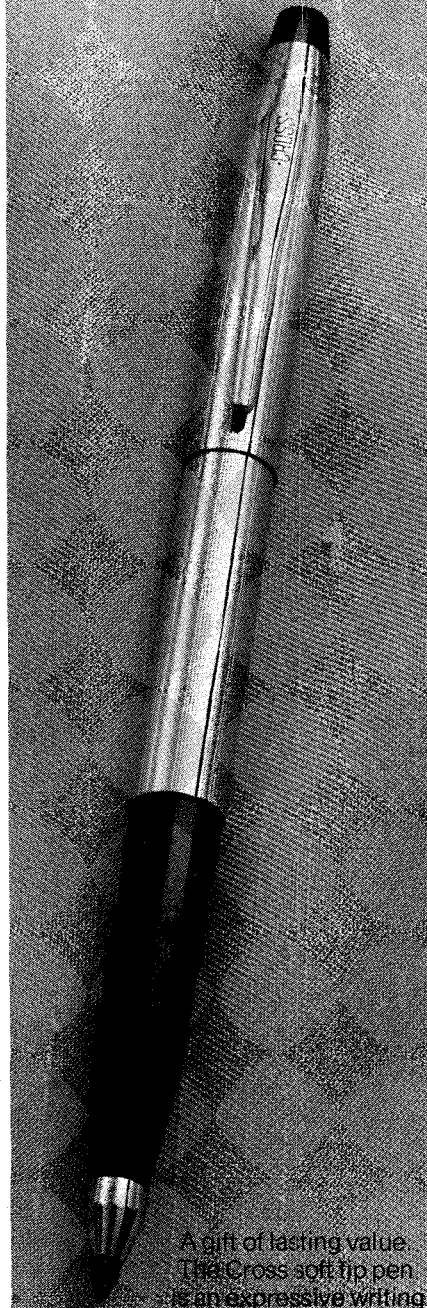
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field. He has frequently featured mother and son in the *Weekly's* pages, yet has also managed to give an illusion of journalistic independence. Indeed, this Sanjay story is followed by a defense of nonviolent agitation by one of Mahatma Gandhi's leading disciples, J. B. Kripalani, who argues that true nonviolent agitation can never be confused with lawlessness and anarchy, since men like Socrates and Gandhi—and, by implication, Jaya Prakash Narayan—have such respect for the law that they cheerfully accept the legal penalty for their disobedience, be it life imprisonment or death.

"It is with a heavy, sorrow-stricken heart that I am writing this, further to my letter dated May 12, 1976 . . . with the hope of obtaining justice at your hands," wrote Mrs. Alice Fernandes to the President of India last May 24th, in a letter that has been widely circulated abroad. "I am an old lady of sixty-five years, and my seventy-five-year-old husband is a heart patient. The recent events narrated hereunder have left us terribly shaken and grief-stricken." She goes on to say that around nine o'clock on the evening of May 1st the police arrived at her home, in the city of Bangalore, and took her second son, Lawrence, into custody. They interrogated him until three o'clock in the morning concerning the whereabouts of his elder brother, George. Lawrence apparently insisted that he had no idea where his brother was, and they began torturing him. They beat him with a club. It broke. They beat him with another club. It, too, broke. They went through five clubs. Then they whipped him with the root of a banyan tree. They kicked him and slapped him around. He still denied any knowledge of George's whereabouts. They threatened to throw him under a moving train.

Lawrence's brother George, chairman of the Socialist Party, was one of the most notorious members of the opposition. He was a leader of the million-strong railway workers' union. He had organized the 1974 railway strike, the one that Mrs. Gandhi had broken by having thousands of workers and organizers arrested, including him. He had been released, but at the onset of the Emergency he had gone underground. The government contended that since then he and twenty-four other defendants had conspired to blow up several public buildings and sections of railway tracks in different parts of the country and had incited people to violently overthrow their government.

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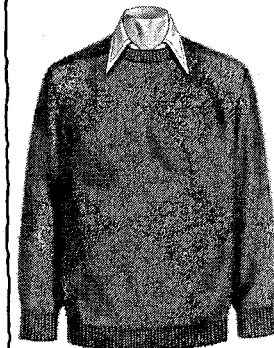
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A nationwide search for him had been going on for nearly a year, but he had evaded capture. Moreover, he had given interviews from his hideouts to the international press, attacking Mrs. Gandhi and the Emergency and claiming that people throughout the country were with him and were protecting him. ("It has been my constant appeal to the people in the North to get rid of this dictatorship if they want to preserve the unity of the country, because a situation is bound to arise where people from the South are going to say that we are part of a democratic India, we are not a part of an India that is ruled by a dictator from Kashmir.") By being at large, he was an embarrassment to the government and an advertisement of its ineptitude.

Mrs. Fernandes, in her letter, asserted that the government was persecuting her family in the hope of getting at her son George. Lawrence was kept in solitary confinement and given no food for three days. When he became unconscious, he was taken from hospital to hospital for treatment, but under a false name to conceal his identity. After three weeks of searching for him, the mother was admitted to her son's cell. She found him "looking dead." He had lost considerable weight. His left side was paralyzed, his left hand and leg were swollen. He talked falteringly, and he was so nervous that he would start at the sound of approaching feet or at the sight of a khaki uniform. He required the help of two people to move at all. Yet Mrs. Fernandes claimed in her letter that neither he nor anyone else in the family knew the whereabouts of George Fernandes. "Whatever I have stated here is on the basis of what the family could gather from Lawrence during the visits to him in the cell," the letter went on. "I urge upon you in the name of all that is good in civilized conduct of human beings and their governments and in the name of justice to order a thorough judicial enquiry into this barbaric torture etc. and take suitable action against the concerned authorities."

Last June, soon after Mrs. Fernandes sent her letter, George Fernandes was apprehended in Calcutta. His wife, Leila Kabir Fernandes, who had gone to America a few months earlier, sent a cablegram to Mrs. Gandhi inquiring after her husband and protesting Lawrence's ordeal. A few days later, she received this reply from the Ministry of Home Affairs, in New Delhi: "Your telegram of 17th June inquiring about George Fernandes. How



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can you not be aware of the activities of your husband, who has for the past several months been moving about instigating people to commit acts of violence, subversion, sabotage, and other serious crimes prejudicial to public order and security of the country? He was arrested in Calcutta on 10th June and is in legal custody in connection with several criminal cases under investigation. He is in his normal health. Allegation of torture of his brother Lawrence Fernandes is totally false, baseless, and mischievous."

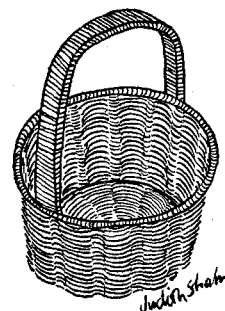
Possibly because of the international interest in George Fernandes' case—his wife has recently toured Europe to publicize his plight and that of his brother, who is apparently still in jail—Mrs. Gandhi has decided to put him on public trial. In fact, he and Sarkar would be the first major opposition figures to be put on trial since the Emergency.

WHAT follows has been reconstructed from reliable but unofficial accounts that have filtered out of Delhi.

One day in April of 1976, a number of vans and bulldozers assembled in front of the Muslim slum quarter near the Turkman Gate, in Old Delhi. Several elegantly dressed young women volunteers jumped down, rushed into the slum quarter, and started nabbing male slum dwellers or beggars who looked old enough to have three or more children and marching them off to a hastily set up tent for vasectomies. Many other well-dressed volunteers, both men and women, descended from the vans into the slum and began rounding up the entire community, of some hundreds of residents, for transportation to new developments on the outskirts of the city, while the bulldozers positioned themselves to raze the place. The volunteers were members of a work party—one of many such parties laboring all over the city on behalf of Sanjay's Four-Point Program.

Because Sanjay lived in Delhi, the city had become the laboratory for his four points, and especially for his campaign for sterilization, which the authorities were heralding as the test of Mrs. Gandhi's "New India." Certainly no part of his Four-Point Program had created a greater stir in the political establishment than the launching of the sterilization campaign that spring. The central government had

started drafting a bill for compulsory national sterilization of all men with more than three children, on pain of fine and imprisonment, and state governments had started legislating local programs. The three million government employees in Delhi were led to believe that they might be deprived of their housing and pensions if they had families of more than three children and were not sterilized by October of 1977. Sidewalk sterilization clinics had sprung up all over the city, under bright-colored tents. The vasectomy, a five-minute, bloodless procedure, was being promoted as no more complicated than vaccination. The authorities would hustle men off the streets and into the tents, tempt them with a bonus—sixty to a hundred and twenty rupees (eight to sixteen dollars), a tin of cooking oil, or a clock—and sterilize them. They would send the sterilized men back onto the streets without a thought for how they would psychologically adjust to the operation. The drive for sterilization had reached such proportions that on a certain day the authorities informed all government schoolteachers that if they wished to collect their pay each of them would have to produce four slum dwellers for sterilization; another day a similar edict went out to the policemen. There was such pressure on government employees to produce candidates for sterilization, such a scramble for eligible slum dwellers, that they would draft the same beggars many times over and "sterilize" them. Some beggars would even go back on their own for additional bonuses.



It was rumored that sometimes even young boys who had never been married and had no children were being dragged into the tents and sterilized. It was a mass program to solve a mass problem, and therefore the only thing that counted was the statistics.

As the volunteers went about their business in the Turkman Gate slum quarter that April day, the rumor spread that the Muslim poor were to be not only displaced and sterilized but made impotent (the operation was falsely thought to interfere with potency), and that Sanjay's Hindu acolytes were hauling in Muslim bachelors and bridegrooms for "the sacrilegious operation." By religious law, Muslims are allowed four wives. Nehru; his successor, Lal Bahadur Shastri; and Mrs. Gandhi herself had all been champions of minority rights and secularism,

and so although Hindus were required by civil law to be monogamous, Muslims were permitted, out of respect for their religious law, to be polygamous. But Sanjay had recently stated, in a much publicized pronouncement, that anyone who lived in India would have to be first a citizen of India and second a Muslim, Hindu, Sikh, Parsi, or whatever. Since Sanjay was known to be a man of action, his pronouncement had terrified the Muslims. As it happened, the launching of the sterilization campaign had coincided with the slum-clearance campaign—Sanjay's beautification program—making Muslims fear that an anti-Muslim policy was being initiated.

Old men and Muslim priests now began running through the slum quarter shouting that Sanjay's troops had come to destroy the Muslims—raze their homes, take away their women, and transport the men to prison camps. "Throw the Hindu infidels back into the vans!" someone shouted. "Guard your women and children in the name of Allah and defend your religion!" While women and children barricaded themselves in their huts, the men poured out in a mob. The mob seethed and snaked through the slum, hurling stones, bricks, and Molotov cocktails at the volunteers, their vans, their bulldozers, their clinic. The police quickly arrived, charged, and started firing into the crowd. But the rioting continued for many hours. Before the mob was dispersed, hundreds had been injured and at least fifty killed.

Ultimately, the slum dwellers—men, women, and children—were herded into the vans at gunpoint. Even as the vans started pulling out, the bulldozers began demolishing their huts behind them. The vans were driven across the Jumna and their occupants deposited on farmland that had been fenced off with barbed wire. Each slum family was given twenty-five square yards of land—piled up with bricks for building shelters—and was issued ration cards, which were good for buying rations only at a shop on the development site. Men with big families were told that if they didn't get sterilized in the clinic on the development site within a prescribed time, their ration cards would not be renewed. Then the Muslims were left, angry and humiliated, to fend for themselves. It was the beginning of the Delhi summer—the season for epidemics.

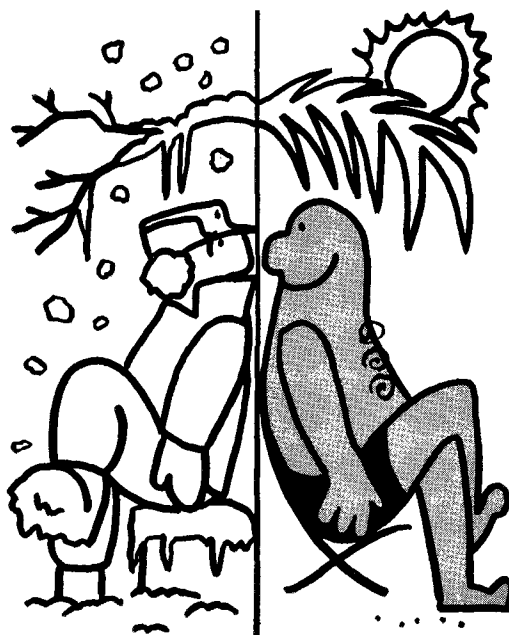
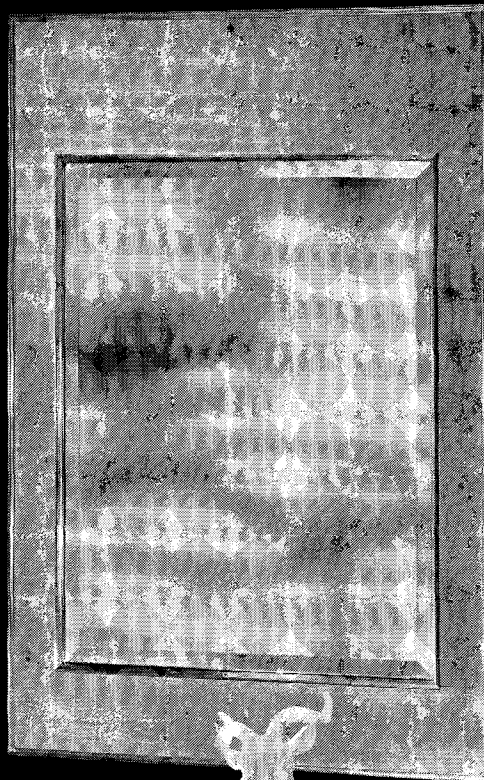
A few days later, stories of the plight of the transplanted slum dwellers reached the ears of the Muslim leader

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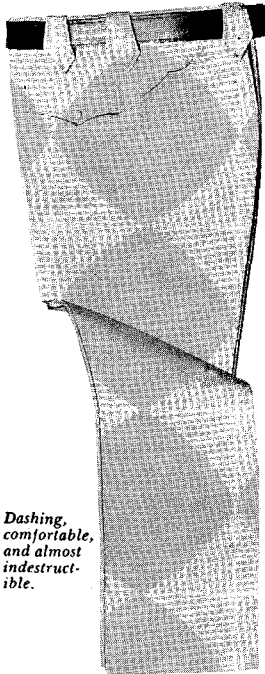
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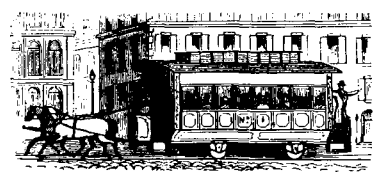
Sheikh Mohammed Abdullah, in Kashmir, who, after spending many years in prison for fighting the Indian government, had capitulated and was now keeping the state safe and quiet for Mrs. Gandhi. To see the conditions for himself, he came to Delhi and went on a tour of the settlement—now called Kedgereepur. ("Kedgereepur" means "hodgepodge town.") So that the government could attend to any grievances immediately, he took along with him Mrs. Gandhi's family friend Mohammad Yunus. Instead of finding in Kedgereepur the advertised community road, park, school, bank, and television of Sanjay's new developments, the Sheikh encountered a sprawling camp mired in mud and sludge, swarming with flies, and emitting a noxious stench. Men, women, and children, sick and disoriented, were living in crude, often uncovered shelters. When they learned who he was, they crowded around him.

Sheikh Abdullah told them that they could speak to him without fear of government reprisal—that Mohammad Yunus had come as a token of Mrs. Gandhi's personal concern. They unburdened themselves to the Sheikh. They wanted food and medicine. They had no mosque to pray in. The land was neither piped for water nor wired for electricity. There were no real prospects of any kind for shops and businesses. They hadn't as yet even seen the bus that was supposed to take them to their jobs in the city. Loans from the government for building new shelters were made conditional on the sacrilegious operation. The men were being forcibly dragged off to the sterilization clinic, and now the authorities had even begun performing a similar operation (tubectomy) on the women. How could Sheikh Sahib, a great Muslim leader, a faithful servant of Allah, let infidels do such terrible things to His people?

Sheikh Abdullah was so indignant that he asked Mohammad Yunus to take him straight to Mrs. Gandhi. As they were getting into the car, parked at the edge of Kedgereepur, a woman came running up to them. "Police have started rounding up people!" she cried. "My husband has been taken!"

No one knows what occurred between Sheikh Abdullah and Mrs. Gandhi, but it is said that a social worker who had worked in the Turkman Gate slum quarter, and had complained directly to Sanjay, was made to spend a couple of nights in jail for "meddling."

Mohammad Yunus recently remarked, "I am a classic example of the



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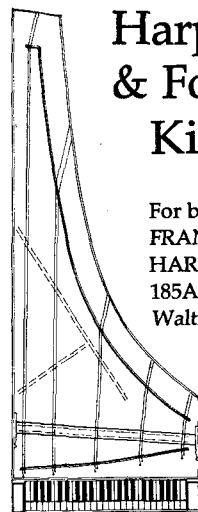
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success of family planning. I am the forty-second child of my father, and I have only one child—a son.” Rajni Kothari, a visiting professor at Columbia University, wrote, in the final issue of *Seminar*, “It was perhaps felt that one way of legitimizing the Emergency was to show some dramatic results and the one area where this could be done was population control. This understanding was quickly seen by some as a green signal for using all kinds of measures to force the people—mostly the vulnerable sections among them—and show results.” Often the burden of this campaign fell on slum dwellers and untouchables, who, being the poorest of the poor, were the most vulnerable and also the easiest to round up, and on government employees, who were the easiest to coerce and, being the best off as a class, had the most to lose by noncompliance. But since the Turkman Gate riot (one of many such outbreaks over sterilization across the country) Mrs. Gandhi has vigorously tried to dissociate herself from the bill for compulsory national sterilization. She now says she believes that the government should first work on programs of incentives for maintaining small families and refrain from attempts to force Muslims to be monogamous. But there has so far been no such sign of moderation on the part of Sanjay. The state governments, caught between the conflicting stands of mother and son, have been equivocating on the issue—letting it be known that, on the one hand, there should not be any connection between family planning and religion, and, on the other, invoking Muhammad’s injunction that marriage should be conditional upon the ability to support a family. In the meantime, there seems to have been no letup in the campaign for “voluntary” sterilization. Between last April and September alone, two million people were sterilized. (In the previous two decades, sixteen million people had been sterilized.)

No one questions the urgency of controlling the population. Every year, there are thirteen million more babies, and since independence the population has nearly doubled. Many family-planning methods were tried in pre-Emergency India, with little success. The villagers lacked the sense of calendar time needed for the rhythm method, and had no means to buy various kinds of contraceptives. Then, when intrauterine devices were inserted free of charge, the women, most of whom were anemic, tended to have bleeding problems. Superstitions and fears connected with

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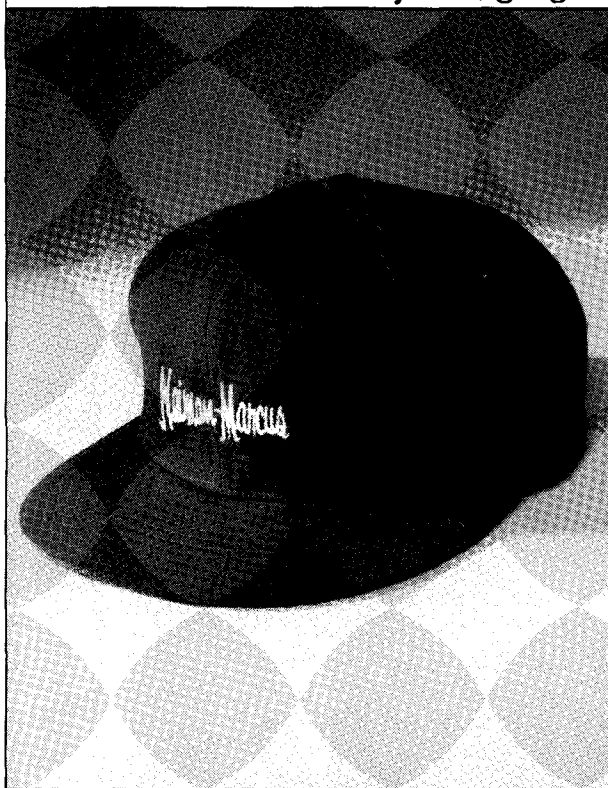
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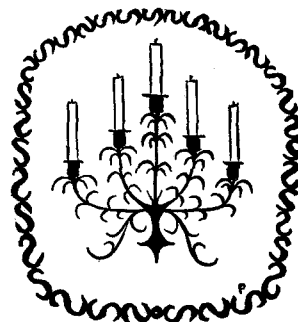
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bleeding, together with a lack of medical follow-up, had defeated that method, too. Sterilization also had failed, in part because it was voluntary and restricted to cities with medical facilities. In any event, under the democratic system there was no way of forcing birth control upon people who regarded children, especially sons, as helping hands and their only security for old age. Now sterilization, whether technically voluntary or actually compulsory, is being touted as the answer to India's prayers. But the campaign for sterilization is the first Emergency measure that has affected rich and poor alike, and, in their different ways, they have mobilized against it. It threatens to undo what little progress had been made in family planning; indeed, it is in danger of hopelessly discrediting the concept of family planning with the Indian people as a whole, for it has, in the words of Kothari, "created an atmosphere of shock and disbelief, producing severe backlash." Moreover, recent demographic research suggests, paradoxically, that, whatever family-planning methods are used, it may be that there can be no significant decline in the population until there is a significant decline in the high mortality rate, which encourages people to try to have large families. And the high mortality rate is a consequence of ignorance and poverty. Today, one of every four Indian children dies before he reaches the age of five, less often from the old killers like malaria, cholera, smallpox, and tuberculosis than from infections like tetanus; in the Punjab alone, according to one estimate, as many as a third of the neonatal deaths are still the result of a village midwife's unhygienic cutting of the umbilical cord. It may be, therefore, that there can be no significant decline in the high mortality rate until there is a significant diffusion of education and the benefits of economic development.

Mrs. Gandhi most recently created a stir when, on January 18th, she announced that she would dissolve the Parliament and hold "fresh elections." She observed, "Every election is an act of faith. It is an opportunity to cleanse public life of confusion. So let us go to the polls with the resolve to reaffirm the power of the people." She subsequently released most of the politi-

cal prisoners and suspended the press guidelines. Normally, state legislatures would have been dissolved simultaneously, but Mrs. Gandhi has so far restricted these elections to Parliament and perhaps one or two states. Moreover, under the constitution, these elections should have been held last March, when the Parliament's five-year mandate ran out. But last February, barely a month before they were due, she had the Parliament postpone them for a year; last November she had the Parliament postpone them for another year. Yet once the Emergency was under way she apparently had a great deal to gain by elections. She could capitalize on the early dramatic economic benefits of the Emergency, which were al-

ways in danger of being cancelled by, for instance, one or two bad monsoons. She could use the elections to revitalize the Congress Party from the grass roots, weeding out the dissident or ineffective elements by means of judicious dispensation of patronage and Party nominations, and so make it an even stronger vehicle for personal power. She could give Sanjay the opportunity to run for a seat and win a political base of his own, and so help him to extend his political dominion from the Youth Congress to the country at large, and to rebut the charges of an incipient Gandhi dynasty. She could present herself as a democrat rather than a dictator and refurbish her image abroad, for it is thought that, contrary to her public protestations, she is very sensitive to Western criticism. She and her government, increasingly insulated from the people, could inform themselves about the mood of the country while providing a safety valve for pent-up grievances. Elections would also have the effect of smoking out the opposition that had gone underground and give her and her intelligence network a chance to take their true measure. As a constitutional dictator, she could easily exploit the incumbent's traditional advantages of office, power, and money. The Congress Party would be reelected, as it has been in all the elections since independence. Her victory at the polls, in addition to washing away the stain of her conviction, would legitimize her Emergency powers and all the Emergency laws and constitutional amendments. At the same time, her government would be given a reprieve from further electoral challenges for five years, which would



permit it to suspend, or even lift, the Emergency without any diminution in her authority.

Mrs. Gandhi would, of course, run certain risks. She might set off defection movements in her party, which had always encompassed a spectrum of political views from extreme right to extreme left, and in which conflicts between warring, opportunistic leaders were always threatening to erupt; but the Party members knew that she was their best hope at the polls, and most of them would stay with her. To give the elections a semblance of fairness, she would have to release political prisoners, suspend press censorship, and expose herself to vituperative attacks; but the repercussions of such measures would probably have only a nuisance value, which she would be able to combat by depicting her opponents as destructive, subversive, and calumnious—and, anyway, politicians and journalists could be kept in line by the threat of arrests and rearrests. Some of the newly elected members of Parliament might prove strident, and she would not be able to arrest them immediately following the elections; but after a proper grace period she could probably proceed against them. If she permitted elections for the state legislatures, the opposition parties might win majorities in some states, as in the past, and she would have trouble dismissing these opposition state governments peremptorily; but she had bided her time with such governments before, and she could no doubt do so again.

The fact remains that despite these significant gains and few risks, she apparently had decided not to hold even Parliamentary elections until now. In the last few days, observers have been busy puzzling over what could have happened since last February—or, more probably, since last November—to change her mind. Did her success with the Forty-fourth Amendment to the constitution, for which she permitted a modicum of free debate and free reporting, give her new confidence? Did she, in fact, intend that debate to be a test run for the elections? Were the economic conditions seen to be at their peak? (At present, India, in addition to its current large stocks of food grains, has sizable reserves of foreign exchange and a surplus in the budget.) Or, alternatively, had they suddenly started deteriorating? (The January action of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries in raising the price of oil has intensified inflationary pressures; retail prices had already risen ten per cent since last

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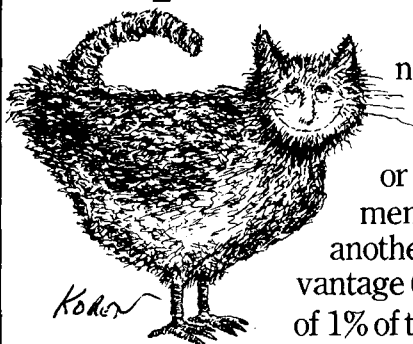


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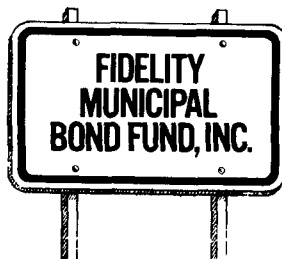
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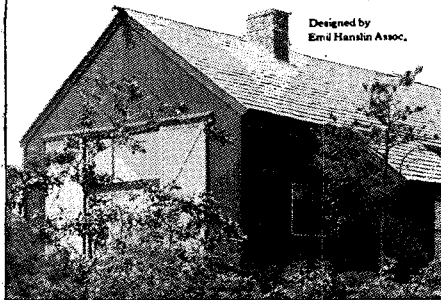
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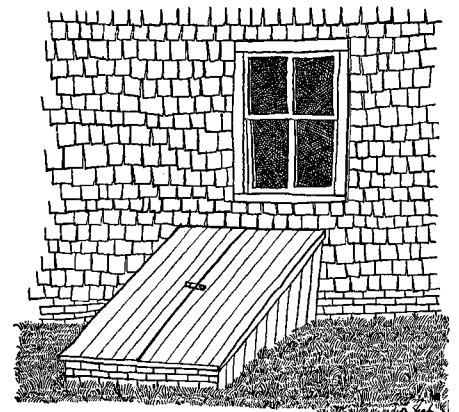
March.) Did she have certain evidence, through her intelligence network, of restiveness in the Army or in the middle-class establishment? Did a reported recent rift with the pro-Soviet Communists over Sanjay and her crackdown on the left make her think better of her regime's increasing dependence on the Soviet Union? Had the backlash over certain of her Emergency programs, like sterilization, made her wish for a mandate? Was she afraid that she would forfeit a certain amount of flexibility if she did not call the elections now? (Because of the climate and problems of communication, elections are really feasible in India only in the spring.) Was she being emotionally blackmailed by Sanjay? Had she been unaware of the restiveness in her party—perhaps exacerbated by Sanjay's emergence as the heir apparent—and so overestimated her hold on the Party? She was apparently "astounded" by Jagjivan Ram's defection. Had she lost faith in the ability of her Emergency powers to bring about an economic miracle? Did she have some regrets about proclaiming the Emergency in the first place? At the time of this writing, no one has the answers to such questions, but the explanation may be no more complicated than that she was all along secretly planning to announce the elections at this late date in order to catch her opposition off guard.

In contrast with the Congress Party, which has had the political stage to itself for the last nineteen months, and time to prepare for elections, to build up the Party machine, and to fill the Party coffers—with leading industrialists vying with each other to back the regime—the non-Communist opposition parties have been condemned to political inactivity. With their leaders and politicians imprisoned and silenced, their party organizations have been dispersed and their sources of party funds dried up. A motley collection, embracing Socialist ideologies, laissez-faire capitalism, and militant Hindu chauvinism, these parties have now been given barely two months to organize, to agree on a common platform, to raise campaign money, to come up with five hundred and forty-two candidates for Parliament (the number of Parliamentary constituencies has increased by about twenty seats since the last election) and somehow make them known to the three hundred and nineteen million qualified voters, who will be polled in about three hundred and forty-three thousand voting booths. To be elected, each candidate must get his message

across to hundreds of thousands of poor, illiterate constituents.

The fact that these parties have agreed to participate in the elections at all, and without insisting that the Emergency be lifted first—if only as a gesture of good faith—is in its way as puzzling as the calling of the elections by Mrs. Gandhi, whose whole political career has been highlighted by bold tactical moves.

"FRIENDS, we live in a country which is called Gandhi's land," Chagla had said in his Ahmadabad speech. "Gandhiji... obtained... not merely freedom from the British government but also freedom from tyranny, oppression, injustice of every kind." Chagla said that Indira Gandhi had returned India to the old rule of tyranny, oppression, and injustice, but he added, "There is a saying in English that when the night is darkest the dawn is not far. I see the night very dark." In truth, Mahatma Gandhi and Indira Gandhi personify two contrasting visions of what kind of country India should be. One vision has its source in the peasants, the other in the middle class. In spirit, one is democratic, the other elitist. In conception, one is agrarian, the other industrial. One depends on voluntary assent, the other on compulsion. One is so preoccupied with means that means and ends are practically identical (Mahatma Gandhi used to say, "I will not even get freedom for my country with evil means"), the other is so preoccupied with ends that means hardly seem to matter (Indira Gandhi apparently would stop at nothing to eradicate poverty). One has continued to inspire dissent, the other has continued more or less to govern India since independence. One, though seemingly utopian, has modest goals, and the other, though seemingly realistic, has ambitious goals. The pre-Emergency constitution itself was a monument to this conflict. With one breath



(Part III), it sanctified the right to property; with another (Part IV), it undermined that right. The constitution's preamble declared that India was a sovereign democratic republic, established to secure for all its citizens social, economic, and political justice; liberty of thought, self-expression, faith, and worship; complete equality of status and opportunity; fraternity; human dignity; and so on. Such lofty objectives have hardly ever been attained even in the richest countries. The conflict was inherent in, on the one hand, the reality of the abjectly poor, illiterate citizens for whom the letter of the constitution had no meaning and, on the other, the idealistic aspirations of the few well-to-do.

Although Mrs. Gandhi has presented the Emergency as a daring attempt to resolve that conflict, she has actually made it more acute, by expanding the gulf between the governed and the government. (The Emergency amendment putting the Prime Minister above the law has, in effect, resurrected "the old discarded doctrine of the divine right of kings," in the opinion of the Indian political scientist Miss Aloo Dastur, of the University of Bombay.) Mrs. Gandhi, of course, claims that she is only using her limitless new powers to achieve Mahatma Gandhi's economic ends for the poor. But there is a great deal of difference between noble impulses and ignoble reality—for instance, between conferring legal rights on the serf-like bonded peasants in order to protect them from landlords or moneylenders, which is what Mrs. Gandhi has now done, and actually giving those rights any force. If an illiterate bonded peasant were ever to try to avail himself of the legal machinery that now exists to help him, he would risk losing his very livelihood, for that machinery, like the entire government, is run by people whose self-interest and class interest, of necessity, coincide with those of the landlords and moneylenders, who have always dominated the villages, and who can bribe an official or manufacture a charge against the peasant and get him arrested. The local forces of political power and oppression and the local forces of law and order continue to prop each other up. Given the class and caste structure of political parties, the administrative service, the Army, it is inevitable that their allies for winning votes, as for ruling the country under the Emergency, should be the rich and the middle peasantry, contended Ashok Rudra in that final issue of *Seminar*.

Mrs. Gandhi and her Emergency



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have only confirmed Mahatma Gandhi's fear that state power, frozen within existing colonial institutions like the élitist civil service, would degenerate into oppressive autocracy. Mahatma Gandhi felt that freedom, reform, and economic development required a complete decentralization and diffusion of power, that the government should be not separate from but an integral part of society, its power tempered by ethical and religious impulses. A monolithic bureaucracy, he believed, relied on compulsion, which only bred contempt and indifference, but participation by the greatest number in self-government offered hope for grass-roots education and concern. He felt that a peasant, however illiterate and impotent, was the best judge of his own needs, and that a government, however sophisticated and omnipotent, that was deaf to that peasant's voice and experience would ultimately fail.

Nirmal Verma, a follower of Mahatma Gandhi, wrote in that same issue of *Seminar*:

In India, during the last two [or three] decades, those who had a predominant control over the media had no [intimate] experience of [the peasants'] suffering; those who really suffered had no word to express it. Despite all the noises that we made in the press and the Parliament, India remained a continent of silence.

[An] attachment to the right of full expression becomes merely formal and decorative unless it is transformed into the moral concern for the full articulation of man's total experience. That such a concern was singularly absent in our intelligentsia was revealed in the most cruel light when it so smoothly adjusted itself to the changed circumstances after the Emergency....

But to infer from this, as our present rulers and some Marxists would like to infer, that liberty of expression, freedom of the press, and the basic right of a citizen to have free access to all the sources of information are mere "bourgeois values," which can be shelved for the sake of some mythical progress, is to fall a victim to another form of self-delusion. All projects of "revolutionary reform" may become instruments of oppression if the people for whom they are designed are deprived of the right to judge and comment upon them in the light of their experience....

What is... common both to the affluent societies of the West [and] to the poor countries of the Third World is the supreme value which is attached to man's awareness of himself as a human being. No act of state power can be legitimate which violates this reality of awareness, forcing man to live in the "reality" of others, a censored reality, which is the other name for darkness.

Verma terms "sinister" the implication of the present rulers that freedom

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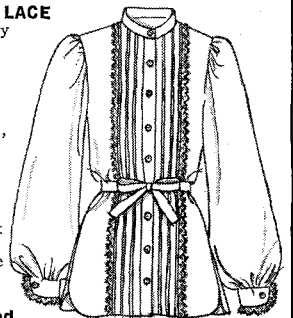
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of thought and expression is a bourgeois luxury for a poor country:

Sinister because it assumes that human beings living in poor societies are *less than human*; they may be fed and clothed *on the condition* that they cease to exercise their critical consciousness, cease to be human. . . .

But, apart from being sinister, such an argument negates itself in so far as it destroys the very conditions in which any radical reforms could be implemented. If reforms are for the people, the people should have free access to all the instruments through which they could make their experience available to the government.

One ancient instrument for expressing that experience of voiceless people was the *panchayat* (village assembly), a sort of free-for-all get-together of the village men to air their quarrels and grievances without leaders, rules, agenda, or designated time or meeting place. The institution had long been subverted by the village landlord and moneylender, who had taken over and run it—much as the country was taken over and run by Mrs. Gandhi's government during the Emergency. Moreover, in the thirty years of modern middle-class rule in independent India the government, though it has often given lip service to the ideals of the *panchayat*, has in actuality neglected to revive the *panchayat* in its true, lusty form. Now, thanks to Mrs. Gandhi's call for elections, there are again stirrings that cannot be neglected of a different sort of national free-for-all. As Jagjivan Ram's defection shows, Mrs. Gandhi, no matter what her calculations, may not be able to control the events she has set in motion. Regardless of the outcome, the nineteen months of the Emergency will be remembered as an extraordinarily Orwellian passage of time in an ancient land. —VED MEHTA

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the *Lawrence (Kans.) Journal-World*]

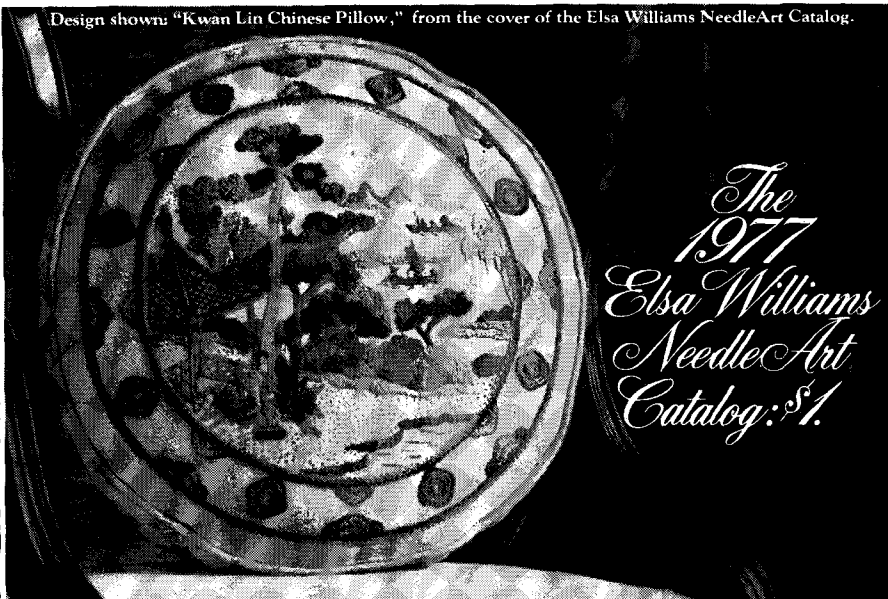
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PROBABLY no form of hucksterism is as embarrassing as cultural hucksterism. Shakespeare in the flesh turning up on television to plug the plays at Stratford; that campaign on behalf of the Metropolitan Opera to "strike a blow for civilization;" the lady who once sang Rinso commercials and wound up at that same Met now advertising herself as "Bubbles;" the American Ballet Theatre ads that say "Fall in love again": whether the tone is coy or grim, the appeal of these messages is always indirect, as if the hucksters dared not have us look what they're selling full in the face. Art is something they back us into with a rear-view mirror rigged so that we'll keep catching flattering reflections of ourselves. A lot of the time, what we see is the fat, scared face of publicity.

Philistinism—the basic disbelief in the values of all art—accounts for some of that fright, but uncertainty accounts for more of it. Ten or so years ago, when we first began hearing the phrase "the new audience," the Ballet Theatre ad would have said simply, "Fall in love." How to sell what people are already buying is a problem. The market analysts might define the promoters' task as having to deal with an uprooted philistinism that hasn't yet settled into a visible pattern of taste, but since ballet has been increasing in popularity in this country for the last forty years, not just for the last ten, it seems unwise to attribute to social change what may in fact represent expansion on a stable base. The high performance arts aren't susceptible to social change in the same way that popular entertainment is; though they are connected to the way we live, they don't give themselves up to transient values. The Dance Theatre of Harlem wouldn't have been possible even twenty years ago, but its reason for being isn't centered on the conditions that made it possible. There have been commercial coups in ballet, and there's a theory that ballet as a whole has directly profited from the demise of musicals on Broadway and in the movies. What has arisen in the last ten years is a sub-genre of ballet which we

might call pop ballet: whole repertoires (the Stuttgart Ballet) or parts of repertoires (the Joffrey, the Ailey) devoted to slick approximations of the higher article. The success of pop ballet, which is very probably related to the demise of musicals, may have caused a slight swelling of the statistics that belong to ballet proper, but if you shear off that success the statistics are still impressive. They always have been.



Everyone knows that ballet is too expensive to support itself on box-office alone. The devious sales pitch serves no purpose; it fools no one. The thing that has sold ballet to the American public is ballet itself. People who market ballet haven't been keeping pace with

the public; their methods don't reflect the public's sophisticated interest in a special kind of event. A.B.T. used its line about falling in love again in a season at the City Center which consisted of just two ballets, "Giselle" and "Coppélia." The ad might have been written by someone who thought that the term "romantic," as in Romantic ballet, meant amorous. Well, A.B.T. does produce "Coppélia" as if it were "Blossom Time," but "Giselle" is still "Giselle"—the sole surviving work created at the Paris Opéra during the golden age of Romantic ballet. And "Coppélia," coming nearly thirty years later, was the masterpiece of the silver age. The two ballets are hereditarily linked through their composers. Adolphe Adam, who wrote "Giselle," was Léo Delibes's teacher, and had himself written an opera on Delibes's subject, called "The Nuremberg Doll." Is it too much to imagine an ad campaign built on those links? Or, if that seems too stuffy, I think I'd have preferred "Adorable Adam" and "Delightful, Delicious Delibes" to Falling Flat Again.

The score of "Coppélia" is given by A.B.T. with cuts in the first and third acts. In the third, the Discord and War music is used for a men's ensemble with an entry for Frantz—one way of supplying the solo that Delibes didn't compose for his Frantz, who was played by a girl. The ending of Dawn, which Delibes left unresolved, to be immediately followed

by Prayer, has been newly provided with a closing cadence, for no reason other than to encourage applause for the soloist. The production as a whole is juvenile burlesque in style, with simplistic daisy-chain choreography that a ranking company should be ashamed of. Even so, it takes repeated viewings, because of its transcendent score. How many times can one listen to "Giselle"? Adam does not falter; he's certainly charming, but he never penetrates, and his schematic structure—the celebrated leitmotifs—envelop the ballet in an atmosphere of unyielding efficiency. I speak of the score as it has come down to us, with not only Burgmüller's interpolation (Peasant Pas de Deux) but the interpolations and revisions that are thought to have been contributed by Minkus to various Russian revivals. Adam's original score had more variety in the first act, with a formal pas de deux for Giselle and Albrecht. (In the A.B.T. production, we get a trace of this when Giselle leads Albrecht into the villagers' dance.) With just two exceptions, the abridged and modified second act is not greatly different in effect from the original version. The exceptions are Myrtha's waltz variation—Adam's is more extensive, more exciting, and more delicately scored—and the Wilis' fugue, which describes a moment when the Wilis attack in waves in an attempt to drive Albrecht from the cross. Mary Skeaping's production for London's Festival Ballet restores this deletion, among others. But the fugue sounds like nothing else in the score, and that is probably the reason it was cut. Minkus's editing tightened Adam's scheme to the point where we can speak of "Giselle" as a dance drama, in the modern sense of united elements serving a single purpose. And subsequent revisions altered the libretto to suit the modern sensibility. Albrecht is no longer reclaimed by Bathilde in the end but remains alone at the grave.

Perrot, one of the ballet's original choreographers, and then Petipa mounted the St. Petersburg revivals; the second act as it appears today seems to date from the period of "Swan Lake," which was Romantic-revivalist in inspiration. This act is a masterpiece of dance architecture, but in modern performance it often doesn't keep up the plot suspense its authors meant it to have. The idea of the cross as Albrecht's sanctuary isn't maintained, and his motive on leaving it isn't made clear—that in choosing to remain with Giselle he chooses death. In a love-death climax,



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Albrecht's dances would exalt rather than exhaust him. We never see this happen, nor do we see an ambivalent Giselle torn between her love for Albrecht and her loyalty to her queen. These possibilities, which can be sensed from the design of the choreography, are options that thoughtful interpreters can adjust as they see fit. At Ballet Theatre, everybody does the ballet the same way, with only tiny modifications of the ritual. Since Baryshnikov's debut, the matter of the lilies has become clearer than it was. But if they are tokens of Giselle's living spirit—her sign to him that she's really about to materialize—then they shouldn't be the flowers that Albrecht is carrying when he appears. In pure dance matters, there is likely to be much experimentation. The Giselles fool with the tempi; the Albrechts change the steps. In a guest appearance, the solemn Peter Shaufuss, bursting into high cabrioles and dazzling renversé spins, won the crowd that had come to cheer Makarova.

The role of Giselle is a piety. Dancers believe that until they've done it they haven't really met the test of the ballerina. At A.B.T., there's further pressure on its top ballerinas to compete in the classic roles; sometimes they seem to be competing for the sake of their fans. Martine van Hamel has already triumphed in the roles that test the kind of ballerina she is—"Theme and Variations," Odette-Odile, Nikiya in "La Bayadère," Raymonda, Aurora. She doesn't need Giselle. However, as Giselle she had more of a chance to convince us than she had in the title role of "La Sylphide" a season or two ago; that is, she might have turned the traditionally frail and pathetic Giselle into someone we could believe that only van Hamel could portray—a big, sturdy country girl who goes mad when she's betrayed, and kills herself. But van Hamel played within the tradition, and she didn't kill herself—she just wisped away. Van Hamel's dramatic gifts are concentrated in her dancing, and it is difficult for her to rise in a role that doesn't have a yeasty dance lead. In "Coppélia," where that lead is reduced to a trail of crumbs, all she could do was force her animation. In "Giselle" Act II, she was more freely expressive, but here again it was the conventional Giselle who danced rather than the true van Hamel, and it was impossible not to regret that her presence as Giselle deprived this production of the greatest Myrtha it has ever seen.

—ARLENE CROCE



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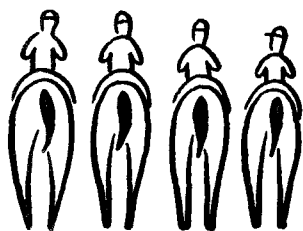
It's Cauthen Again

STEVE CAUTHEN, of course, was the hero of the afternoon at Aqueduct last Saturday, riding four winners and finishing second in three other races. Oddly, though Cauthen has a big following, most of his eight mounts went off at fair prices. Lucky backers of one, Someday Queen, hit a \$14.20 mutuel. After he rode the ninth race, on I'm for Anything, Cauthen was off for Santa Anita, where he rode another three winners the next day, although he finished out of the money on Pocket Park in the Charles H. Strub Stakes. His score for last week in New York was fourteen winners.

Though the weather on Saturday was hardly the sort most people would pick for a day at the Big A, there was a crowd of more than eighteen thousand in the stand. The main event on the card was the Stymie Handicap, at nine furlongs—an event named after the horse the late Hirsch Jacobs campaigned with so successfully thirty years ago. (Claimed for fifteen hundred dollars, Stymie ran a hundred and thirty-one races, of which he won thirty-five, and was in the money ninety-six times. What a horse he was to bet on to show! And he earned \$918,485.) I like the practice of naming races after good horses—it keeps their memory green. The Stymie brought out eight runners, with Sigmund Sommer's Turn and Count, under 126 pounds, giving chunks of weight to the others. He couldn't afford it; the Decap Stable's Patriot's Dream, to whom Turn and Count gave thirteen pounds, led all the way to win by a length and a half. Frampton Delight was third. It looks as though winter racing is beginning to take its toll. Fields have been small, and though horses stabled at Belmont and Aqueduct have been in reasonably good health so far, the coughing sickness that usually comes much later in the year has appeared in several of the stables.

TWO tracks opened last week—Garden State Park, which got the season going in New Jersey, and Oaklawn Park, at Hot Springs, Arkansas. A crowd of 8,780 came out to the course at Cherry Hill for the first day of the Garden State meeting, which will

run through May 31st. It saw Gurkhas Band win the Garden State Inaugural Handicap, at six furlongs, from Chris' Venture, with Gelato third. There were surprises in the Delaware Valley Handicap on Saturday. Bearer Bond won the sprint, at six furlongs, from On the Sly, and Never Retreat was third. Christopher R. was out of the money.



From all accounts, and from the drawings I've seen of the new plant, Charles J. Cella, president of the Oaklawn Jockey Club, has moved his track up into the big time. It has a new, four-million-dollar grandstand, which replaces the one his grandfather opened with in 1904. There is also an attractive saddling paddock and other extras in the infield. In the course of the meeting, which will close on April 2nd with the hundred-thousand-dollar Arkansas Derby, five million in prize money will be distributed.

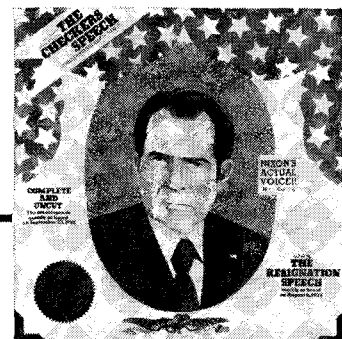
OFFHAND, I'd say that Royal Ski was the bargain horse of 1976. Gerry Cheevers, goalie of the Boston Bruins hockey team, gave \$20,500 for him at the Kentucky yearling sales. He has won six of his nine starts, including five stakes, and \$309,704 in prize money, and he was rated only one pound below Seattle Slew, top weight in the Experimental Free Handicap. Now comes word from Gulfstream Park that Royal Ski has been syndicated for two million. Cheevers holds eight of the sixteen shares on him, priced at \$125,000 apiece, to sell later if he cares to, and he will continue to run the colt in his name and colors. When Royal Ski is retired, he will stand at E. P. Taylor's Windfields Farm, in Maryland. The colt was to have made his first start of the season in the Hutcheson Stakes at Gulfstream this week, but ran a temperature the other morning. It's back to normal now, but John Lenzini, who trains him, will wait a few days before picking a race for him.

—AUDAX MINOR

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the Sacramento Union]

"The Clock of Love Never Stops" will theme the annual orthopedic card party of Menzaleh Temple 16, Daughters of the Nile, at 2 and 8 p.m. today in Eastern Star Temple.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Brave, Noble, After the High Roman Fashion

NO one, not even Wagner, seems to have been quite sure just how good, or how bad, Wagner's first three operas are. The composer never saw "Die Feen," written in 1833, the year of Marschner's "Hans Heiling" and Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia;" it was neither performed nor published until 1888. He directed a single, unfortunate performance of "Das Liebesverbot" in Magdeburg in 1836, the year of Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" and Donizetti's "Belisario;" the opera was not published until 1922 and not revived until 1923, in Munich. "Rienzi" was more successful. First produced in Dresden in 1842, the year of Verdi's "Nabucco" and Donizetti's "Linda di Chamounix," it held the stage there throughout the nineteenth century and into the twentieth; in 1844 both a full score and a vocal score were published. But "Der Fliegende Holländer" had appeared in 1843, and thereafter Wagner (except when revising "Tannhäuser" for Paris) followed his own advice: "Good friends, do something *new, new*, and once again *new*." That injunction—often quoted out of context to excuse the modish aberrations of modern Wagner stage directors—occurs in an 1852 letter to Liszt deploring the fact that Berlioz should be reworking his fourteen-year-old "Benvenuto Cellini" for Weimar instead of embarking on something completely different; he himself would never think of reworking his superannuated "Rienzi" or allowing it to be revived. (A few years later, as it happened, Wagner was eager for "Rienzi" revivals, but that was because he needed money.)

No one, not even Wagner, seems to have heard Wagner's first three operas performed in full—until last year, when the BBC mounted uncut studio productions of all three. I missed those, and hope that the reported plans of an American record company to issue them on disc comes off. Some earlier, variously unsatisfactory accounts of the works (brave, exhilarating essays by enthusiastic students or young professionals, and cut-to-the-bone versions by regular opera companies) had pretty well convinced me that "Die Feen," "Das Liebesverbot," and "Rienzi" are all three worth performing—as operas rewarding in their own right, not

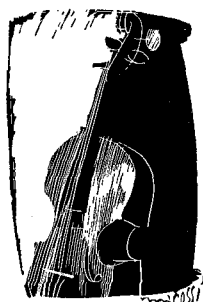
merely as interesting precursors of later Wagner—and that they are all three better, more important works than several to which our major companies currently devote attention. That growing conviction had still to be put to the test of large-scale, stylish theatre productions. When the music society of University College, London, gave the British première of "Das Liebesverbot," in 1965, I wrote that an age that welcomes Donizetti would certainly welcome Wagner's opera; three years later a performance by Nottingham University students led me to urge the piece (so far without result) on Glyndebourne and Sadler's Wells.

After performances of "Die Feen" by Bayreuth students in 1967 and in the town hall of a London borough six years later, I declared that neither Covent Garden nor Sadler's Wells need hesitate to stage the piece. The references are British because no American performances of either opera have come my way. But America has just produced what I believe to be the first large-scale, stylish "Rienzi" staging of our day. It was presented by the San Antonio Symphony for two performances at the end of last month. Much work has been done on "Rienzi" recently: a new—and very expensive—critical edition is under way (three of its five volumes and a supplementary volume of documents and texts have so far appeared); for that BBC performance, a version of the score with more music in it than in any ever published or performed before was prepared; Angel has issued the first commercial recording of the opera; and a monograph, "Wagner's Rienzi: A Reappraisal Based on a Study of the Sketches and Drafts," has been announced by the Oxford University Press. Musicology is a sterile pursuit until its discoveries are put into performance. John Mauceri, who conducted the San Antonio "Rienzi," and Robert Darling, who directed and designed it, took note of new researches and used them to enrich an imaginative and impassioned presentation of the opera. They achieved the kind of performance that causes the stock judgments of musical histories to be rewritten.

"Die Feen" ("The Fairies") is a German opera with its roots in Weber and Marschner. It is the link between

"Oberon" and "Tannhäuser": both music and action point more clearly than those of "Das Liebesverbot" and "Rienzi" toward later Wagner. The plot, freely adapted from Gozzi's "La Donna Serpente," is kin to that of "Die Frau ohne Schatten" and may have influenced it. (Strauss prepared the Munich première of "Die Feen.") "Das Liebesverbot" ("The Ban on Love") is Wagner's Italianate piece, composed at a time when Italian opera—and, above all, Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient as Bellini's Romeo—broke over him and provoked what he diagnosed as "a pert fancy for the turmoil of the senses, a defiant exuberance of glee." He, too, would write a Shakespearean opera filled with delightful melodies. Being Wagner, he introduced serious autobiographical elements into the sources. It was his idea, not Gozzi's, that the hero of "Die Feen" should attain immortality through the power and beauty of his music-making. (In terms of the tale, the tenor's song literally melts a heart of stone.) When moving "Measure for Measure" to Sicily, as "Das Liebesverbot," Wagner changed Angelo into a German governor who, in familiar German fashion, feels at once irresistibly attracted by and earnestly censorious of a license and frivolity considered typically Mediterranean. Much of the "Liebesverbot" music is merry and uncomplicated, but the harmonies point toward "Tristan" in a powerful monologue where that governor struggles—in vain—to resist the Latin sensuality that has intoxicated him.

In Wagner's own case, such intoxication did not last long. His next hero, Cola di Rienzi, is a grandiose visionary whose tremendous plan to restore a decadent folk to the dignity and glory of their ancestors is thwarted by the intrigues of his enemies and the malice and obtuseness of the common people. To see what drew Wagner to Rienzi one must read his source, Bulwer's novel "Rienzi: The Last of the Roman Tribunes" (1835). After Bulwer's expansive pages, the blunt verse and foreshortened action of Wagner's libretto come as a surprise: Rienzi's seven months of rule, seven years of exile, and seven weeks of return are collapsed into a few scenes; his death (1354) follows hard on his excommunication (1347). In a preface to the novel, Bulwer notes the distinction between his epic and Mary Russell Mitford's dramatic treatment of the subject (1828): "The slender space permitted to the Dramatist does not allow Miss Mitford to be very faithful to facts;—to distinguish between



Rienzi's earlier and his later period of power, or to detail the true but somewhat intricate causes of his rise, his splendor, and his fall." I wonder if Wagner knew Miss Mitford's "Rienzi" (it was published in Berlin in 1837); his drama depends quite largely on what Bulwer called "a love-intrigue between a relative of Rienzi and one of the antagonist party, which makes the plot of Miss Mitford's Tragedy, and is little more than an episode in my Romance, having slight effect on the conduct and none on the fate of the hero." Bulwer's book is concerned mainly with Rienzi as popular politician and hero, and when introducing the 1848 edition he remarked with a little pride that the novel seemed to have played a part in stimulating Italy's political regeneration. Verdi certainly contemplated a "Rienzi" in 1843 (but decided the censors would never pass it; Bulwer's book was banned in some Italian states) and again five years later (but his librettist found the story intractable). Wagner reduced the principal actors to three: Rienzi, tenor; Adriano, mezzo-soprano, who combines the roles played by Bulwer's Adrian Colonna (an enlightened young patrician torn between family loyalty, his sympathy with Rienzi's ideals, and his love for Irene, the tribune's sister) and Angelo Villani (Rienzi's trusted secretary, who finally turns traitor); and Irene, soprano, who similarly "doubles," as sister and as Nina Raselli, Rienzi's wife, his sole support when all Rome has turned against him. Wagner's "Rienzi," despite its length, has quite a short, simple libretto and a plot without subtleties. There are only two arias. The ensembles and choruses, the processions and marches and hymns, and a long sequence of a pantomime followed by a ballet make it huge. Of the Meyerbeer-Scribe grand operas, only "Le Prophète" has so uncomplicated an action. Hans von Bülow once described "Rienzi" as Meyerbeer's best opera, and his mots (in similar vein, he dubbed the Requiem Verdi's best opera) have a way of being thoughtlessly repeated: "Rienzi" is often called Meyerbeerian. Insofar as that implies Meyerbeer influence on it, it is nothing of the kind, in either its musical or its dramatic manners. The superficial similari-

ties are due to a common ancestry in Spontini's "Fernand Cortez," that grand opera which had also left its mark on Rossini, and in Halévy's "La Juive," itself Spontini-descended. Yet to compare "Le Prophète" and "Rienzi" is irresistible. They were composed at almost the same time, on the same scale, and for the same solo forces of tenor, mezzo, and soprano. (Soon after "Le Prophète" appeared at the Paris Opéra, Liszt urged Wagner to pay court to Gustave Roger and Pauline Viardot, singers of the Prophet and his mother, and thus pave the way for an Opéra performance of "Rienzi.") In addition, topically, the San Antonio "Rienzi," following hard on the Met "Prophète," illustrated a strikingly different approach to the twentieth-century revival of a nineteenth-century grand opera.

If there was any influence, it was of Wagner's work on Meyerbeer's. Wagner drafted his libretto in 1837 and composed the music between 1838 and 1840. Meyerbeer received his libretto from Scribe in 1839 (though there had been some earlier discussion of the subject) and had barely begun composition when Wagner showed him the first two acts of "Rienzi." Meyerbeer's recommendation helped to achieve its acceptance

by Dresden. In 1844, Meyerbeer (along with Spontini) went to Dresden to hear it. His own opera did not reach the stage until 1849. The main point that emerges from any comparison is already implicit in Wagner's own account of the "Prophète" Act III finale. He uses the episode to exemplify his oft-quoted charge against Meyerbeer of "effects without causes":

Let us assume that a poet has been inspired with the idea of a hero, a champion of light and freedom, in whose breast there flames a mighty love for his downtrodden brother men.... He wishes to depict this hero at the zenith of his career, in the full radiance of his deeds of glory, and chooses as image the following supreme moment.... The hero has arrived before a fortified city, which must be bloodily stormed by his unpracticed mob if the work of freedom is to have a victorious issue.... At his mighty voice, the folk assemble.... They feel themselves uplifted and ennobled, and their inspiration in turn uplifts the hero to still loftier heights: from inspiration he presses on to deed. He seizes the standard and waves it high toward those fearful walls, the embattled city of the foe, who, so long as they lie secure behind their trenches, make impossible a better future for mankind. "Onward! Death or victory!"... The scene must now become for us the stage of all the world; Nature must declare herself a sharer in this exaltation.... Lo! sacred need compels the poet: he parts the cloudy curtains of the morn, and at his word the streaming sun mounts high above the city.... Here is the flower of all-puissant art, and this miracle only the art of drama can achieve.

The *externals* of such a scene, Wagner continues, are found in Meyerbeer's opera. The ear notes a popular hymnlike melody, thunderously swelled, the eye a sun that is a masterstroke of stage mechanics, nothing more. No inspired hero stands before us, but a costumed tenor playing "a poor devil who through weakness has taken on the role of a charlatan, and finally bewails not an error, a fanatical delusion, which at a pinch might still have justified that sunburst, but his weakness and mendacity." Compare that, Wagner might have continued, with the tribune's battle muster of a popular army in Act III of my "Rienzi"—stirring, elevated, dramatic but not stagy, charged with honest, lofty idealism. Note that after the battle and before the victory chorus there is a



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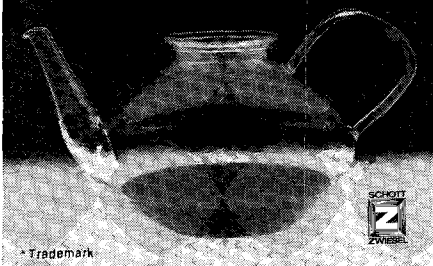
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tender threnody for the fallen. Compare Meyerbeer's entertaining but quite irrelevant ballet of skaters with my ballet—a symbolic representation, ordered by the tribune, of tyrants overthrown and ancient and modern Rome united beneath the blessing of Peace. Compare the admittedly effective *coup de théâtre* that interrupts the Prophet's coronation procession with Adriano's interruption of Rienzi's progress: the noble youth runs forward, seizes the bridle of Rienzi's charger, and pleads for negotiation, not bloodshed. Note that Rienzi dies as a tragic hero, not bawling a drinking song.

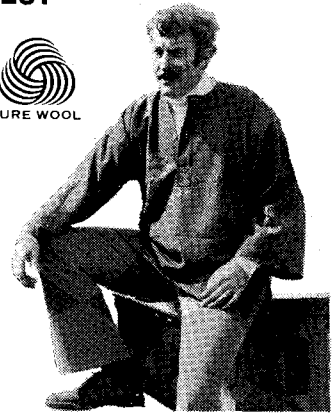
Wagner, hugely ambitious, aimed to write an extra-grand opera that would triumph in Paris and rescue him from the chores of a provincial conductor's life. Like Verdi in "Don Carlos," he accepted the form—"grand opera" with all its scenic and musical splendor, its massive, vehement effects, was my objective—but he made no concessions to frivolous Parisian taste. "The material itself truly filled me with enthusiasm, and I included nothing unconnected with this enthusiasm"—nothing for mere, unmotivated effect. "Le Prophète" is a carefully worked, cunningly assembled score by an experienced, very skillful, and technically conscientious composer. "Rienzi" is different—an outpouring of copious and passionately felt music by a young genius who wished to inspire his listeners, not just excite them to pleasure and admiration. Wagner's musical means are simpler and more spontaneous than Meyerbeer's, and his stagecraft is more direct, more honest in intention. (Just how good it is I did not realize until I saw the San Antonio production.) What keeps "Rienzi" from the stage is its very copiousness. It is impractically long and large for modern repertory use, and by much cutting it is spoiled. The same is true of "Die Feen" and "Das Liebesverbot." But it is precisely the vigor, the melodic exuberance, the youthful, unfettered, overflowing invention of all three works which make them so attractive.

Bowing to the exigencies of theatrical life, Wagner shortened "Rienzi" before its Dresden première, and again after it. (The bill had announced a performance beginning at six and ending at ten; the show ran until nearly midnight.) The 1844 vocal score was abridged, the 1844 full score still more so, and the tale of subsequent editions is too tangled to be set out here. The complete original work is probably lost forever. "Rienzi" was Hitler's favorite

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opera; he owned the autograph, and it is thought to have perished with him. The Dresden theatre copy was apparently destroyed by bombs. But Wagner's composition draft, in short score, survives. Working from that, and from the early vocal score, Ernest Warburton and Edward Downes, the producer and conductor of the BBC performance, themselves orchestrated the passages missing in full score. Their reconstruction of "Rienzi" contained four hours and forty-seven minutes of music. The San Antonio text was not nearly so long; there was about three hours and ten minutes of music in it. But it was a longer and more impressive version than any I had heard before. My first "Rienzi" was in Augsburg, in the open air. The flames at the end for the burning of the Capitol were real; they leaped into the night from kerosene poured over actual masonry. That was striking. But the company did not have the necessary choral forces; offstage choruses, pre-recorded, were piped in over loudspeakers. And there was much cutting. A Munich Festival production in 1967, done with just one long interval, lasted less than three hours in all, and Adriano, that role inspired by Wagner's memories of Schröder-Devrient in Romeo's and Leonore's breeches, was allotted to a tenor; his aria, "Gerechter Gott!," was omitted. Three years earlier, a Scala performance with Giuseppe di Stefano in the title part also had a tenor Adriano, and was abridged to a point where it was reviewed as "Highlights from 'Rienzi.'" When the ensembles are cut to short statements, the majesty and the contrasts are destroyed. The chorus seems to troop on and off, on and off, to sing one brief number after another. Act III suffers especially. Excitement in the Forum at the impending patrician attack; drums summoning the army; "Gerechter Gott!;" the huge muster of army, populace, and priests, with a large military band marching across the stage; the battle hymn launched by Rienzi, interrupted by Adriano's plea; the offstage alarums while onstage the women, led by Irene, are praying; the triumphant processional return; the threnody; Adriano's fierce outburst over his father's corpse; the final victory chorus—in San Antonio all this was done just about complete, and was tremendous.

There were about two hundred and fifty people on the stage. The brass band turned up in force (at the Met, the "Prophète" band is relegated to the wings), and the rousing effect

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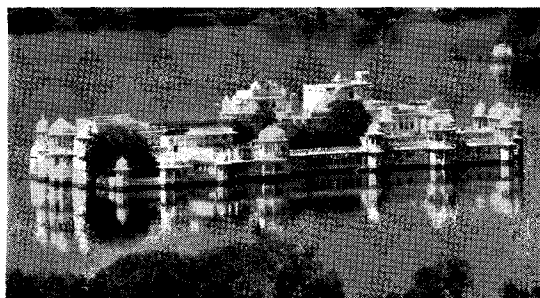
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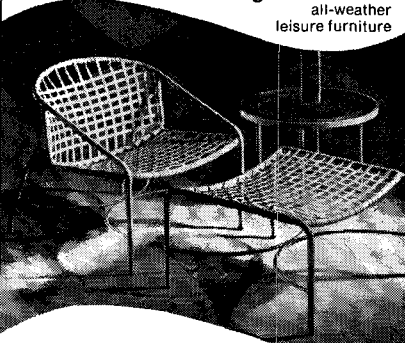
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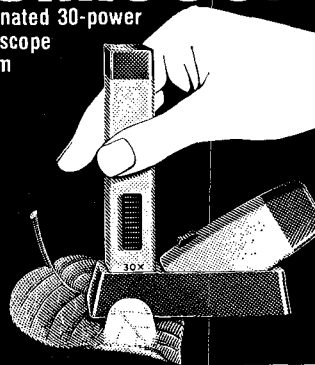
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produced by a marching, uniformed band is something composers counted on. Rienzi, as in the well-known picture of the Dresden production, rode a white charger. There is a good deal of evidence about the way Wagner intended "Rienzi" to be staged; Robert Darling either followed the composer's instructions or devised actions in their spirit which could be accomplished by local forces. For example, Rienzi's festival dancers (the Red Beret Drill Team from Lackland Air Force Base and the Churchill High School Band Flag Corps) deftly medievalized a halftime banner-waving routine—after, far, than any awkward ballet—and it was a nice nominal touch to cast Irene as Peace. Mr. Darling's settings were built from two quadrants of tall, classical colonnade, variously grouped and added to in ways that evoked palace, piazza, or church portal without monotony. Space could be deep or shallow. The materials used vividly suggested the decayed grandeur that was fourteenth-century Rome. Through hundreds and hundreds of hired costumes, period precision was not entirely maintained, but the general effect was richly and colorfully medieval, and the dress of the principals recalled the original Dresden designs, themselves drawn from detailed descriptions in Bulwer. Pat Collins' lighting was imaginative, but not bright enough in the scenes of splendor.

John Mauceri's conducting was notable for its broad, sustained grasp of the huge spans, for the sureness of tempo relations, for stylish, dramatic rubato, and for eloquent detail. His reading had both passion and grandeur. He was energetic, buoyant but not hectic, ample but never heavy. His large, balanced, shapely handling of the score came to me as a revelation of its merit, and banished doubts that Heinrich Hollreiser's performance on the Angel recording had raised. (Many of Mr. Hollreiser's tempi are demonstrably wrong, and the general effect of that ill-cast set is of a routine read-through.) Each of the many marches, taken at the composer's prescribed tempo, showed an individual mood and character, which were reflected in Mr. Darling's staging. The San Antonio Symphony was admirable: warm strings, playing in smooth, full lines; woodwinds firm in tone, flexible in phrase; brass that was bright and clear but not searing. The massed choirs, prepared by Dorothy Randall, were amateur but accomplished: boys, women, and men sang with a spirit that

could put some professional choruses to shame.

The five-act opera was given with only two intermissions, after Acts I and II. The long stretch of Acts III, IV, and V on end puts a tremendous strain on the protagonist, and also on the audience, kept at high tension for an hour and a half. A good deal of the solo music in Act V was cut: all but a snatch of Rienzi's cavatina (after his prayer) and all of the Rienzi-Irene



duet. I regretted this—it diminishes the portrait of a great man progressively deprived of support until only a loving sister remains (Irene is the third of the six loving sisters to be found in Wagner's operas), it leaves all the emphasis on

Rienzi's public appearances, and it makes Irene's role very small—but I understood the reasons for it. Elsewhere, some ensemble music was cut (far less than in most "Rienzi" performances), some recitative (which is the most primitive part of Wagner's score), all of the pantomime, and some of the ballet. Three of the four ambassadorial greetings in Act II were reinstated, from the critical edition, and lent interest to the E-major ceremonial march; eight bars more and we could have had the fourth of them.

James McCray, the Seattle Siegfried, was Rienzi. He made little of the text (the opera was sung in English), broke the line of phrases ("Accept this humble. Fervent prayer"), and sang recitatives as written—instead of adjusting length and stress to the sense of the words—in a way that often made noble sentiments sound perfunctory. He is worth being thus harsh to, since potentially he is a most valuable heldentenor. His voice was strong, firm, untiring, still clear and vigorous as a long evening of heavy, heroic utterance drew to its close. Rose Marie Freni, the Adriano, has one of those complicated mezzo timbres which are not limpid or conventionally beautiful but are arresting in their dramatic colors. And she also has temperament: her performance held the ear and the eye. Janet Price, a Welsh soprano associated with such roles as Mercadante's Virginia, Meyerbeer's Palmide ("Il Crociato"), and Donizetti's Eleanora d'Este ("Torquato Tasso"), made her American stage debut as Irene, showing both that bel canto is the right road by which to approach Wagner and that her voice has the weight to sail out over big ensembles. The smaller roles were strongly cast: among the company were Douglas Perry and Thomas Paul as Rienzi's henchmen, Philip Steele as

Colonna, and Ara Berberian as the Papal Legate.

San Antonio, a pleasing town, exotic to an Easterner, has most of the attributes of a festival place. As in Venice, one can walk beside water between hotels, restaurants, and the theatre without meeting motorcars. (There are cars, all too many of them, but river and roads are on different levels.) There is history underfoot within the town (the Alamo) and a short, level bicycle ride away (the Spanish missions) to occupy the visitor's days. There is local architecture (notably in the nineteenth-century German quarter) worth exploring. The Theatre for the Performing Arts, where "Rienzi" was done, has a good auditorium, seating twenty-eight hundred, and airy, agreeable lobbies; there are halls, churches, galleries, and other theatres in the city which could help to give San Antonio a festival comparable to Adelaide's or York's—provided federal, state, and city funds were generously forthcoming. (Art costs very little in terms of a national budget.) In nineteenth-century Dresden, "Rienzi" was played a hundred times in thirty years, and people came from all over Europe to see it. Although San Antonio may prefer to turn next to "something new," it would be a pity if its "Rienzi" disappeared after just two showings. If "Rienzi" could be kept in the repertory and "Die Feen" and "Das Liebesverbot" added in subsequent years, San Antonio would be able to mount an opera festival unparalleled elsewhere. In time, early Wagner could be varied by the works that Wagner conducted or was influenced by in his formative years. "Fidelio" has already been done, and "Norma" is due this season. (In such a context as I am suggesting, it would be enriched by the extra bass air that Wagner composed for it.) But I am thinking of fare less common—of Weber's "Euryanthe," Spontini's "Cortez," Méhul's "Joseph," Auber's "La Muette de Portici," Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," Spohr's "Jessonda," Halévy's "La Juive," and Marschner's "Der Vampyr." "Rienzi" has proved that San Antonio has the ability to make a success of such pieces.

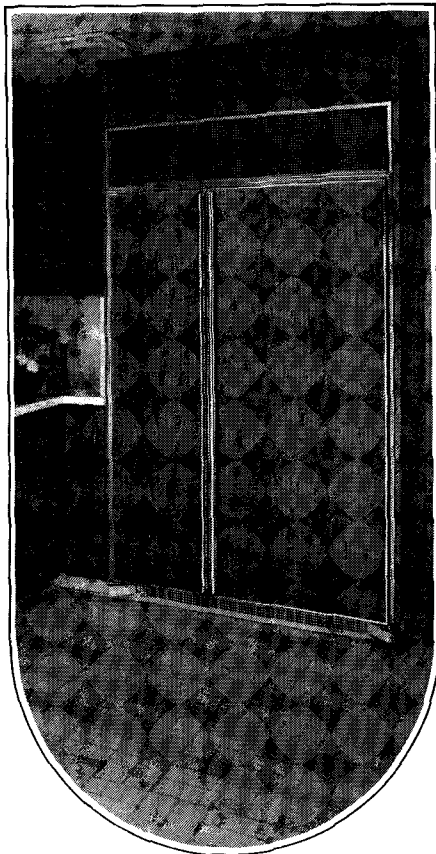
—ANDREW PORTER

MacLeish took a pass from behind the cage from Ross Lonsberry and flipped the puck into the right corner of the net at 6:47 of the second period. The Cleveland goalie, Gary Simmons, had wandered out of the cage and was shot.

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IN one of the early pages of "Roots" (Doubleday), Alex Haley describes the ancient ceremony in which one of his African ancestors was named. The father took the infant in his arms, held it up before a gathering of villagers, and whispered in its ear the name he had chosen for it. Only then was the name announced to everyone else, for it was the belief among those people "that each human being should be the first to know who he was." This is an affecting belief, disarming in its poetry. The fact is, though—however obvious it may be—that no one ever is, or can be, the first to know who he or she is. In the limited case of the African ceremony, the father who chose and whispered the name was the first to know it. And in a broader sense, because every newborn child and its parents are but the newest links in an old chain, not even a father can know fully who his offspring is. If a father could, Alex Ha-

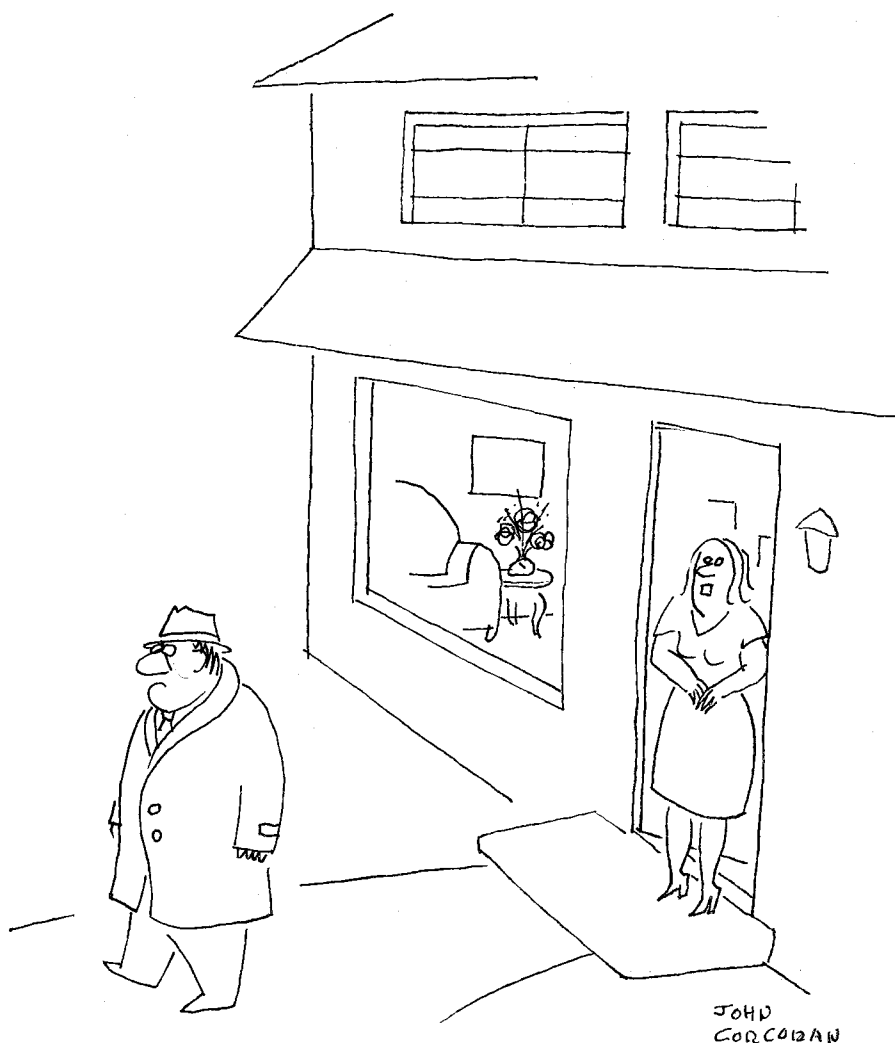
ley, a man now fifty-five, belonging to the seventh generation of his family in America, would probably have had little need to make his long journey back to Africa—a journey he undertook to find out about himself among the people who live where his ancestors lived, to find out who in fact he is.

The desire to know who we are helps to explain the second of two pulls we ordinarily feel toward grandparents. The first attraction, and the one that as children we understand more clearly, is toward something easeful, generous, and amusing about grandparents, and about the way they handle us when we are around. They can be a wonderful escape from the stringent regimes of parents, with their endless admonitions about how we should behave. Grandparents allow us to grow; they *like* to watch us obeying something inside ourselves—something that we know only vaguely but that is completely familiar to them. Long retired from the stren-

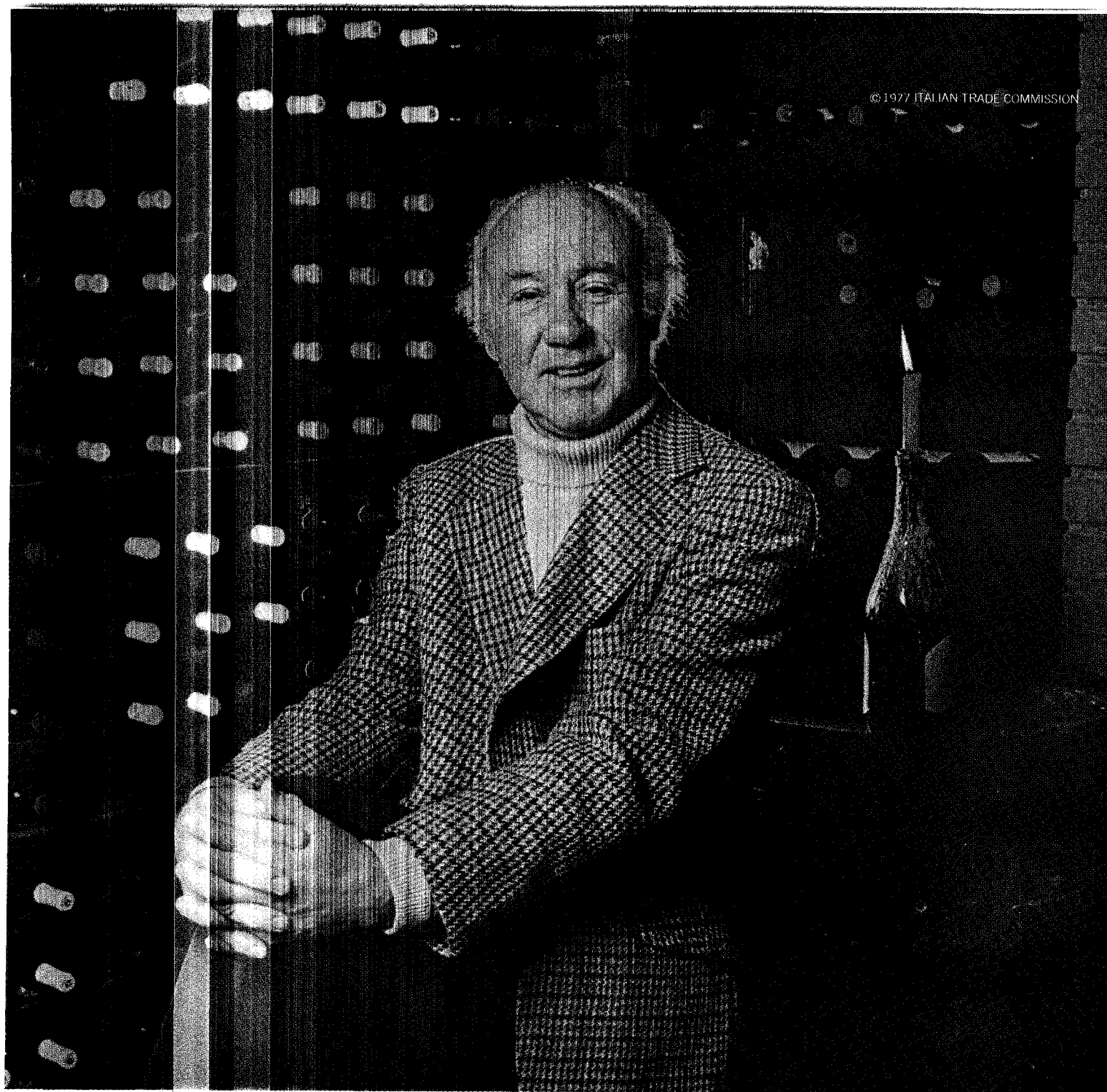
uous business of shaping *their* children, our parents, they are often ready to coddle and indulge us, to refresh themselves in our youthful curiosities, and to enjoy our affections. They are also ready to talk a lot—about the past, about when they were young, about their own parents and grandparents. At such times, they look at us with something mildly searching and wistful in their eyes, hoping, no doubt, to see some early and fugitive version of themselves. We understand this only later, when we become aware of the second pull that these old people were exerting upon us all along; we realize that in listening to their talk we, too, were listening for some earlier and fugitive echoes of ourselves. We were drawn to them for the odds and ends of their memory, without which we would be less whole, or, at the least, left to invent a greater portion of ourselves.

As a boy, Alex Haley was lucky to have been around a grandmother who had an improbably long memory of her ancestry. Indeed, in knowing such a grandmother he was luckier than most boys of his race. She passed on to him far more information about the origins of their family than black Americans are usually in a position to remember. They came here, after all, in slavery, an institution that severed almost all their ties to Africa—to birthplace, forebears, religion, language, and names. One of the few families that have always known their African names—that have clung to them through more than two centuries of dogged, and sometimes dangerous, oral transmission—is Haley's family, on his maternal grandmother's side. Her memory of that name, along with her other memories, has now paid the remarkable dividend of "Roots," in which Haley traces his family's origins in Africa, certifies the name of one of his ancestors, and renders the history of his family from before the slave ships, through slavery, and into the present. At five hundred and eighty-seven pages—the product of twelve years' work—it is a prodigious labor of love and personal necessity.

Since the publication of "Roots," Haley's labor has been richly and justly rewarded. The psychological returns for him have probably been as great as the financial ones. Not the least of the rewards was the enormous interest with which millions of Americans recently



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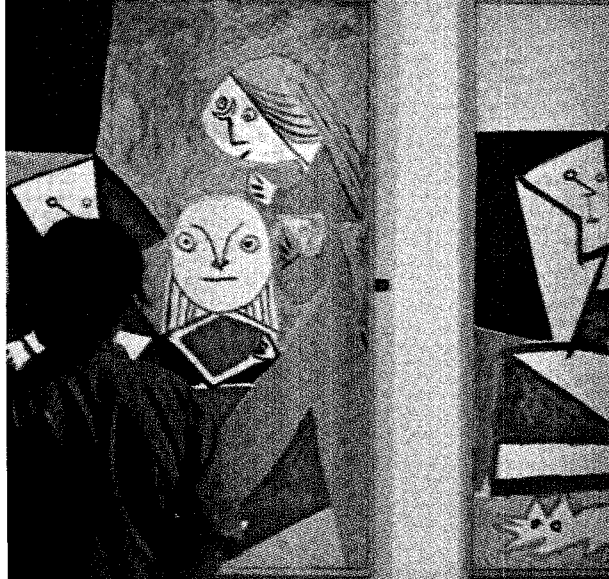
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watched the televised version of his book. Undoubtedly, much of this interest sprang from the continuing, if somewhat bashful, desire of most Americans to come to terms with the fact and the details of slavery. Much of it must also have been engendered by the poignancy of Haley's relentless search for his identity and by the unflinching manner in which he attempted to reconstruct one of the unhappy dramas of our history—a drama which is as much his own as it is that of his family, of black Americans, and of the wider society upon whose stage it was enacted.

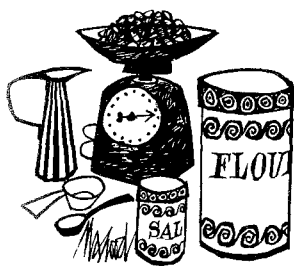
The condition of uprootedness, the pain of being an outsider in a strange culture and a strange land, has fascinated many American intellectuals for a long time—as well it should, in a nation made up so largely of the uprooted. In articles and books, in classrooms and drawing rooms, they have dwelt upon the tragic nature of that condition. But they seem to have been interested in the subject chiefly as it has affected immigrants; seldom have they been as absorbed by the experiences of those who were hauled off and dumped upon this ground to serve as slaves. Is it because the subject of uprootedness loses existential appeal when it is tainted by slavery? Perhaps. At any rate, what group of Americans was more violently uprooted? What other people were within a generation after their arrival in America so shorn of those details of memory that help one bear up under the roughness of exile?

Under these circumstances, it is remarkable that the early slaves managed to hold up as well as they did, and that their descendants have been able to forge what is, for the most part, an affirmative relationship with this country. It is true that Western religion rushed in to fill part of the vacuum left by what had been lost or expunged, and helped to nourish and preserve a sense of humanity and an impulse for freedom. (In fact, it is astonishing that the slaves and their offspring became such eloquent witnesses to the religion of those who enslaved them.) The vacuum caused by the loss or excision of African names was also filled, if with less inspiring results. Although they live peaceably enough with the names they inherited in the West, most descendants of the slaves still wonder what names they once had, and whether there may not still be families on the other shore

to whom they are directly related and who are bearing those names. Of course, many blacks have shed their European names and chosen others, which are associated with the land of their ancestry. Some of them have done so to assist the struggle for racial consciousness, and some to bring themselves closer to newly found religions. Others have taken the step on the chance that their new names will link them with those of ancient African sovereigns from whom they claim to be descended. (Indeed, they may well be. No doubt the old slavers descended upon kings and commoners alike, considering what the quality of their mercy was, and the indiscriminate nature of their needs.) Alex Haley has not, at this writing, taken on an African name. But should he ever find himself so inclined, he is in a position to act with the utmost certainty.

Haley grew up in Henning, Tennessee, listening as his grandmother regaled relatives and friends with a "cumulative family narrative that had been passed down across the generations." So proud she was to hand her memories along that no audience seems to have been spared her narrative—not even those who, like her own offspring, had heard it often enough to know it by heart. Only the very young and the very old can remain reverent toward those who tell old news over and over again. The middle-aged, with all the concurrent demands that are made upon their lives, soon grow weary of ancient tales. And so it is not surprising that one day Grandma's grown daughter (Haley's mother) should have complained about hearing "all that old-timey slavery stuff" once too often, or that she should have been told, in reply, "If *you* don't care who and where you come from, well, *I* does!" Nor is it surprising that the young Haley should have remained spell-bound by the old story—as often as he had heard it, and as little sense as he was then able to make of it.

Briefly, the story was about "the African." He was brought to this country in a slave ship that docked at a place called 'Naplís; he was bought by a Waller family, who lived in Spotsylvania County, Virginia; he worked as a buggy driver on the Waller plantation; he married the big-house cook, named Bell, by whom he had a daughter, named Kizzy. To young Kizzy he told the history of his life in Africa, and of how, when he was out in the forest



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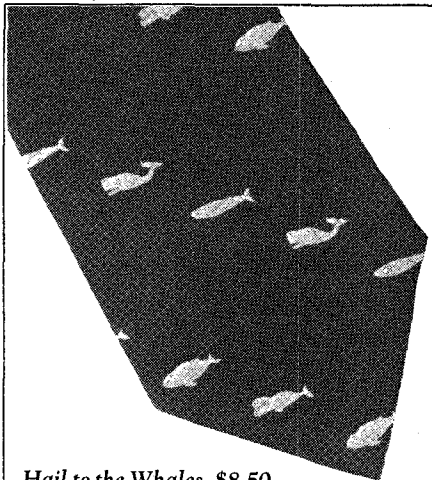
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one day cutting wood to make a frame for a drum, he was set upon by slavers, captured, and dragged to a slave ship. He told her his name was not Toby Waller, the one conferred on him by his master. His real name, he said, was Kin-tay. He taught her a few words from his native tongue. His word for a guitar was *ko*. And when he pointed to the Mattaponi River, which ran nearby the plantation, he called it the Kamby Bolongo.

Haley grew up and moved away from his family. Shortly before the Second World War, when he was seventeen, he joined the United States Coast Guard and served in it for twenty years. It was while working on a cargo-ammunition ship in the Pacific that he "stumbled onto the long road" that took him to the writing of "Roots." To fill the hours of boredom at sea, he read almost everything in the ship's library and taught himself to write. In 1959, at the age of thirty-seven, he retired from the Coast Guard and decided to try to launch himself as a professional writer.

In 1962, after writing a number of pieces for the *Reader's Digest*—pieces of "The Most Unforgettable" genre—he recorded an interview with Miles Davis, the jazz trumpeter. This became the first *Playboy* "Interview." A subsequent interview with Malcolm X led to the collaboration that produced "The Autobiography of Malcolm X," which was published in 1965. That led, in turn, to a magazine assignment in London. "Poking about one day in the British Museum," Haley writes, "I found myself looking at something I'd heard of vaguely: the Rosetta Stone. I don't know why, it just about entranced me. I got a book there in the museum library to learn more about it." This, as he describes it, was the effect the book had upon him:

The key that had unlocked a door into the past fascinated me. I seemed to feel it had some special personal significance, but I couldn't imagine what. It was on a plane returning to the United States when an idea hit me. Using language chiseled into stone, the French scholar had deciphered a historic unknown by matching it with that which was known. That presented me a rough analogy: In the oral history that Grandma... had always told on the boyhood Henning front porch, I had an unknown quotient in those strange words or sounds passed on by the African. I got to thinking about them: "Kin-tay," he had said, was his name. "*Ko*" he had called a guitar. "Kamby Bolongo" he had called a river in Virginia. They were mostly sharp, angular sounds, with *k* predominating. These sounds probably had undergone some changes across the generations of being passed down, yet unquestionably

they represented phonetic snatches of whatever was the specific tongue spoken by my African ancestor who was a family legend. My plane from London was circling to land at New York with me wondering: What specific African tongue was it? Was there any way in the world that maybe I could find out?

What an intimidating prospect it must have seemed at the time! And what an engrossing adventure his search turned out to be! Starting out tentatively, he went to the National Archives, in Washington, D.C., and spent hours examining post-Civil War census records. He had begun to tire of what appeared a fruitless search when, he tells us, "suddenly in utter astonishment I found myself looking down" on what seemed to be the names of Kin-tay's and Kizzy's early descendants—names that he had heard countless times on his grandmother's front porch. Heartened by the discovery, he returned to Washington as often as possible (he was then living in New York) to widen his search. After exhausting the available resources of the National Archives, the Library of Congress, and the Library of the Daughters of the American Revolution, he was "able to document at least the highlights of the cherished family story."

But what to do next? How, for instance, to track down those "strange phonetic sounds" his grandmother had tried to reproduce? In New York, the obvious place to go was the United Nations. "I began arriving at the United Nations around quitting time... It wasn't hard to spot the Africans, and every one I was able to stop, I'd tell my sounds to. Within a couple of weeks, I guess I had stopped about two dozen Africans, each of whom had given me a quick look, a quick listen, and then took off. I can't say I blame them—me trying to communicate some African sounds in a Tennessee accent."

Eventually, Haley was given the name of Jan Vansina, a professor of history at the University of Wisconsin and an authority on African linguistics. He journeyed to Wisconsin for a meeting with Professor Vansina, and learned that the phonetic sounds he grew up hearing belonged to Mandinka, a tongue spoken by the Mandingo people. He learned that the word *ko* probably referred to the *kora*, one of the Mandingo people's oldest stringed instruments. He also learned that in Mandinka *bolongo* meant "moving water." Preceded by Kamby, it could indicate the Gambia River. This was all very encouraging, but

Haley had never heard of the Gambia River.

Then, almost by chance, he was led to a young Gambian named Ebou Manga, who was studying at Hamilton College, in New York. No, Ebou Manga said, he did not speak Mandinka; his tongue was Wolof. If Haley's hopes sagged at that piece of news, they were revived immediately by what Ebou Manga said next. He said he would be more than glad to introduce Haley to Gambians, in Africa, who spoke Mandinka. A few days later, both men flew off to The Gambia.

In Banjul, the capital, Haley told his story to "a small group of men knowledgeable in their small country's history." They said there was no question about what Kamby Bolongo meant: it meant the Gambia River. They told him that what he called, or spelled, "Kin-tay" was actually Kinte, and that it was a well-known family name in The Gambia. They also told him of

very old men, called *griots*, still to be found in the older back-country villages, men who were in effect living, walking archives of oral history... Throughout the whole of black Africa such oral chronicles had been handed down since the time of the ancient forefathers... and there were certain legendary *griots* who could narrate facets of African history literally for as long as three days without ever repeating themselves.

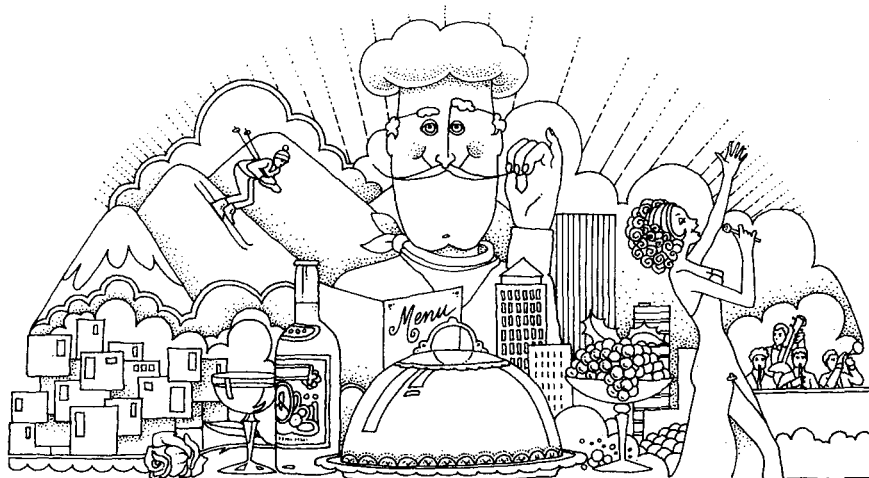
Finally, they promised that by the time he returned to The Gambia they would have found one of these *griots* to assist him in his search.

Some weeks later, a letter came to Haley in New York informing him that a *griot* had been found. Broke from having spent almost everything he had on his research, Haley was unable to return to The Gambia on his own, but a few months later, with the help of the *Reader's Digest*, he raised enough money for the trip and for a "mini-safari" up the Gambia River.

The safari took him to the village of Juffure, where the *griot* lived, and where, as he was to learn, his own ancestor, Kunta Kinte, had been born and raised. This is Haley's report:

The *griot* said that the Kinte clan had begun in the country called Old Mali. Then the Kinte men traditionally were blacksmiths...and the women mostly were potters and weavers. In time, one branch of the clan moved into the country called Mauretania; and it was from Mauretania that one son of this clan, whose name was Kairaba Kunta Kinte—a *marabout*, or holy man of the Moslem faith—journeyed down into the country called The Gambia. He went first to a village called Pakali N'Ding, stayed there for a while, then went to a village

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called Jiffarong, and then to the village of Juffure.

In Juffure, Kairaba Kunta Kinte took his first wife, a Mandinka maiden whose name was Sireng. And by her he begot two sons, whose names were Janneh and Saloum. Then he took a second wife; her name was Yaisa. And by Yaisa, he begot a son named Omoro.

Those three sons grew up in Juffure until they became of age. Then the elder two, Janneh and Saloum, went away and founded a new village called Kinte-Kundah Janneh-Ya. The youngest son, Omoro, stayed on in Juffure village until he had thirty rains—years—of age, then he took as his wife a Mandinka maiden named Binta Kebba. And by Binta Kebba, roughly between the years 1750 and 1760, Omoro Kinte begat four sons, whose names were, in order of their birth, Kunta, Lamin, Suwadu, and Madi....

Now after he [the *griot*] had just named those four sons, again he appended a detail, and the interpreter translated—

"About the time the King's soldiers came"—another of the *griot's* time-fixing references—"the eldest of these four sons, Kunta, went away from his village to chop wood... and he was never seen again..." And the *griot* went on with his narrative.

I sat as if I were carved of stone. My blood seemed to have congealed. This man whose lifetime had been in this back-country African village had no way in the world to know that he had just echoed what I had heard all through my boyhood years on my grandma's front porch in Henning, Tennessee... of an African who always had insisted that his name was "Kin-tay"; who had called a guitar a "ko," and a river within the state of Virginia, "Kamby Bolongo"; and who had been kidnapped into slavery while not far from his village, chopping wood, to make himself a drum.

Not many voyages of ancestral discovery can have been more amazing. Soon after what Haley calls the "peak experience" of his life, he found himself reflecting upon those black Americans he would soon be rejoining, who were in the same predicament about their identity that he had been in:

If any black American could be so blessed as I had been to know only a few ancestral clues—could he or she know *who* was either the paternal or maternal African ancestor or ancestors, and about *where* that ancestor lived when taken, and finally about *when* the ancestor was taken—then only those few clues might well see that black American able to locate some wizened old black *griot* whose narrative could reveal the black American's ancestral clan, perhaps even the very village.

But Haley's voyage was not yet over. He now had to follow the trail of his ancestor to the New World. When, exactly, had Kunta Kinte been taken into slavery? And when did he arrive in America, at the place he had called 'Napolis? The *griot* had spoken

of "the time the King's soldiers came." What time was that? And which king's soldiers? Continuing his research in one of the archives in London, Haley found a reference to "Colonel O'Hare's forces," a unit "sent from London in 1767 to guard the then British-operated Fort James Slave Fort in the Gambia River." These, then—the Colonel's forces—were what the *griot* had called "the King's soldiers." This finding sent him on to maritime records at Lloyd's of London, where his eyes fell upon an entry showing that "on July 5, 1767... a ship named *Lord Ligonier*, her captain, a Thomas E. Davies, had sailed from the Gambia River, her destination Annapolis"—the 'Napolis of his family legend. Now, when did the Lord Ligonier reach Annapolis? Haley thought he knew where he could find the answer.

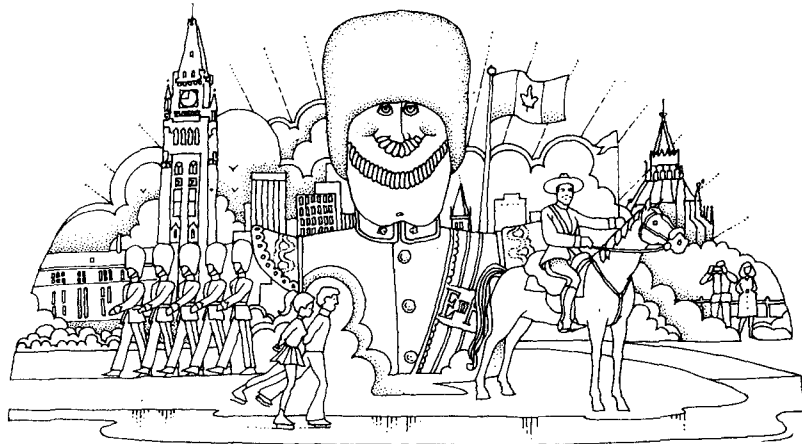
Excited by the riches he had just mined from the old records in London, he boarded the first plane to New York, shuttled to Washington, D.C., took a cab to the Library of Congress, called for a book—"Shipping in the Port of Annapolis"—that he remembered seeing there some time earlier, and leafed rapidly through it. Confirmation: the Lord Ligonier had cleared customs at Annapolis on September 29, 1767. And its cargo? The book didn't say, but Haley knew where he could find that answer, too. He rented a car, sped to Annapolis, dashed into the Maryland Hall of Records, and asked to see any local newspaper that had been published around the first week of October, 1767. He was given a microfilm roll of the *Maryland Gazette*. And there, in the issue of October 1st, he found this item: "JUST IMPORTED. In the ship *Lord Ligonier*, Capt. Davies, from the River Gambia, in Africa, and to be sold by the subscribers, in Annapolis, for cash, or good bills of exchange on Wednesday the 7th of October next. A Cargo of CHOICE HEALTHY SLAVES. The said ship will take tobacco to London on liberty at 6s. Sterling per ton." So Kunta Kinte had arrived in America on September 29, 1767. (John Quincy Adams, who was born on July 11, 1767, was then two months old. On September 23rd, six days before Kunta Kinte arrived, John Adams, John Quincy's father, had written to Richard Cranch, "In a little while Johnny must go to College, and Nabby must have fine Cloaths, aye, and so must Betsy too and the other and all the rest.... Aye, and there must be dancing Schools and Boarding Schools and all that, or else, you know, we shall not give them polite

Educations, and they will better not have been born you know than not have polite Educations." John Quincy's education may have been slightly less polite than was intended. Many years later, he dealt a blow against slavery when he defended a group of slaves who had seized control of the ship—the *Amistad*—that was transporting them to the Americas.)

The material about his ancestry that Haley uncovered and authenticated as he conducted his long search is the main substance of "Roots." But if the book contained only this material, along with the story of how the material was obtained, it would be a considerably thinner book than it is, although, indeed, still an absorbing one. To flesh out the bare facts of his family's history—from Kunta Kinte's origins in The Gambia down through the six generations of his offspring in this country—Haley has drawn supporting evidence from a wide range of oral history and written scholarship concerning conditions in Africa and in America during the period of slavery. To that evidence he has added a fair amount of conjecture and imagination by inventing settings, incidents, characters, and conversations. The result reads a little like historical fiction, except for a straight account, toward the end of the book, of how and why he pursued the factual threads from which the story is woven. Haley has used the word "faction" (a combination of "fact" and "fiction") to describe the book he has written. "Since I wasn't yet around when most of the story occurred," he tells us, "by far most of the dialogue and most of the incidents are of necessity a novelized amalgam of what I *know* took place together with what my researching led me to plausibly *feel* took place."

Arresting and powerful as the cumulative narrative is, it suffers somewhat from the method by which it was put together. The chief problem is that it requires more help from our imagination than we ordinarily wish to contribute to the success of historical writing, or of what we approach as such. Reading this "novelized amalgam," one finds oneself bouncing back and forth between two impulses—to see it as an actual record of the Kinte clan, or to accept it as a credible version of how the clan may have lived. We know that the historical background of the narrative has been researched and verified, but we also know that the relationship between this background and the account of Kunta Kinte's life is an invented relationship,

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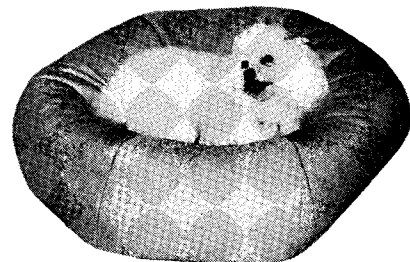


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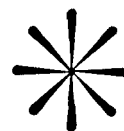
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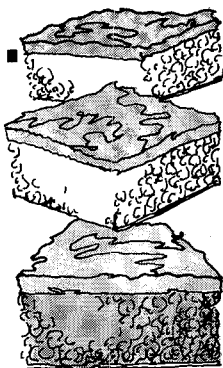
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and it is disconcerting to have to keep both things in mind. One ends up deciding to take the entire narrative on faith, knowing that it is built upon bones of truth.

Virginia Woolf once imagined that Lytton Strachey, when he came to write "Elizabeth and Essex," had asked himself this question: "Could not biography produce something of the intensity of poetry, something of the excitement of drama, and yet keep also the peculiar virtue that belongs to fact—its suggestive reality, its own proper creativeness?" It was her conclusion that in "Elizabeth and Essex" the combination "proved unworkable; fact and fiction refused to mix." In Alex Haley's "Roots," fact and fiction are not so adamant in their refusal to meet, but they are a little rebellious along the way, and we find ourselves in the position of having to keep the peace, in our minds. Still, it would be ungenerous to press this charge against Haley too strongly, considering the stern necessity that drove him—his desire to see and understand himself more wholly. Even when the past responds to inquiry, it seldom does so fully; there are many places in which it keeps its silence. In composing his work of "faction," Haley may have felt the need to do what many of the rest of us must: complete ourselves, as best we can, by an act of imagination.

—JERVIS ANDERSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BOARDWALK, by Robert Kotlowitz (Knopf). The summer of 1939. A Jewish hotel in Atlantic City—huge, bustling, and full of second-generation East European Jews, all determined to extract as much pleasure as they can from each other, from the Rabelaisian kitchen, from the boardwalk stalls, and from the Atlantic. We see the hotel guests through the eyes of fourteen-year-old Teddy Lewin, a dreamy, sensitive budding pianist from Baltimore, who is spending two weeks at the hotel—one with his elegant, fastidious mother and scrawny younger sister, the other with his dapper, weak-willed father and older brother, a collegiate Marxist. The time, the place, and the people are all beautifully evoked. Too often, however, Mr. Kotlowitz writes as though he were simply a machine for producing descriptions. For example, the boy takes a walk along the beach, and we learn that

he sees "echinoderms, anthropods, annelids, and tough, valved pelecypods . . . purple starfish, huge female sandbugs laden with eggs, basket stars like lace, amethyst gem clams, stinging Obelias and Tubularia . . ." The book also offers the reader far too many chamber-of-commerce facts about Atlantic City, stuck in with the not very convincing excuse that "statistics were one of Teddy's strengths." These flaws do not seriously detract from the book's charm, but they do slow it down.

OCTOBER LIGHT, by John Gardner (Knopf). Mr. Gardner's characteristically peculiar new novel is, quite literally, two novels—the title story and another (referred to throughout as a "trashy paperback") called "The Smugglers of Lost Souls' Rock." They seem intended to step together in a kind of counterpoint examination of the contemporary and the traditional in Bicentennial America. The larger novel, set in Vermont, has to do with the conflict (both ethical and physical) between an almost caricatured old Yankee farmer and his widowed octogenarian sister. The farmer, in a moment of self-righteous exasperation, blasts the woman's television set with a shotgun, chases her upstairs with a club, and locks her in her room. She, equally self-righteous, accepts the challenge, and chooses to stay in her room. There she whiles away her time (and finds a certain moral support) by reading "The Smugglers of Lost Souls' Rock." Her relish for this book is difficult to fathom. The book is more than trashy: it is bumbling satire, rich in sex and sadism, and largely devoted to long conversations—drawn from Plato, Bergson, Spinoza, and others—on the meaning of life. It is impossible not to wish that Mr. Gardner had been less aspiring here and had contented himself with the revelatory feud between old James Page and his unexpectedly tough-minded sister. This, though perilously skirting both farce and melodrama, makes a statement of considerable power and emotion. It should be added that Mr. Gardner opens his chapters with epigraphs from Jefferson and other Founding Fathers; makes use (with credit) of "Vermont in All Weathers," by Noel Perrin; employs his wife as collaborator on the "trashy" novel; lifts some characters from a friend's unpublished novel; and has acquiesced to illustrative drawings,

by Elaine Raphael and Don Bolognese, for *his* novel.

GENERAL

MEMOIRS, by Pablo Neruda, translated from the Spanish by Hardie St. Martin (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). The autobiography of the late Chilean poet (1904-73) and Nobel Prize winner. The Chile of Neruda's boyhood is remarkably like the United States of a few decades earlier—a raw country, full of immigrants, with a tiny artistic community. Though Chile was then comparatively isolated, it nonetheless maintained consulates all over the world, and supported deserving poets, like Neruda, by making them consuls. Neruda spent the late nineteenth-twenties in Rangoon, Colombo, Singapore, and Batavia, reading and writing poetry and enjoying wine, women, and nature. Most of the book overflows with high spirits and delicate perceptions, with giddy anecdotes, fine descriptions, absurd adventures, and candid portraits of famous contemporaries in the worlds of arts and letters. Later on, after Neruda joins the Communist Party in 1945, the book is less fun. It still includes many pleasures—the story of a pet lamb who outgrew Neruda's house in Santiago is as delightful as the tale of his cowardly pet mongoose in Ceylon, and a casual page about spring in Chile is a wonder. But once Neruda starts travelling on the Communist literary circuit, we are in for stuffy banquets and goodwill jamborees that even Neruda's gaiety cannot wholly enliven.

WRITERS IN LOVE, by Mary Kathleen Benet (Macmillan). A critical and biographical study of three women—Katherine Mansfield, George Eliot, and Colette—whose mates offered them the kind of emotional support and encouragement that, more commonly, writers' wives have afforded their husbands. The members of this trio do not resemble one another in either their lives or their work except that—atypically for women—all insisted that their work was more important to them than fulfilling the traditional roles of wife and mother. The author pays considerable attention to their men—John Middleton Murry, George Henry Lewes, and Maurice Goudek—who were substantial achievers in their own right. In a general way, she argues that women's writing benefits from love—that a spouse need not be destructive or distract-



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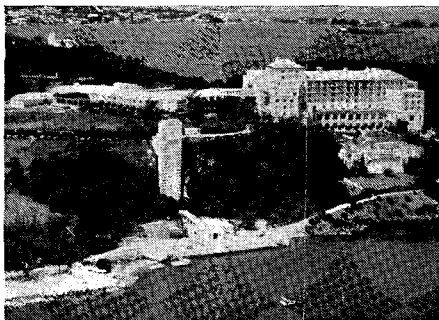
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ing—but this book is not really argumentative, and it is extremely interesting.

THE RAVEN AND THE WRITING DESK, by Francis Huxley (Harper & Row). This lucid and insane little essay studies the logic of Lewis Carroll's illogic, the sense of his nonsense. It is in itself nonsense of a very high order at the same time that it is an intellectually convincing explication of the sources and implications of Carroll's art. Mr. Huxley ranges after Carroll through logic, mathematics, linguistics, codes, history, folklore, theology, and puns in several languages. We watch Carroll switch contexts like a man running a shell game, and perform the rapid tergiversations of a shuttle between disciplines when he is not revolving like a dervish or a dynamo. The dazzle of it all—quips and quirks flashing like fool's gold and shining like diamonds—is not, perhaps, everybody's cup of tea, but readers who like the book will adore it.

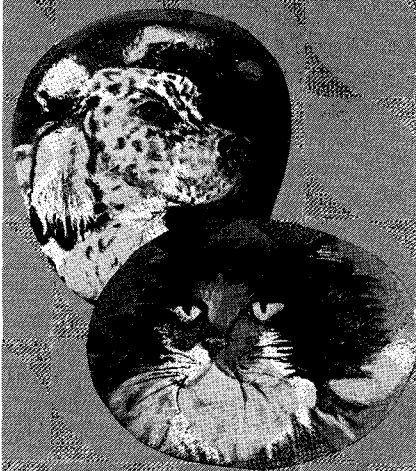
DEATH RAFT, by Alexander McKee (Scribners). The wreck of the French frigate Medusa in 1816 remains one of the most terrible stories of man and the sea. This gripping account of that tragedy concentrates on the huge life raft that was made famous in the equally huge painting by Géricault. It was on this raft that one hundred and fifty persons took refuge from the foundering Medusa; after thirteen days on the open sea, only fifteen men had survived starvation, mutiny, cannibalism, and murder. The affair of the Medusa (she was La Méduse in the French Navy, and why her name is always translated into English is a puzzle) came only one year after Waterloo and the imposed reestablishment of the Bourbon monarchy, and it created a scandal that shook the new government to its roots. Mr. McKee tells how the young Géricault became obsessed with the Medusa story, devoted eighteen months to the research, preliminary sketches, and painting of his picture, and burned himself out in the effort.

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[From the Los Angeles Times]

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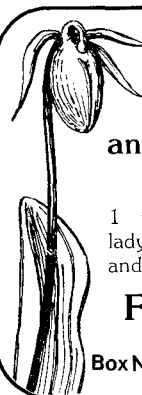
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